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MEMOIRS

OF

THE COURT OF ENGLAND

DURING

THE REIGN OF THE STUARTS,

INCLUDING

THE PROTECTORATE.

By JOHN HENEAGE JESSE.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THE REIGN OF THE STUARTS.

HENRIETTA MARIA.

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THE character of Henrietta Maria has seldom been a favourite one with our historians. Generally speaking, they describe her, and not without reason, as having been turbulent and insincere; implacable in her resentments; rash in her resolves; precipitating her husband into the

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most unjustifiable excesses, and entertaining the most dangerous notions respecting the royal prerogative. It was not probable, indeed, that she should have had many champions. To the Puritan party, her exalted station, and her undisguised devotion to the interests of the Church of Rome, naturally rendered her an object of suspicion and dislike; while the royalists, aware of the fatal influence which she exercised over the mind of her husband, attributed to her indifferent counsels whatever in their master's conduct they would otherwise have found difficult to excuse.

Moreover, the manners of the volatile Frenchwoman were but little adapted to the people among whom she came to reside. Her partiality for the manners and customs of her own country; her love of admiration; her fondness for music, dancing, and other venial amusements, were converted, by the jaundiced eye of puritanism, into the most heinous sins. Many, however, as were Henrietta's failings—many as were the misfortunes which her religious bigotry and narrow-minded counsels entailed on the people of England as well as on her own family—it must nevertheless be admitted that she was not altogether deficient in private virtues, and certainly was not wanting in many agreeable qualities. Her disposition was generous when not provoked; her manners were playful and animated; she was fearless in danger; an affectionate mother, and an indulgent mistress. Moreover, her attachment to the ruined fortunes of her husband can never be spoken of without praise. Had she lived in peaceable times, or, indeed, had Buckingham survived to guide the counsels of his master, Henrietta in all probability would have been merely remembered for the gaiety of her manners, and the lustre of her charms.

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Henrietta Maria, youngest daughter of Henry the Great, of France, and sister of Louis the Thirteenth, was born 28th November, 1609. Of her childhood little is known; indeed, at the period of her marriage with Charles the First, she had scarcely completed her sixteenth year. In 1624, Lord Kensington, afterwards Earl of Holland, had been despatched to Paris, in order to sound the feelings of the French Court with regard to the match. He had the good fortune to find the young Princess greatly prepossessed in favour of her future husband; the account, it seems, of the Prince's romantic journey into Spain having strongly influenced her imagination. When the tale of his adventures was first related to her, she observed, "He might have found a wife much nearer, and have saved himself much trouble." Indeed, with all the romance of a young girl, she appears to have fancied herself in love with Charles long before they actually met.

Lord Kensington, unwilling to risk the disgrace of a refusal, proceeded cautiously in his delicate mission. As regarded Henrietta herself, she took no pains to disguise her partiality for the Prince: the state of her feelings, however, will be best discovered by the following romantic incident, as related by Lord Kensington in one of his letters to Charles. The Princess, it seems, had conceived a "passionate longing" to obtain a sight of a miniature of Charles, which Lord Kensington was in the habit of wearing round his neck; "for though others," writes the ambassador, "as the Queen and Princesses, would open it, and consider it, the which ever brought forth admiration from them, yet durst not this poor young lady look any otherwise on it than afar off, whose heart was nearer unto it than any of the others who did most gaze upon it. But at the last, rather than want that sight, the which

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she was so impatient of, she desired the gentlewoman of the house where I am lodged, that had been her servant, to borrow of me the picture, in all the secresy that may be, and to bring it unto her, saying, she could not but want that curiosity, as well as others, towards a person of his infinite reputation. As soon as she saw the party that brought it, she retired into her cabinet, calling only her in; where she opened the picture in such haste as showed a true picture of her passion, blushing in the instant at her own guiltiness. She kept it an hour in her hands, and when she returned it, she gave it many praises of your person. Sir, this is a business so fit for your secresy, as I know it shall never go farther than unto the King your father, my Lord Duke of Buckingham, and my Lord Carlisle's knowledge." * It was remarked, shortly afterwards, that when Henrietta received two letters, one from King James, and the other from her lover, she placed the former in her cabinet, and the latter in her bosom. James was much pleased when the anecdote was related to him;—"It was an omen," he said, "that she would preserve his name in her memory, and Charles in her heart."

One might have thought that the young, the graceful, and gallant Earl of Holland—for such he was now created —would have been a dangerous mediator between two lovers who had never met. But Holland, though in after years his intercourse with Henrietta was suspected to have been of too tender a nature, at this period sincerely loved his master. Moreover, Holland is described as having been an ardent admirer of the Duchess de Chevreuse, a sprightly daughter of the house of Rohan, who subsequently accompanied Henrietta to England, and who, among other vagaries, astonished the

* Cabala, p. 318.

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grave dowagers of King Charles's Court, by performing the eccentric feat of swimming across the Thames.

An incident, which occurred during the progress of the negotiation, afforded Holland an opportunity of alike displaying his personal gallantry and his devotion to Charles. Henrietta, it appears, had an ardent lover in a young Prince of the blood, the Count de Soissons, who, exasperated at the prospect of her becoming the wife of another, declared openly and boldly at the Louvre, that he had been contracted to the Princess before several witnesses, and even went so far as to insist that Henrietta was his lawful bride. Among his friends, he spoke of cutting the ambassador's throat; and subsequently, on meeting Holland in public, returned the latter's bow with a contemptuous movement of the head. Holland instantly challenged him to single combat, but de Soissons declined the encounter: "the Court of France," he said, "was too powerful, to allow him to maintain the truth with his sword." *

Presuming that the feelings of Charles were as romantic as those of his future bride, the glowing descriptions which Lord Holland transmitted of her accomplishments were well calculated to increase his flame. In a letter dated 26th February, 1625, he writes to the Prince: "You will find a lady of as much loveliness and sweetness to deserve your affection, as any creature under heaven can do." And he afterwards proceeds; "the impressions I had of her were but ordinary, but the amazement extraordinary, to find her, as I protest to God I did, the sweetest creature in France. Her growth is very little short of her age, and her wisdom infinitely beyond it. I heard her discourse with her mother, and the ladies about her, with extraordinary discretion and

* Divine Catastrophe of the House of Stuart. Cabala.

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quickness. She dances, the which I am a witness of, as well as ever I saw any creature. They say she sings most sweetly: I am sure she looks so." * In another letter, Lord Holland writes: "I found it true, that neither her master, Bayle, nor any man or woman in France, or in the world, sings so admirably as she. Sir, it is beyond imagination; that is all that I can say of it."

The articles of marriage between Charles and Henrietta were signed by James on the 11th of May, 1624, and by the French King on the 14th of August following. The treaty was finally ratified at Paris, by the Earls of Carlisle and Holland, on the 13th of March, 1625. At the beginning of May, the necessary dispensation having been received from Rome, Cardinal Richlieu solemnly performed the espousals; the Duke de Chevreuse † appearing as proxy for Charles.‡

The ceremony was magnificent. On the day appointed, the 11th of May, the royal bride was conducted by the King, the Queen, and a long train of courtiers, to the house of the Archbishop of Paris, where Henrietta was formally attired by her ladies in the nuptial robes.

* Cabala, p. 312.

† Charles, as great grandson of Mary of Guise, was not very distantly related to the Duke de Chevreuse, who was a Prince of that illustrious house.

‡ Lord Bacon, in his "Life and Reign of Henry VII.," gives us a curious picture of a royal marriage by proxy. In recording the espousals of the Archduke Maximilian and Anne, the heiress of Bretagne, he writes:—"She was not only publicly contracted, but stated as a bride, and solemnly bedded; and, after she was laid, there came in Maximilian's ambassador, with letters of procuration, and, in the presence of certain noble personages, men and women, put his leg, stript naked to the knee, between the espousal sheets; to the end, that the ceremony might be thought to amount to a consummation."—*Kennett's Complete History*, vol. i., p. 598.

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From hence the procession passed to a magnificent theatre, erected, according to ancient usage, in front of the Cathedral of Notre-Dame. The Duke de Chevreuse was dressed in a black robe, lined with cloth of gold, and sparkling with diamonds. On each side he was supported by the Earls of Carlisle and Holland, clad in robes covered with beaten silver. Standing under a gorgeous canopy, the King of France, assisted by his brother, consigned their sister to the Duke de Chevreuse, as the representative of King Charles. The marriage having been solemnised according to the ceremonies of the Romish church, the procession advanced in the same order to the Cathedral, the Duke de Chevreuse taking precedence of the King of France. After the celebration of mass, from which the English Earls absented themselves on account of their religious scruples, the procession returned to the house of the Archbishop, where a splendid banquet had been prepared. The King sat under a canopy in the centre of the table, Henrietta being placed on his left hand, and the Queen-mother on his right. Next to Henrietta sat the Duke de Chevreuse, and the Earls of Carlisle and Holland by the side of the Duke.

On the 24th of May, the Duke of Buckingham, attended by the Earl of Montgomery, and others of the English nobility, arrived at Paris, for the purpose of conducting Henrietta to England. During the seven days that they remained in the French capital, nothing could surpass the splendour of the entertainments to which they were invited, nor the magnificence of the public rejoicings. Bonfires illuminated the streets; the cannon roared from the walls, and the prison doors were opened; while the nobility of Paris vied with each other in the costliness of their feasts; a rivalship in

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which Cardinal Richlieu is said to have carried off the palm.*

Henrietta bade farewell to Paris on the 2nd of June, 1625. It is asserted in a letter of the period, that at Amiens she was overtaken by a legate from the Pope, who commanded her, on the part of his holiness, to perform a penance of either sixteen or twenty-six days, as an atonement for uniting herself to an heretic Prince. Henrietta, it is said, instantly wrote to Charles, who was anxiously expecting her at Canterbury, acquainting him with the cause of her delay. His answer, we are told, was decisive: he coldly informed her that if she did not immediately resume her journey, he would return to London without her. Accordingly, the young Queen continued her progress, and the Pope was thus deprived of his expected triumph over the heretical English: † however, as his Holiness had already given his consent to the marriage, the story is in all probability a fabrication. Certainly, the journey from Paris to England was protracted over no fewer than eleven days. The indisposition, however, of the Queen-mother, Mary de Medicis, as well as the anxiety of Buckingham to linger as long as possible in the society of the young Queen of France, Anne of Austria, afford far more reasonable grounds for accounting for the delay, than the reputed interference on the part of the Pope.

At Boulogne Henrietta found the Duchess of Buckingham, and an English fleet, in readiness to receive her. She set sail on the 12th of June, and, after an uncomfortable passage of twenty-four hours arrived at Dover. During this short voyage she had suffered so much from sea-sickness, that it was found necessary to convey her

* Rushworth, vol. i., pp. 169, 170; Echard, vol. ii., p. 12.

† Ellis, vol. iii., p. 200.

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into the town in a litter, and thence to the apartments that had been prepared for her in the Castle. The news of her arrival was carried to the King at Canterbury in an hour and six minutes.* Charles was hastening to meet his young bride, when he received a communication from her, intimating how much she had suffered by her voyage, and requesting him to defer the interview till the following day.†

The next morning, about ten o'clock, the King, attended by a suitable retinue, arrived at Dover. Henrietta was at her morning meal, and was scarcely prepared for the interview: in the impulse, however, of the moment she rose from table, and hurrying down stairs, fell on her knees before her husband, and taking his hand, kissed it affectionately. Charles instantly raised her, and "wrapping his arms around her, kissed her with many kisses." Her first words were those of reverence and affection:—"*Sire, Je suis venue en ce pais de votre Majesté pour être usée et commandée de vous.*"‡ Charles, surprised to find her taller than he had expected, cast his eyes upon her feet, as if suspecting that she had made use of artificial means to improve her stature. Henrietta, with all her native quickness, perceived what was passing in the King's mind. She immediately raised one of her feet, and pointed to the shoe:—"Sir," she said, "I stand upon mine own feet. I have no helps of art. Thus high I am, and am neither higher nor lower."§ Some tears falling from her eyes, Charles kissed them away, telling her playfully "he should not fail doing so, as long as she continued weeping." He told her "she had not fallen into a land of strangers

* Finetti Philoxenis, p. 152. † Rushworth, vol. i., p. 170.
‡ Ellis, Orig. Letters, vol. iii., p. 190.
§ *Ibid.*, vol. iii., p. 196.

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and that she might be ever satisfied of his tenderness and esteem."

After a short period, the bystanders were required to withdraw, and the royal lovers remained an hour in private.* The first request of Henrietta must have been highly gratifying to her husband. "She trusted," she said, "that should she ever do anything to offend him, he would himself tell her of her fault, instead of employing a third person." Charles readily promised a compliance, and exacted the same stipulation from his bride.†

Having prepared themselves for dinner, and having come forth into the presence chamber, Henrietta presented her French servants to her husband, formally and by name. Charles, having already dined, seated himself by the Queen, and helped her to venison and pheasant with his own hand. Her confessor, who stood by her, solemnly reminded her that, being the eve of St. John the Baptist, it was a fast day of the church, and consequently that she must be cautious how she provoked scandal on the very first day of her arrival.‡ But at this period, at least, her husband had the ascendant over the Pope and his penances, and Henrietta, to the great delight of her protestant subjects, ate heartily of the forbidden dishes.

After dinner, the King and Queen proceeded on horseback to Canterbury, in which town it was intended to consummate the marriage. On Barram Downs they were received by a vast concourse of the nobility, of both sexes, who divided themselves into rows, between which their Majesties passed. The road was strewed with roses, and other flowers, by the loyal peasants of Kent,

* Rushworth, vol. i., p. 170. † *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 170.
‡ Ellis, Orig. Letters, vol. iii., p. 198.

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who rent the skies with their shouts and acclamations. "The ladies," writes Howell, "appeared like so many constellations, but methought that the country ladies outshined the courtiers."

The same night, having arrived at Canterbury, and supper being over, the Queen retired to rest. Charles followed shortly afterwards, being attended to the nuptial apartment by two of the Lords of the Bedchamber, whose duty it was to undress him. It appears that the King's first step was to secure the doors of the bedchamber (which were no fewer than *seven* in number) with his own hand. He then undressed himself, and having excluded his two attendants, cautiously bolted the door. These particulars throw a curious light on the customs of the period; since it seems certain that not even the nuptial chamber of the sovereign was secure against the strange licence and intrusive jocularity which, on the marriage night, were permitted by the less refined taste of our ancestors. It would seem, indeed, that it was only by stratagem that Charles was enabled to rid himself of his own attendants. "The next morning," we are told, "he was pleasant with the Lords that he had *beguiled* them, and hath ever since been very jocund." *

On the 16th of June, 1625, Charles arrived with his bride in the capital. They had entered the royal barge at Gravesend, from whence, attended by several of the barges of the nobility, they proceeded up the river in regal state. From London Bridge to Whitehall their procession resembled a triumph. Thousands of vessels crowded the Thames; every lighter and barge was filled with spectators, and the banks appeared a moving mass of

* Ellis, Orig. Letters, vol. iii., p. 198.

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population. The guns roared from the Tower, and from the various ships in the neighbourhood; while the populace, notwithstanding the plague raged around them, and the rain fell in torrents, vied with each other in their clamorous gratulations. The King and Queen were each dressed in green. The windows of the barge, notwithstanding the pelting rain, were kept open; Henrietta frequently acknowledging the shouts of the populace, by gracefully waving her hand. It was observed that her head already reached the King's shoulder, and that she was young enough to grow taller.*

The difference of religion, which existed between Henrietta and her new subjects, but slightly affected her first welcome. Much was expected from her youth, her reputed good sense, and the example and influence of her husband. Henrietta too, sacrificing her respect for strict veracity to the love of popularity, was not unwilling to assist the deception. Being asked, shortly after her arrival, if she could abide a heretic: "Why not," she said, "was not my father one?" † But neither her popularity nor her dissimulation were of long continuance. The spoiled beauty very speedily became a mere tool in the hands of the secret emissaries of Rome, who hoped, by her means, to re-establish the papal authority in these realms. The Puritan party had hitherto groaned only in secret: no sooner, however, did the fact transpire that Henrietta was likely soon to give birth to an heir to the throne, than they began openly to express their

* See "The Life and Death of that Matchless Mirror of Magnanimity, Henrietta Maria de Bourbon: London, 1685." Also, "A true Discourse of all the Royal Passages, Triumphs, and Ceremonies, observed at the Contract and Marriage of the High and Mighty Charles, King of Great Britain: London, 1625."

† Ellis, Orig. Letters, vol. iii., p. 198.

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dissatisfaction and their fears; speaking boldly of the young Queen as an idolatress, and likening her to Heth the Canaanite. Viewing her religion with abhorrence, and perceiving the probability of her hereafter inducing her children to adopt the Romish faith, it cannot be denied that the Puritans correctly foretold those misfortunes, which afterwards befel the descendants of Charles, but which fortunately terminated in the principle of religious toleration being triumphantly established as the birth-right of their posterity. The Puritans looked rather to the issue of the Queen of Bohemia, whose education they were satisfied had been in accordance with the principles of the Reformed religion. The birth, therefore, of an heir to the crown was regarded as a black day in the calendar of Puritanism. Heylin mentions a village, in which he was himself resident at the time, where a day of rejoicing had been set apart in commemoration of the Queen's safe delivery of a child. The morning set in with ringing of bells, and in the evening there were feastings and bonfires. But, throughout the day, there was no single individual of the Presbyterian or Puritan party who stirred from his home: on the contrary, they closed their doors, as if it had been an occasion of general mourning and distress.*

The reputed loveliness of Henrietta, notwithstanding the exquisite portraits of her by Vandyke, and the enthusiastic adulation of contemporary poets, has been occasionally disputed. A small share of personal charms will easily exalt a Queen into a goddess; and, accordingly, when we find Waller thus addressing Henrietta, we doubt the truth of the panegyric from its very fulsomeness,—

* Heylin's Life of Laud, p. 198.

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Your beauty more the fondest lover moves
With admiration, than his private loves;
With admiration! for a pitch so high,
(Save sacred Charles's) never love durst fly.
Beauty had crowned you, and you must have been
The whole world's mistress, other than a Queen.
All had been rivals, and you might have spared,
Or killed, and tyrannised, without a guard.

Sir William Davenant has celebrated the beauty of Henrietta with still more absurd adulation. Several of his smaller pieces are addressed to her, and on New Year's Day he writes,—

There is no need of purple or of lawn
To vest thee in; were but thy curtains drawn
Men might securely say that it is morn;
Thy garments serve to hide, not to adorn.
Now she appears, whilst every look and smile
Dispenses warmth and beauty through our isle.

Descending, however, to mere prose, it may not be unamusing to transcribe one or two brief, and more sober, descriptions of her, as she appeared to her contemporaries in her days of youth and comeliness. Sir Tobias Matthew describes her, as a most sweet, lovely creature; * and again, we find Howell writing to his brother-in-law; —"I can send you gallant news, for we have now a most gallant new Queen of England, who in true beauty is far beyond the long-wooed Infanta; for she was of a fading flaxen hair, big-lipped, and somewhat heavy-eyed; but this daughter of France, this youngest branch of Bourbon, is of a more lovely and lasting complexion, a dark brown; she hath eyes that sparkle like stars; and for her physiognomy, she may be said to be a mirror of perfection." Lord Clarendon, who certainly was not greatly prejudiced

* Cabala.

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in Henrietta's favour, styles her a "lady of great beauty and of excellent wit and humour."

Mr. Meade, who was present at her first landing in England, describes Henrietta to Sir Martin Stuteville, as "a nimble and quiet, black-eyed, brown-haired, and, in a word, a brave lady, though, perhaps, a little touched with the green sickness." But we prefer the description of Sir Symonds D'Ewes, who hastened to gratify his curiosity with a sight of the new Queen: "On Thursday, the 30th, the last day of this instant June, I went to Whitehall purposely to see the Queen, which I did fully all the time she sat at dinner; and perceived her to be a most absolute delicate lady, after I had exactly surveyed all the features of her face, much enlivened by her radiant and sparkling black eye. Besides her deportment among her women was so sweet and humble, and her speech and looks to her other servants so mild and gracious, as I could not abstain from divers deep-fetched sighs, to consider that she wanted the knowledge of the true religion." Her eyes appear to have been really beautiful. Waller speaks of them, in the inflated language of the day.

> Such eyes as yours, on Jove himself had thrown
> As bright and fierce a lightning as his own.

And again,—

> ——— Such radiant eyes,
> Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies.

Davenant also celebrates her in some verses of singular sweetness:—

> Fair as unshaded light, or as the day
> Of the first year, when every month was May;
> Sweet as the altar's smoke, or as the new
> Unfolded bud, bathed by the morning's dew;
> Kind as the willing saints, but calmer far
> Than in their dreams forgiven votaries are.

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Henrietta is said to have sang admirably, and certainly she was not deficient in those accomplishments which throw a grace over the female character. Oldys relates an anecdote of her, which induces the inference that she was familiar with the Latin language. When on a visit at Cambridge, observing Thomas Randolph, the dramatic poet, lying indolently by the road-side, she remarked on passing,—

"Pauper ubique jacet;"

to which Randolph replied with admirable quickness and humour,—

"In thalamis, Regina, tuis hâc nocte jacerem;
Si verum hoc esset,—'Pauper ubique jacet.'"

Notwithstanding the conciliating manners of Henrietta on her first arrival in England, it soon became evident that the spirit of Henry IV. was not entirely dormant in the bosom of his daughter. A singular scene, which took place at Court, shortly after her marriage, is thus described by an eye-witness. "The Queen, howsoever very little of stature, is yet of a pleasing countenance, if she be pleased, but full of spirit and vigour, and seems of a more than ordinary resolution. With one frown, diverse of us being at Whitehall to see her, being at dinner, and the room somewhat over-heated with the fire and company, she drove us all out of the chamber. I suppose none but a Queen could have cast such a scowl." *

Charles was crowned alone in Westminster Abbey, on the 2nd of February, 1626. It might have been supposed that a young Queen in her seventeenth year, gay, lovely, and fond of admiration, would have been enchanted at

* Ellis, Orig. Letters, vol. iii., p. 206.

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the prospect of figuring, the observed of all observers, in so august and splendid a pageant. Regardless, however, of the entreaties of her husband, as well as of the insult which she was offering to her husband's subjects, Henrietta, acting under the influence of her spiritual advisers, positively refused to be crowned. It was demanded that the ceremony should be performed according to the solemnities of the Roman Catholic Church; a concession which was of course out of the question. Her conduct on this occasion presented the first of that long catalogue of errors, which eventually cost her husband his head, and her descendants the sovereignty over these realms. She contented herself with beholding the procession from an apartment in the Gatehouse, Westminster, overlooking Palace-yard, which had been fitted up purposely for her accommodation. While the ceremony was taking place in the Abbey, she is described, in a letter of the period, as standing in a window as a mere looker-on, her ladies "frisking and dancing" around her.*

As long as Buckingham lived, he had insisted that, on no account should any state-secret whatever be intrusted to Henrietta's keeping. He seems to have anticipated that which subsequently proved so fatal to his royal master; namely, that any secret intrusted to Henrietta would be communicated by her to half the high-born and chattering ladies of her court. The subsequent perfidy of her beautiful confidante, Lucy, Countess of Carlisle, is well known; nor is it likely that this lady was the only titled betrayer of the secrets of the royal family. The death of Buckingham entirely changed the position of Henrietta. Having succeeded to the influence which he had acquired over the mind of Charles, she not only

* Ellis, Orig. Letters, vol. iii., p. 213.

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sought to render her husband subservient to her will, but was foolish enough to add to her own unpopularity, by parading her power over him to the world. "Hitherto," says Lord Clarendon, "she had felt so much pain in knowing nothing, and meddling with nothing, during the time of the great favourite, that now she took pleasure in nothing but knowing all things, and disposing all things." Again, Lord Clarendon observes: "It was her Majesty's and the kingdom's misfortune, that she had not any person about her, who had either ability or affection to inform and advise her of the temper of the kingdom, or humour of the people; *or who thought either worth the caring for.*"

In justice to Henrietta, it must be admitted, that her own relatives, and those who were nearest to her person, regarded her with the warmest affection and esteem. The dying words of Charles bore testimony to his admiration and his love. With her brother, Louis the Thirteenth, she was also a great favourite. Robert, Earl of Leicester,—Ambassador at Paris in 1636,—mentions the evident satisfaction of Louis, when, on one occasion, he presented him with a letter from his sister the Queen of England: "It was observed," he says, "by those that were by, that when he spoke of the Queen, a very great natural affection did appear, both by his words and gesture, and, it is said in this court, that he loves the Queen best of all his sisters: when he speaks of her, he always calls her, *ma bonne sœur d'Angleterre.*" * Her son, James the Second, reverts to her memory with affection: "She excelled," he says, "in all the qualities of a good wife, a good mother, and a good Christian." Her nephew, also, Louis the Fourteenth, appears to have been

* Collins's Memorials, vol. ii., p. 283.

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attached to her in her life-time, and after her death erected a splendid monument to her memory.

Sir William Waller, in his Recollections, records an anecdote of Henrietta during her stay at Exeter, which endeared her to its inhabitants. While passing northward of the town, her ears were saluted by the dismal cries of a female in distress. It was found, on inquiry, that they proceeded from a poor woman, whose daughter was in her confinement, and almost in a dying state from the want of proper nourishment and medical aid. The Queen took a gold chain from her neck, and placing the Agnus which was attached to it in her bosom, delivered the chain to the woman; desiring her, at the same time, to take it into the city and dispose of it to a goldsmith. The Queen's confessor afterwards hazarded an invidious remark on the object of her charity having been a heretic. When this latter circumstance was mentioned to Charles —alluding to her barefoot journey to Tyburn—he asked jestingly if they had not compelled her to do penance.

When the civil war became inevitable, Henrietta, dreading the threatened impeachment of the Commons, and the fury of the people, wisely decided on quitting England for a more hospitable shore. Accordingly, on the 23rd of February, 1642, she embarked at Dover for Holland. Nearly seventeen years had elapsed since she had first set her foot on English ground. During this period—influenced by a meddling mother and an intriguing priesthood—she had done her utmost to insult and to forfeit the esteem of a free and an affectionate people. Time and misfortune, however, seem to have taught her that, as a wife and a mother, other duties were required of her besides endeavouring to enslave her husband's subjects; and, moreover, that the attempt to force an alien faith upon a powerful nation was not only one of

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great difficulty, but was attended with considerable personal danger. Fortunately there were giants in those days. No doubt, Henrietta, when she embarked at Dover, in 1642, was at heart the same zealous Papist, the same staunch foe to civil and religious liberty, as when she had first landed there in 1625. Her conduct, however, had undergone a change for the better. Henceforth, fatal as her counsels proved to her unhappy consort, we, at least, find her performing to perfection the part of a devoted wife and of an high-spirited queen. It was not till after the death of Charles, and the return of prosperity, that she relapsed into her former evil course of life.

Henrietta carried with her to Holland her own, and many of the crown jewels, with the price of which she secretly purchased arms and ammunition for the service of her husband. She is said to have pawned her pendant pearls for 213,200 guilders, and six of her rubies for 40,000 guilders. From Lord Clarendon, also, we learn, that, during the preceding year, she had raised no less a sum than 3000*l.* on her jewels, for the purpose of enabling her husband to induce Sir William Balfour, whose fidelity the King strongly suspected, to resign the important post of Lieutenant of the Tower of London.

Henrietta's absence from England was of no long duration. Having succeeded in eluding the spies of the Parliament, and the ships which they sent out to arrest her, she set sail from Scheveling at the commencement of the following year, and, after a stormy voyage, arrived safely at Burlington Bay in Yorkshire, on the 20th of February, 1643.

The Queen had scarcely landed, and retired to bed, when she was aroused by the roar of cannon, and was informed that her life was in considerable danger. Four of the parliamentary ships had entered the roads, and,

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having ascertained the quarter of the town in which the Queen was lodged, commenced playing their cannon against the house. So imminent was the danger, that Henrietta was compelled to quit the house "bare-foot and bare-leg," and after a precipitate and very hazardous flight, with difficulty found shelter in a ditch behind the town. But even here the danger was considerable, a sergeant having been killed within a few paces from the spot where she stood. In the midst of the firing, Henrietta remembered that she had left her favourite lap-dog asleep in the house she had just quitted. Heedless of the danger, she instantly flew back to the town, and having discovered the little creature, returned with it triumphantly in her arms. She found her ladies still crouching and trembling in the ditch; nor was it till the tide ebbed that the balls ceased to play over their heads. In the midst of their terrors, a ball grazed the ground so close to them, as to cover them with earth and stones.

On hearing of the Queen's hazardous situation, the Earl of Newcastle immediately hastened to Burlington, and conducted her in safety to the army at York. Had she attempted to rejoin her husband at Oxford, where his quarters then were, she would, in all probability, have fallen into the hands of the republicans. It was decided therefore that she should remain in Yorkshire, where she continued to reside for about four months, distributing arms among the royalists, and, by her affable demeanour and graceful manners, enticing many persons of rank and influence to embrace her husband's cause. At the head of two thousand foot and a thousand horse-soldiers, Henrietta subsequently joined the King in the vale of Keynton, close to the spot where the battle of Edgehill had been fought in the previous month of October. From Keynton the royal pair proceeded to Oxford,

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where they were received with all the enthusiasm with which that loyal University has ever greeted the assertors of passive obedience and the divine right of kings. Henrietta and her ladies, it may be mentioned, were lodged in Merton College.

The courage displayed by Henrietta at Burlington is not the only instance of her calm courage in the hour of danger. On one occasion, when one of the Parliament ships was in full chase of her, regardless of the cries and entreaties of her female attendants, she commanded the captain on no account to strike, but to wait till the last extremity, and then to blow up the vessel.* At another time, when in imminent danger from a storm at sea, while her ladies were screaming and lamenting around her, she sat tranquilly on the deck, and exclaimed almost laughingly, "Queens are never drowned."

Even to Charles she occasionally displayed the spirit of her race. When the King showed some disinclination to seize the five refractory members in the House of Commons,—"Go, coward," she said, "and pull out these rogues by the ears, or never see my face again." This anecdote was related to Pym by the Countess of Carlisle. At other times Henrietta could bear insult and injury with singular generosity of mind. When the tidings were brought to her that she had been impeached by the Commons of high-treason, and that her enemy Pym had actually carried up the impeachment to the bar of the Lords, she wrote to the Duke of Hamilton, that she hoped God would forgive them for their rebellion, as she in her heart forgave them their conduct to her. On another occasion she refused to be made acquainted with the names of some English peers, who had expressed

* Curiosities of Literature, vol. v., p. 236.

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themselves her enemies. "Though they hate me now," she said, "perhaps they will not always hate me; and if they have any sentiments of honour, they will be ashamed of tormenting a poor woman, who takes so little precaution to defend herself."

After a residence of a few months at Oxford, Henrietta, in consequence of the approach of the Parliamentary forces, took leave of the University, and retired to Bath. She was accompanied by Charles as far as Abingdon, in which town, on the 3rd of April, 1644, they bade each other a farewell which was destined to be their last. Henrietta subsequently proceeded to Exeter, in which city—then in daily expectation of being besieged by the Earl of Essex—she gave birth, on the 16th of June, 1644, to her youngest daughter, Henrietta, afterwards Duchess of Orleans. As soon as her weak state of health permitted, dreading the violence of Essex, she stole in disguise out of Exeter, and, after a painful and adventurous journey, at length found herself once more in shelter in Pendennis Castle, at the entrance of Falmouth harbour; only thirteen days having elapsed since her confinement. Here she embarked on board a Dutch vessel, which lay in the bay, and which—after a narrow escape from being sunk by one of the cruisers of the Parliament—eventually landed her in safety at Chastel, near Brest. Although only in the thirty-fifth year of her age, we earn from Madame de Motteville that Henrietta's beauty had, at this period, almost entirely disappeared. Madame de Montpensier also, in her Memoirs, dwells on the altered and miserable appearance of the exiled Queen.

Henrietta was received with great kindness at the French Court. Apartments were set apart for her in the Louvre; the royal château of St. Germains—formerly the residence of the unhappy Mary Queen of Scots, and

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in which, in later years, lived and died the exiled James the Second—was given up to her as a country residence; and she was allowed a pension of twelve thousand crowns a month. Subsequently, the breaking out of the civil troubles in France, in 1648, reduced her to comparative poverty, if not to actual distress.

The enemies of Henrietta have accused her of having been unfaithful to the marriage-vow. Undoubtedly there was much of French levity in her manners and conduct, but nevertheless the fact of actual infidelity remains still unproved. Walpole, in his tedious juvenile poem, "The Epistle from Florence," speaks confidently

"Of lustful Henrietta's Romish shade."

It must be admitted, however, on the other hand, that the character of Henrietta has never been completely cleared. Lord Dartmouth, in a note to Bishop Burnet's History supplies us with a curious anecdote. The Queen, he informs us, had conceived a particular dislike to the Duke of Hamilton. His grace, for some reason, being anxious to obtain an interview with Henrietta, had persuaded Mrs. Seymour, a woman of the bed-chamber, to admit him secretly into the Queen's private apartment at Somerset-house; when, his wish having been gratified, he stated that from his place of concealment he surprised Henrietta in great familiarities with Jermyn. Lord Dartmouth's authority was Sir Francis Compton, who had it from his mother the Countess of Northampton, an intimate acquaintance of Mrs. Seymour.

Another piece of scandal is related by the Bishop himself, in one of the once suppressed passages of his history. When the unfortunate Marquis of Montrose was in Paris, and in distress, the Queen, notwithstanding her

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own straitened circumstances, had supplied him liberally with jewels and money. Yet, according to Burnet, Montrose afterwards repaid her kindness, by boasting of other favours which she had conferred upon him. Henrietta, when she heard of the circumstances, instantly sent to him to leave Paris, and positively refused to see him again. This story was related to Burnet by a daughter of the Duke of Hamilton, who affirmed that she had some of the particulars from the Queen herself. The ill-fated Earl of Holland was another reputed lover of Henrietta. His beauty and gallantry probably alone have given rise to the report, though it has been asserted, with little reason, that the attachment sprang up between them at Paris, previous to the union of Henrietta with Charles.

There appears, however, much reason to believe that, after the death of Charles, Henrietta secretly united herself to her master of the horse, and reputed lover, Henry Jermyn, created, at the Restoration, Earl of St. Albans. According to other writers, they omitted the marriage ceremony. "I h d three cousins," says Sir John Reresby, "then in an English convent at Paris, one of them an ancient lady, and since abbess of the house: hither the Queen was wont often to retire for some days; and the lady would tell me that Lord Jermyn, since St. Albans, had the Queen greatly in awe of him, and indeed, it was obvious that he had great interest with her concerns; but that he was married to her, or had children by her, as some have reported, I did not then believe, *though the thing was certainly so.*" Their presumed marriage is more than once referred to by Pepys. On the 23rd of November, 1662, he writes: "This day, Mr. Moore told me, that for certain the Queen Mother is married to my Lord St. Albans, and he is like to be made Lord

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Treasurer." And again, he writes, on the 31st of December, 1662: "The Queen Mother is said to keep too great a court now; and her being married to my Lord St. Albans is commonly talked of; and that they had a daughter between them in France; how true, God knows."

The manner in which St. Albans subsequently dropped the lover, and apparently took upon himself the stern authority of the husband, affords further presumptive evidence that their union was not altogether imaginary. Indeed, his conduct towards Henrietta, at a later period, almost amounted to ill-usage. "The widow of Charles the First," says Madame de Bavière, in one of her letters, "made a clandestine marriage with her *Chevalier d'honneur*, Lord St. Albans, who treated her extremely ill, so that, whilst she had not a faggot to warm herself with, he had in his apartment a good fire, and a sumptuous table. He never gave the Queen a kind word, and when she spoke to him, he used to say, '*Que me veut cette femme?* —What does that woman want?'" This piece of private history is corroborated by Count Hamilton: speaking of the Earl, he says, "It is well known what a table the good man kept at Brussels, while the King, his master, was starving, and the Queen Dowager, his mistress, lived not over well, in France."

It would be difficult to exaggerate the distressed condition of Henrietta at one period of her exile. Her principal residence was in the Louvre at Paris; yet even here, amidst her own relations and her own people, the once-envied Henrietta was frequently in want even of the necessaries of life. She was at length compelled to make application to Cardinal Mazarin, to intercede with Cromwell for the restitution of her dowry: the request was made, and refused. Cromwell, taking advantage of her former impolitic refusal to be crowned with her husband,

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insisted that she had never been recognised as Queen-consort of Great Britain. It was admitted, indeed, that Henrietta was not the only exception to the general rule, for that neither Margaret, the second wife of Edward the First, nor Catherine Parr, the last wife of Henry the Eighth, had gone through the ceremony of coronation. But, on the other hand, it was insisted that both of these queens had been in the habit of attending, in their regal capacities, at the performance of divine worship in the royal chapels, while Henrietta, on her part, had ever absented herself from the services of the Church of England, and denied the efficacy of its sacraments.

But the most remarkable picture of Henrietta's distress is described by Cardinal de Retz, in his Memoirs:— "Five or six days before the King removed from Paris, I went to visit the Queen of England, whom I found in the chamber of her daughter Henrietta, who hath been since Duchess of Orleans. At my coming in, she said, 'You see I am come to keep Henrietta company; the poor child could not rise to-day for want of a fire.' The truth is, that the Cardinal (Mazarin) for six months together had not ordered her any money towards her pension; that no tradespeople would trust her for anything; and there was not at her lodgings a single billet. You will do me the justice to think that the Princess of England did not keep her bed the next day for want of a faggot; but, however, you will think likewise, that it was not this which the Princess of Condé meant in her letter; what she spoke about was, that some days after my visiting the Queen of England, I remembered the condition I had found her in, and had strongly represented the shame of abandoning her in that manner, which caused the Parliament to send forty thousand pounds to her Majesty. Posterity will hardly believe

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that a Princess of England, grand-daughter to Henry the Great, hath wanted a faggot in the month of January, in the Louvre, and in the eyes of the French Court." When Salmasius published his Defensio Regis, he was found fault with for neglecting to send a copy to the exiled Queen. It was said that, "though poor, she would have paid the bearer."

Mr. D'Israeli, in his "Commentaries on the Reign of Charles," has inserted an interesting passage, from the MS. account of an eye-witness, of the manner in which Henrietta received the news of her husband's death. The writer is the Père Gamache, one of the Capuchins who attended on the Queen of England at that period. "The city of Paris," writes Gamache, "was then blockaded by the insurgents, and in the King's minority it was with difficulty we obtained either entrance or egress. The Queen of England, residing at the Louvre, had despatched a gentleman to St. Germain-en-laye to the French Court, to procure news from England. During her dinner, where I assisted at the grace, I had notice to remain there after the benediction, and not to quit her Majesty, who might need consolation at the sad account she was to receive of the terrible fate of the King her husband. At this grievous intelligence, I felt my whole frame shudder, and withdrew aside from the circle, where, during an hour, the various conversations on indifferent subjects seemed not to remove the uneasiness of the Queen, who knew that the gentleman she had despatched to St. Germain ought to have returned. She was complaining of his delay in bringing his answer. On which the Count of St. Albans (Jermyn) took this opportunity to suggest that the gentleman was so faithful and so expeditious in obeying her Majesty's commands on these occasions, that he would not have failed to have

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come, had he any favourable intelligence. 'What then is the news? I see it is known to you,' said the Queen. The Count replied, that in fact he did know something of it, and when pressed, after many evasions, to explain himself, and many ambiguous words to prepare her, little by little, to receive the fatal intelligence, at length he declared it to the Queen, who seemed not to have expected anything of the kind. She was so deeply struck, that instantly, entirely speechless, she remained voiceless and motionless, to all appearance a statue. A great philosopher has said, that ordinary griefs allow the heart to sigh and the lips to murmur, but that extraordinary afflictions, terrible and fatal, cast the soul into stupor, make the tongue mute, and take away the senses. '*Curæ leves loquuntur, graves stupent.*' To this pitiable state was the Queen reduced, and to all our exhortations and arguments she was deaf and insensible. We were obliged to cease talking, and we remained by her in unbroken silence, some weeping, some sighing, and all with sympathising countenances, mourning over her extreme distress. This sad scene lasted till night-fall, when the Duchess of Vendôme, whom she greatly loved, came to see her. Weeping, she took the hand of the Queen, tenderly kissing it,—and afterwards spoke so successfully that she seemed to have recovered this desolated Princess from that loss of all her senses, or rather, that great and sudden stupor, produced by the surprising and lamentable intelligence of the strange death of the King." This scene is affectingly described, but the tidings could hardly have been so completely unexpected as the narrator would lead us to suppose.

The fact is evident, indeed, that for some time previously Henrietta had anticipated the worst. The effect that her husband's misfortunes might have on her mind

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appears, in point of fact, to have been an object of public speculation, and, accordingly, about three weeks before the execution of Charles, we find the following curious notice in one of the journals of the period. "The Queen of England is returned from her devotions in the House of the Carmelites, where she hath been for diverse days past: she seems not dejected at the present state of her husband in England, yet, say her ladies, her nights are more sad than usual." *

Whatever may have been Henrietta's feelings on being made acquainted with her husband's tragical fate, it is certain that one of her first steps was to act, not only in utter disregard of, but in direct disobedience to his most solemn and dying injunctions, by attempting to induce her children to embrace the faith of Rome.

"So mourned the dame of Ephesus her lord!"

She not only succeeded in effecting the conversion of her youngest daughter, Henrietta, but moreover,—in spite of a solemn promise she had made to Charles the Second, that she would on no account tamper with the religious faith of his brother, the Duke of Gloucester,—she actually sent the latter to the Abbey of Pontoise with the view to his ultimately obtaining a Cardinal's hat; and on his positively refusing to enter a Jesuits' College, treated him with the most disgraceful and unmeasured severity. The fact is sufficiently significant, that having founded a convent of nuns of Chaillot (near the Champ de Mars at Paris), she told its inmates that it was by their prayers and intercessions that she principally trusted to effect the conversion of her children to the Roman Catholic faith.

Henrietta, notwithstanding the treatment she had very

* *Moderate Intelligencer*, December 28 to January 4, 1649.

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justly experienced from her husband's subjects, appears to have been far from regarding England with the aversion which might have been expected. She certainly took a pleasure, during her exile in France, in exalting the character of the English; and, in the brilliant circles of Paris, their kindness, generosity, and courage, were the constant themes of her discourse. The late troubles, the death of her husband, and her own expulsion, she chose to attribute rather to a few desperate enthusiasts, than to the real temper of the people. Her magnanimity is celebrated by Waller:—

> "Constant to England in your love,
> As birds are to their wonted grove,
> Accusing some malignant star,
> Not Britain for that fatal war."

An interesting feminine anecdote is recorded by Sir John Reresby, illustrative of her regard for England. "To give a little instance," he says, "of her inclination for the English, I happened to carry an English gentleman with me one day to Court, and he, to be very fine, had got him a garniture of rich ribbon to his suit, in which was a mixture of red and yellow; which the Queen observing, called to me, and bade me advise my friend to mend his fancy a little, as to his ribbons, the two colours he had joined being ridiculous in France, and might give the French occasion to laugh at him."

On the 2nd of November, 1660, five months after her son's restoration, Henrietta after an absence of nineteen years again set her foot on British ground, with the intention of passing the remainder of her days in England. On landing at Dover, she was received by her son, King Charles, who, with his brother James, and Prince Rupert, conducted her in state to an entertainment which had

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been prepared for her in Dover Castle. The banquet took place probably in the same apartment, in which, thirty-five years before, her slaughtered husband had first kissed the tears from her eyes, and in which, with the prospect of a bright future before them, they had partaken side by side of their first meal in common. Unfortunately, years of misfortune and disgrace had produced but slight effect on the bigoted mind of Henrietta. Imagining, from the respect which she met with, and from the rejoicings which she witnessed around her, that her son was entirely secure in the affections of his repentant subjects, her first step was to repay their forgiveness of the wrongs they had experienced at her hands, by a gross and public insult to their religious prejudices. Notwithstanding the apartment, in which the royal family banqueted, was crowded with spectators, the Queen actually suffered her Roman Catholic confessor to say grace in Latin, and to conclude his benediction by ostentatiously making a sign of the cross over the table. It was the identical act of bigotry which, in the first days of their married life, had given so much offence to her dead husband. The next day she went so far as to cause high mass to be performed in the hall of Dover Castle.

Somerset House, where Henrietta had spent so many happy years, was again allotted for her residence. Under her auspices the old building was beautified with a taste and magnificence which called forth the poetical admiration both of Cowley and Waller. She observed, on re-entering Somerset House, that "had she known the temper of the English people some years past, as well as she did then, she had never been compelled to quit it." It may be doubted, however, whether she was not as ignorant as ever of the temper of her former subjects.

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Pepys tells us that her arrival in London was celebrated with scarcely a bonfire; "whereby," he remarks, "I guess that her coming do please but very few."

The history of Henrietta from this period contains little of interest or importance. She apparently would have had no objection to enter afresh into the political arena; but her want of judgment was too much suspected, and her name too intimately connected with past troubles. It is an almost unnoticed fact, that at the Restoration there was actually a discussion in Parliament whether her return, under any circumstances, should be permitted.* Still the conduct of the Commons was, subsequently, not ungenerous, for they settled on her an income of sixty thousand a-year. Her court at Somerset House was numerously attended, and though the widowed queen took no share in the amorous broils of the period, yet she is described as much diverted with the details whenever they transpired.

There was one other redeeming trait in Henrietta's character, which in justice to her we must not omit to record. She not only gave away large sums in charity, but those sums seem to have been distributed with judgment, and without any distinction having been made whether the person whom she relieved was a Roman Catholic or a Protestant. The inmates of jails, and especially persons imprisoned on account of small debts, seem to have been more particularly the objects of her charity.

With the exception of a short visit to France in 1662,† Henrietta remained in England till the breaking out of the plague in 1665, when, on the 24th of June, dreading

* Letter from Ignatius White to Sir G. Lane, dated 12th of May, 1660.—*Carte's Collection*, vol. ii., p. 34.

† She left England 2nd of January, 1662, and returned 28th of July.

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the approaches of that gigantic disease, she took leave of her children, whom she then beheld for the last time. She was accompanied as far as the Nore by the King, Prince Rupert, and the Duke of Monmouth, all of whom respectfully attended her embarkation.

Henrietta died at her own château of Colombe, on the Seine, about four leagues from Paris, on the 10th of August, 1669, in the sixtieth year of her age. "Her distemper," says Ludlow, "seemed at first not to be dangerous, but on taking something prescribed by the physicians to procure sleep, the potion operated in such a manner that she woke no more." On the day after her death, her heart, having been placed in an urn inscribed with her names and title, was carried by her Almoner Montague, and a melancholy procession consisting of her former servants, to the convent which she had founded at Chaliot. Thither also, having been previously embalmed, the remains of Henrietta were subsequently conveyed for the purpose of lying in state. Her funeral took place at St. Denis, the burial-place of the French Kings, attended with all the honours usually paid to a Queen Mother of France. Father Senault delivered the funeral oration. In his discourse he attributed the misfortunes of Charles to his religious disbelief. Sir Leoline Jenkins, the English Ambassador at Paris, afterwards indignantly expostulated with him on the offensive charge. Senault said that he had made use of the term as less *choquant* than heresy.

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HENRY, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

Character of this Young Prince—Treatment of him by the Parliament —His Tutor—He is permitted by Cromwell to join his Family in France—His Mother's ineffectual Attempts to convert him to the Romish Faith — Remarkable Letter to him from his Brother, Charles II.—The Marquis of Ormond despatched to remove Henry from Paris to Cologne—His Mother's Indignation at the Interference of Charles—Henry accompanies his Brother, the Duke of York, to the Spanish Campaign—His Valour at the Battle of Dunkirk—His Arrival in England at the Restoration—His Death —Charles's Grief at this event.—Respect paid to his Memory— His Funeral.

THE amiable qualities and promising parts of this young Prince acquired for him alike the admiration of his contemporaries, and the warm affection of his own family. Added to the courage and ingratiating manners which distinguished his race, he possessed the quickness and good nature of his brother Charles, and the application to business which was remarkable in the character of the Duke of York. He seems to have had more judgment than either. Considering the early age at which he died, and the disadvantages under which he was educated, his accomplishments were certainly of no ordinary kind. Besides the Latin language, he was master of the French, Spanish, Italian, and Low Dutch. He was able to appreciate the constitution of his country, and the merits of the Protestant faith. His parting scene with, and the dying injunctions, of his unhappy father had sunk deeply into his heart—so deeply, indeed, that neither time, nor the contamination of the world; neither the

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threats of his bigoted mother, nor the persuasive arguments which her agents employed to convert him to the Church of Rome, were ever able to obliterate their effect.

Henry of Oatlands, as he is styled from the place of his birth, was born at Oatlands, in Surrey, 8th July, 1639. In his infancy he was committed to the care of the Countess of Dorset, and at the death of that lady, in 1647, was confided to the charge of the Earl of Northumberland. From the Earl he was afterwards transferred to the Countess of Leicester, when, with his sister, the Princess Elizabeth, he became for some time an inmate of Penshurst. Their removal to this classical spot was by special direction of the Parliament, who, moreover, ordained that henceforth the indulgences of the royal children should be diminished, and their attendants lessened. The use of titles was forbidden, and it was further directed that they should partake of the same food, and sit at the same table, as the children of the family. A proposition, indeed, was actually made in Parliament that the Duke should be bound to a trade, in order, as it was expressed, "that he might earn his bread honestly." *

His tutor was a Mr. Lovel, a man of piety and learning. When the Duke was afterwards sent to Carisbrooke Castle, Lovel, much to the satisfaction of the royal orphan, was allowed to be his companion. At Carisbrooke he experienced even less respect than had been permitted at Penshurst. Mildmay, the Governor, was directed to treat him merely as the son of a gentleman, and he was invariably addressed as Mr. Harry. When in his thirteenth year, Cromwell generously, and without alleging any reason, permitted him to rejoin his family in France; the sum of 500*l.* being allowed for the expenses of his removal.

* See also the Mercurius Elencticus, from February 21st to 28th, 1648.

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Henrietta was overjoyed to embrace a child whom she had scarcely seen since his birth, especially as she trusted to make him a convert to her own faith. She discovered the task to be far more arduous than she had anticipated. The young Duke respectfully, but firmly, combated all her arguments. He had not forgotten, he said, the solemn injunctions of his deceased father, that he should adhere to the Reformed religion, and especially that he should obey his Sovereign in preference to his mother. Should he forsake the Protestant religion, he added, he should for ever incur the displeasure of his brother Charles, to whom, as his Sovereign, he now owed entire obedience. It was shameful, he said, when closely pressed, to force him into a controversy in the absence of his tutor, who was both willing and able to answer the arguments of those who sought to persuade him to act in opposition to the commands of his brother Charles, and to the duty he owed to his God. The result was, that he was compelled by his mother to submit to the most cruel persecution. Not contenting herself with driving the noble and affectionate boy from her sight, Henrietta gave directions that his horses should be turned out of the royal stable; the servants were instructed that no dinner was to be provided for him; and when, on a cold November night, he retired to his lonely chamber, he found himself subjected to the further pitiful mortification of finding the sheets had been removed from his bed.

When Charles had consented, though with great unwillingness, to allow the Duke of Gloucester to remain in Paris with his mother, he had exacted from her a promise that she would refrain from tampering with his brother's religious principles. Charles happened to be absent in the Low Countries when the information reached

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him of his brother's danger. Though himself inclined to the Romish persuasion, he had foresight enough to discover how dangerous, and probably how fatal, to his hopes of regaining the English crown, would be the open profession of that faith by any member of his family.* Accordingly we find him despatching the following letter to his brother at Paris, a document sufficiently curious as having been the composition of a young man of pleasure, who had only completed his twenty-fourth year.

"Cologne, Nov. 10, 1654.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"I have received yours without a date, in which you tell me that Mr. Montague† has endeavoured to pervert you from your religion. I do not doubt but you remember very well the commands I left with you at my going away, concerning that point. I am confident you will observe them; yet your letters that come from Paris, say that it is the Queen's purpose to do all she can to change your religion, in which, if you do hearken to her, or any body else in that matter, you must never think to see England again; and whatsoever mischief shall fall on me or my affairs, from this time, I must lay all upon you as being the only cause of it. Therefore, consider well what it is to be not only the cause of ruining a brother, that

* Lord Mordaunt, in a letter to the Duke of Ormond, in 1659, alluding to a report that Charles himself had embraced the Romish persuasion, thus expresses himself:—"Your master is utterly ruined, as to his interest here, in whatever party, if this be true; though he never had a fairer game than at present."—*Ormond Papers*, vol. ii., p. 264.

† Abbot Montague, Almoner to Henrietta Maria. He enticed the Duke to the delightful Abbey of Pontoise, where, according to Lord Clarendon, he "sequestered him from all resort of such persons as might confirm him in his averseness from being converted."—*Hist. of the Rev.*, vol. vii., p. 122.

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loves you so well, but also of your King and country. Do not let them persuade you either by force or fair promises; for the first they neither dare nor will use; and for the second, as soon as they have perverted you, they will have their end, and then they will care no more for you. I am also informed that there is a purpose to put you into the Jesuits' College, which I command you, upon the same grounds, never to consent to. And whensoever any one shall go to dispute with you in religion, do not answer them at all; for though you have the reason on your side, yet they, being prepared, will have the advantage of anybody that is not upon the same security that they are. If you do not consider what I say unto you, remember the last words of your dead father, which were to be constant to your religion, and never to be shaken in it. Which if you do not observe, this shall be the last time you will hear from,

"Dear brother,

"Your most affectionate brother,

"CHARLES R."

In addition to this forcible appeal, Charles instantly despatched the Marquis of Ormond to Paris; transmitting by him a strong letter of expostulation to the Queen, and some written directions from himself to the Duke, enjoining him to put himself into the hands of the Marquis, and immediately repair to him at Cologne. Henrietta expressed the most vehement indignation at the interference of Charles. She insisted that the natural authority of a mother had been wrested from her; adding that the Duke might act as he pleased, for she would never see his face again. Ormond instantly hurried away the young Duke from the neighbourhood of Pontoise, in which he had been placed by his bigoted mother. At Paris they

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were detained some days for want of a few pounds to defray their expenses to Cologne, at which place, however, they eventually arrived in safety, to the great satisfaction of Charles. It may be adduced, as a striking proof of the reduced state of the royal family of England at this period, that in order to maintain the young Duke and himself with food during their journey, Ormond was compelled to sell his last and most valued jewel, the George appertaining to the insignia of the Garter.

In 1658, the Duke of Gloucester, then only nineteen, attended his brother, the Duke of York, to the Spanish campaign. At the battle of Dunkirk the royal brothers fought side by side, making several charges on horseback, and behaving with a valour worthy of their race. James, in his Memoirs, bears testimony to the conduct of his young brother. At the close of the day, the Duke of Gloucester, either in giving or warding off a blow, unfortunately lost possession of his sword. Villeneuve, Master of the Horse to the Prince de Ligne, immediately alighted from his horse and recovered the weapon; the Duke covering him with his pistol till he had remounted. Villeneuve was afterwards shot through the body, but fortunately the wound was not of a dangerous nature.

At the Restoration, the Duke of Gloucester attended his brother Charles to England; the Parliament sending him five thousand pounds as a mark of their esteem. He survived the return of his family but a few months, dying of the small-pox on the third of September, 1660, in his twenty-second year. Pepys, who speaks of him as a "pretty boy," ascribes his death to the negligence of the physicians. His loss was bewailed by his own family, and regretted by all who knew him. Of Charles, it was said, that he was more affected by his brother's death than by any other misfortune which had ever befallen

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him. James, too, in his Memoirs, more than once recurs to his memory with affection, and speaks with admiration of his parts. "He had all the natural qualities," he says, "to make a great Prince. which made his loss the more sensibly felt by all the royal family." Evelyn, whose praise is of value, speaks of him as a Prince of "extraordinary hopes," and Sir John Denham, in his Directions to a Painter, thus apostrophises his untimely end:—

> "O more than human Gloucester, Fate did show
> Thee but to earth, and back again withdrew."

According to Beresby, he was far from insensible to female charms. He was probably gifted also with some share of the natural wit of Charles. When his brother, the Duke of York, married the daughter of Lord Chancellor Clarendon, he said, "He could never sit in the same room with her,—she smelt so of her father's green bag."

The Duke of Gloucester was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the same vault with Mary Queen of Scots, and Lady Arabella Stuart; the Duke of York being chief mourner, and the Dukes of Richmond, Buckingham, and Albemarle attending him to the grave.

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MARY, PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

Birth of this Princess—She is contracted in Marriage to William, Prince of Orange — The Ceremony — Her affectionate Conduct to her Family in their Misfortunes—Scandal respecting her and the Duke of Buckingham—Her Intimacy with Henry Jermyn—Scheme of Henrietta Maria to unite the Princess to Louis XIV.—Mary's Return to England — Her Death at Whitehall — Her Brother James's Tribute to her Memory—Her Burial.

THIS amiable and warm-hearted Princess, the eldest daughter of Charles the First, and more eminent as the mother of William the Third, was born on the 4th of November, 1631. She was baptized, by Archbishop Laud, in the Chapel Royal at St. James's.

The coincidence is rather remarkable, that the Princess should have been born on the 4th of November; that her illustrious son should have been born on the 4th of November: that he should have been married to the eldest Protestant daughter of England on the 4th of November; and lastly, that it was on the 4th of November, 1688, that the people of England beheld approaching their shores that illustrious armament headed by William of Orange, which was destined to annihilate the dynasty of the Stuarts, and their hopes of destroying the civil and religious liberties of the people of England.

The birth of the Princess Royal is thus recorded in the following letter addressed by George Gresley to Sir Thomas Pickering:—

"SIR,—Upon Thursday last the Duke of Vendôme,

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illegitimate brother to our Queen, arrived here from out the Low Countries, and is lodged at Sir Abraham Williams's house.

"Upon Friday morning, about four of the clock, the Queen was (God be praised) safely delivered of a Princess, who was christened the same morning, by reason it was weak, as some say, it being born three weeks before the time; but I have heard it was done to save charges, and to prevent other christening. The name, MARIE; the Countesses of Carlisle and Denbigh godmothers, and the Lord Keeper godfather; the Lady Roxburgh governess, and the nurse one Mrs. Bennet (some say wife to a baker) and daughter to Mrs. Browne that keepeth Somerset House.

"Your very assured friend and servant,

"GEORGE GRESLEY."

"Essex House, the 9th of Nov., 1631."

The young Princess, in her childhood, was confided to the charge of Catherine, Lady Stanhope, daughter of Thomas, Lord Wotton, and wife of Henry, Lord Stanhope. Lady Stanhope would seem to have discharged her duties with singular fidelity, since, nearly thirty years afterwards, we find Charles the Second, on the very day of his restoration, advancing her to the dignity of Countess of Chesterfield during her life, and giving her daughters the precedency of the daughters of Earls.

On the 2nd of May, 1641, when in her tenth year, the young Princess was married, or, more properly speaking, was contracted to William, afterwards second Prince of Orange, in the Royal Chapel at Whitehall. The ceremony is thus described by Principal Baillie, in one of his curious letters to the Presbytery of Irvine. On the 4th of May, 1641, he writes:—"On Sunday, in the King's

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chapel, both the Queens being present at service, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York led in the Princess Mary to the chapel, convoyed with a number of ladies of her own age, of nine or ten years, all in cloth of silver. The Prince of Orange went in before with the ambassadors, and his cousins of Tremmul and Nassau. The King gave him his bride. Good Bishop Wren made the marriage. At night, before all the court, they went to bed in the Queen's chamber. A little after, the King and Queen bade the bridegroom good night, as their son: he, as it was appointed, arose, and went to his bed in the King's chamber."

When the fear of the Parliament induced Queen Henrietta to fly from England, in February, 1642, she carried her young daughter with her, and placed her under the protection of the States General. Thus, by her early marriage, the Princess was spared being an actual witness of the misfortunes of her family. At a later period, however, when they were in poverty and exile, we find her conduct towards them affording a beautiful example of sisterly love.

The Princess is described by her contemporaries as possessing every quality that can add grace or dignity to the female character. Much of this praise is undoubtedly deserved; but still her judgment seems to have been indifferent, and, moreover, it is doubtful whether her love of admiration was confined within proper bounds. It appears by a letter of the period that the witty Duke of Buckingham was one of her admirers, and that scandal was not silent when it connected their names. On one occasion, we find the Duke unadvisedly following her to Holland. The object of his visit becoming notorious, the Princess sent him word that malice had been busy with her name; that his sudden return might revive

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unfounded reports; and, accordingly, requested that he would not take it ill, if she implored him to discontinue his visits.* On this occasion there is nothing to implicate her fair fame, except that when sovereign Princesses are thus wooed, it is generally their own fault: besides, they were both young, and Buckingham was extremely handsome.

But Henry Jermyn, the "lady-killer" of De Grammont, created Baron Jermyn of Dover by James the Second, is supposed to have been, after her husband's death, actually united in marriage to her. King William appears to have entertained some doubts on the subject, since, after the Revolution, Jermyn was one of the few Roman Catholics, who had been formerly attached to the fortunes of James, whom he received into favour. Jermyn was a nephew of Henry Earl of St. Albans, who has been mentioned as the reputed husband of Henrietta Maria.

The Princess was left a widow at the age of nineteen: her husband having died on the 27th of October, 1650. Her mother, Henrietta Maria, subsequently conceived an idea of uniting her to the French King, Louis the Fourteenth, and accordingly sent for her to Paris. The Princess fell into the scheme, and parted with her jewels, as well as with a portion of her son's property, to enable her to support a splendid appearance at the French capital. The enterprise, however, was not successful, and the Princess either remained a widow, or contented herself with the frivolous affections of Jermyn.

At the Restoration, after an absence of nineteen years, she returned to England. The joy which she experienced at once more meeting her family was sadly damped by

* Letter from Mr. Nicholas Oudart to Mr. Harding, 30th May, 1652.—*Desid. Curiosa*, vol. ii., lib. xii., p. 5.

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the recent loss of her brother Henry, who had died but a few days previous to her landing. Shortly afterwards she was herself attacked by the small-pox, which ended her days at Whitehall, on the 24th of December, 1660, in her twenty-ninth year. Her brother James pays an affectionate tribute to her memory. "Her personal merits," he says, "and particular love of all her relations, which she manifested in the time of their distress, caused a sorrow for her death as great as was their esteem." Walker also says, in his History of Independency, "Her tender love and zeal to the King, in his afflictions, deserves to be written in brass, and graven with the point of a diamond." Waller has also celebrated her in a dull panegyric. She was buried by torch-light in Henry the Seventh's chapel, at Westminster, in the same vault with her favourite brother Henry.

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ELIZABETH, DAUGHTER OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

Birth and Character of this Princess—Her Interview with her Father the Day before his Execution—Her Relation of this Solemn Scene—She is committed by the Parliament to the Care of Mildmay—Her rumoured Apprenticeship to a Glover at Newport—Her Sickness and Death during her Captivity in the Isle of Wight—Her Funeral.

THIS interesting young Princess would appear to have been the most gifted of the children of Charles. Her affectionate disposition and precocious parts are invariably spoken of with admiration. She was the darling child of her unhappy father, who was no less gratified with her sympathy, than delighted with her ingenuous and pious mind and proud of the singular quickness of her apprehension. She was born in St. James's Palace, on the 28th of December, 1635.*

* Mrs. Makings, the linguist, sister to John Pell, the linguist and mathematician, was for some time her instructress. Mrs. Makings, it seems, afterwards kept a school. At the end of "An Essay on the Education of Gentlewomen," published in 1673, is the following curious postscript:—"If any enquire where this education may be performed; such may be informed, that a school is lately erected for gentlewomen at Tottenham High-Cross, within four miles of London, in the road to Ware; where Mrs. Makings is governess, who was sometimes tutoress to the Princess Elizabeth, daughter to King Charles the First; where, by the blessing of God, gentlewomen may be instructed in the principles of religion, and all manner of sober and virtuous education; more particularly in all things ordinarily taught in other schools. Works of all sorts, dancing, music, singing, writing, keeping accounts, half the time

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The Princess had been admitted to her father's presence the day previous to his execution, and, like her brother Henry, had carried away with her an impression which was never effaced. That solemn and affecting scene has been elsewhere described;* yet, it is not generally known that the young Princess herself committed an account of it to paper. When Charles had communicated to her his last directions, "Sweetheart," he said, "you will forget this."—"No," she said, "I shall never forget it while I live;" and, with many tears, promised to write down the particulars. The relation, in her own words, is as follows:—

"What the King said to me 29th of January last, being the last time I had the happiness to see him.

"He told me he was glad I was come, and although he had not time to say much, yet somewhat he had to say to me, which he had not to another, or leave in writing, because he feared their cruelty was such, as that they would not have permitted him to write to me. He wished me not to grieve and torment myself for him; for that would be a glorious death that he should die, it being for the laws and liberties of the land. He bid me read Bishop Andrews' Sermons, Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, and Bishop Laud's book against Fisher, which

to be spent in these things; the other half to be employed in gaining the Latin and French tongues; and those that please, may learn Greek and Hebrew, the Italian and Spanish, in all which this gentlewoman hath a complete knowledge, &c., &c.

"Those that think these things improbable or impracticable, may have farther account every Tuesday, at Mr. Mason's Coffee-house in Cornhill, near the Royal Exchange; and Thursday, at the Bolt and Tun, in Fleet-street, between the hours of three and six in the afternoon, by some person whom Mrs. Makings shall appoint."—*Granger*, vol. iii., p. 233.

* See *ante*, vol. i., p. 459.

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would ground me against Popery. He told me, he had forgiven all his enemies, and hoped God would forgive them also; and commanded us to forgive them. He bid me tell my mother that his thoughts had never strayed from her, and that his love would be the same to his last. Withal, he commanded me and my brother to be obedient to her; and bid me send his blessing to the rest of my brothers and sisters, with commendations to all his friends. So after he had given me his blessing, I took my leave.

"Further, he commanded us all to forgive those people, but never to trust them; for they had been most false to him, and to those that gave them power, and he feared also to their own souls. And desired me not to grieve for him, for he should die a martyr: and that he doubted not but that the Lord would settle his throne upon his son, and that we should all be happier than we could have expected to have been if he had lived; with many other things, which at present I cannot remember."

The Princess was at Hampton Court at the period of Charles's escape from that place, and it was in consequence of her complaining that the sentinels disturbed her rest, that they were removed to a greater distance, and thus afforded him greater facility in effecting his flight.

Having been placed successively under the charge of the Earl of Northumberland and the Countess of Leicester, in August, 1650 she was committed by the Parliament to the care of Anthony Mildmay, formerly carver to King Charles, by whom she was conducted to Carisbrook Castle. The Commons appear to have taken but little care of her maintenance. In the "Desiderata Curiosa" is published a memorial from Mildmay to the Speaker, in favour of the four domestics allowed her by

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the Parliament, who petition for their promised remuneration, which had hitherto been very irregularly paid.

The rumour which has existed, that the Princess was actually bound apprentice to a glover or button-maker at Newport, is generally supposed to have been unfounded: nevertheless, the author is credibly informed that the indenture is still preserved among the archives of that town. Probably she was saved from the actual indignity of servitude by the state of her health, as she survived her arrival at Carisbrook but a few weeks.

Early in September, 1650, returning from bowls with her brother, the Duke of Gloucester, she complained of a pain in her head, which was followed by a sickness that terminated her short life of captivity and sorrow. "She fell sick," says Fuller, "about the beginning of September, and continued so for three or four days, having only the advice of Dr. Bignall, a worthy and able physician of Newport. After very many rare ejaculatory expressions, abundantly demonstrating her unparalleled piety, she took leave of the world, on Sunday the 8th of the same September," 1650. Sir Theodore Mayerne, a celebrated physician of the period, sent her some medicines from London. Heath says, "that with this exception, but little care was taken of her in her sickness." This account indeed is corroborated by Mayerne himself, who had been physician to the Court in its palmy days, and who in this capacity had prescribed for the Princess in 1649: he inserts the following touching memorandum among his papers:—"*Ex febre malignâ tunc grassante, obiit in custodiâ in Vecti Insulâ, procul a medicis et remediis, die* 8 *Septemb. circa tertiam pomeridianam.*" * "She died of a fever at that period

* Ellis, Orig. Letters, vol. iii., p. 330. Second Series.

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raging, when in prison in the Isle of Wight; far removed from physicians and medical aid, on the eighth day of September, about three o'clock in the afternoon." No one was with her when she died. The person, who entered the apartment immediately afterwards, discovered her with her cheek lying on a bible, the parting gift of her unfortunate father. The royalists attributed her death to poison, administered by order of Cromwell. No one can doubt but that the acerbity of party feeling alone originated the ridiculous report.

The Princess is generally reported to have died of grief. Not improbably the painful scenes which she had witnessed, the loss of liberty, and the deep feelings of which her nature was susceptible, tended to hasten her end. Her constitution, however, seems originally to have been delicate, inasmuch as we are told that the quickness of her mind made amends for the weakness of her body. Fuller says that she was "affected by the afflictions of her family beyond her age." At the time of her death she had not completed her fifteenth year.

Her remains were carried to the church of Newport in a "borrowed coach." This circumstance omitted, there appears to have been no want of respect for her memory. Her body was embalmed and placed in a leaden coffin, the mayor and aldermen of Newport respectfully attending the interment.

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ANNE, DAUGHTER OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

Birth of this Princess—Affecting Anecdote connected with her last Moments—Her Death.

But little can be said respecting a child that died in its fifth year. Mr. Garrard writes to the Earl of Strafford, on the 23rd of March, 1636, "Friday morning, the 17th of this month, St. Patrick's day, was the Queen brought to bed of a daughter, which will please the Irish well. It is not yet christened, neither hear I anything of the gossips." * There is, however, a simple but affecting anecdote related of this little Princess. In her last moments she was desired by one of her attendants to pray. She said she was not able to say her long prayer, meaning the Lord's Prayer, but would say her short one: "Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, that I sleep not the sleep of death." She had scarcely repeated the words when life departed.† She was born at St. James's, on the 17th March, 1636, and died 8th December, 1640.

* Strafford Letters, vol. ii., p. 57.

† Fuller's Worthies, vol. ii., p. 108.

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HENRIETTA MARIA,

DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

Character of this Princess—She is consigned to the Care of the Countess of Morton—Escape of the Countess with her young Charge to Paris—Joy of the Queen in meeting her Daughter—Sir John Beresby's Account of the latter—The young Princess at the French Court—Deceptive Conduct of Louis—Henrietta's Lovers—Her Return to England at the Restoration—Description of her by Pepys—Her Marriage to the Duke of Orleans—Her Success in confirming her Brother James in the Romish Faith—Her second Visit to England, and Reception at Dover by Charles the Second—Scandalous Reports—Suspicions connected with the Duchess's last Illness—Her dying Interview with Montagu—Her Death—Its Effect on Charles—Inquiry into the Circumstances of the Duchess's Decease—Her Children by the Duke of Orleans.

LOVELY in her person, gay and attractive in her manners, fond of admiration, and not averse to intrigue, Henrietta, the youngest daughter of Charles the First, was the idol alike of the French King and of his complaisant courtiers. She was the favourite child, and constant companion, of her mother, whose religion she embraced, and whose country she preferred. To the vivacity of her fascinating parent, she added much of the wit and conversational humour which distinguished her brother Charles. Burnet, who is no friend to her character, speaks of her as the wittiest woman in France. She never even beheld her unfortunate father.

Henrietta was born in Bedford House, Exeter, in the midst of the civil troubles, on the 16th of June, 1644. Her mother having been compelled to seek refuge in France, Charles entrusted his infant to the beautiful

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Countess of Morton,* who, true to her trust, determined, if possible, to elude the vigilance of the Parliament, and to carry her young charge to the Queen, her mother, at Paris. The Princess was scarcely more than two years old when they set out on foot from Oatlands on their hazardous journey. They were both disguised as persons in a humble rank of life: the Princess wore a coarse grey frock, and as the child naturally missed the bright colours to which it had been accustomed, she frequently lisped out her displeasure, assuring every one she spoke to, that it was not the dress she had always worn. Lady Morton is complimented by Waller on the success of her enterprise:—

> From armed foes to bring a royal prize,
> Shows your brave heart victorious as your eyes.
> If Judith, marching with the General's head,
> Can give us passion when her story's read;
> What may the living do, which brought away
> Though a less bloody, yet a nobler prey?
> Who from our flaming Troy, with a bold hand
> Snatched her fair charge, the Princess, like a brand:
> A brand! preserved to warm some Prince's heart;
> And make whole kingdoms take her brother's part.

The Queen was overjoyed to embrace her child, and from this period they became inseparable. The childhood of the young Princess was passed either in Paris or its vicinity. Sir John Reresby, who seems to have been a favourite of the exiled Queen, was a frequent visitor at the Palais Royal. "Her Majesty," he says, "had none of her children with her but the Princess Henrietta Maria; and few of the English making their court there, I was the better received. As I spoke the language of

* Anne, daughter of Sir Edward Villiers (brother to George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham), and wife of Robert Douglas, Earl of Morton.

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the country, and danced pretty well, the young Princess, then about fifteen years of age, behaved towards me with all the civil freedom that might be. She made me dance with her, played on the harpsichord to me in her highness's chamber, suffered me to wait on her as she walked in the garden, and sometimes to toss her in a swing between two trees, and in fine, to be present at all her innocent diversions."

The appearance of the youthful Princess was hailed with rapture in the brilliant circles of Paris. At the French Court there were none who could compete with her either in wit or loveliness; and the young King, Louis the Fourteenth, was the first to confess the power of her charms. "The Court of France," says Beresby, "was very splendid this winter, 1660; a grand Masque was danced at the Louvre, where the King and Princess Henrietta of England danced to admiration. But there was now a greater resort to the palace than the French Court; the good-humour and wit of our Queen-mother, and the beauty of the Princess her daughter, being more inviting than anything that appeared in the French Queen." According to Burnet, the only object of Louis, in addressing the Princess as a lover, was to cover his intercourse with the celebrated Madame La Valière. Henrietta, he adds, having encouraged the King's addresses, was highly incensed when she discovered the deception.

It is to be feared that, like many of her family, the heart of Henrietta was too susceptible of tender sentiments; although to what extent there was criminality in her attachments, it is now impossible to ascertain. Truth is never very easy to arrive at, and in cases of scandal the difficulty is usually doubled. Among the most favoured of Henrietta's reputed lovers stands the Count

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de Guiche. The feeling on both sides is described as having been ardent and sincere. It should be mentioned, however, that Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans, expresses, in her Memoirs, her conviction of Henrietta's innocence.*

Another of Henrietta's presumed lovers was the Count de Treville. When on her death-bed, it is said she repeated in her delirium, *Adieu, Treville!* The Count was so much affected by this slight incident, or, more probably by the death of the Princess, that he shut himself up for many years in a monastery. When he returned to the world he was an altered and a devout man.†

At the Restoration, Henrietta accompanied her mother to England, where she remained about six months. Pepys says in his Diary, "The Princess Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectation; and her dressing of herself with her hair frizzed short up her ears, did make her seem so much the less to me. But my wife standing near her with two or three black patches on, and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she." On the 31st of March, 1661, while yet scarcely seventeen, she was married to Philip, Duke of Orleans (only brother to Louis the Fourteenth), a wicked and narrow-minded voluptuary, with nothing to recommend him but his handsome person.‡

On the 15th of May, 1670, Henrietta again visited England, on which occasion she is reported to have confirmed her brother James in his predilection for the

* Mémoires sur la Cour de Louis XIV., p. 188.

† Burnet, vol. i., p. 555.

‡ Abbé de Longueville thus describes the Duke:—"He was continually talking without saying anything. He never had but one book, which was his mass-book, and his clerk of the closet used always to carry it in his pocket for him."—*Seaward*, vol. ii., p. 209.

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Romish faith. Her principal object, however, as is well known, was to persuade Charles to join the French King in a league against the Dutch. Charles, attended by the Duke of York, Prince Rupert, and the Duke of Monmouth, hastened to Dover to receive her on landing. The rest of the Court shortly afterwards followed, and for a fortnight, which was the extent of her visit, Dover was the constant scene of splendid rejoicings. It was on this occasion that she is said to have fixed her affections on the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth,* an accusation which, apparently, nothing but malice could have invented. The Duke, in fact, was her own nephew.

Henrietta was the favourite sister of Charles, and there can be no doubt of the sincerity of his affection. To the French Court it was an important discovery, and accordingly we find Colbert, the French Ambassador in England, in his despatches laying great stress on the circumstance. In one of his letters he writes, "Her influence over the King was remarked by all; he wept when he parted with her, and whatever favour she asked of him was granted." †

Henrietta survived her return to France scarcely more than a month. Whatever may have been her conduct during her short visit to England, it is certain that the jealous temper of her husband was painfully aroused by the reports of her conduct which had reached him during her absence. We are naturally unwilling to place much faith in the rumours of royal poisonings; still, there is a mystery hanging over the fate of Henrietta which it is far from easy to remove; nor shall we readily acquit her husband of having been the author of her death. The following particulars of her last illness are not without interest.

* Reresby, p. 173. † Dalrymple, vol. i., p. 76.

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It appears that one of her attendants having brought her her usual beverage, some succory water, she complained that it had a bitter taste, but nevertheless swallowed the contents of the glass. Shortly afterwards, being attacked by excruciating pains, she exclaimed several times that she was poisoned; desiring that she might be put to bed, and her confessor instantly sent for. The King of France arrived shortly afterwards, bringing with him his own physician. The latter endeavoured to console her with false hopes, but she persisted in her conviction that she should never recover. Her piety and resolution during her illness are described as having been most exemplary. She told her husband that she had the less fear of death, since she had nothing to reproach herself with in her conduct towards him. Of the French King she took leave with all the grace of former days, telling him that what made her most regret to leave the world was the loss of his friendship and esteem.

Having expressed a strong desire to converse with Montagu, the English ambassador, he was summoned to her sick chamber, and remained with her to the last. She told him she could not possibly live long, desiring him to convey her most affectionate regards to the King, her brother, and to thank him for all the kindness she had ever experienced from him. She frequently recurred to the grief which he would feel at her loss; "I have always loved him," she said, "above all things in the world, and should not regret to leave it, but that I leave him." She told Montagu where he would discover her money after her death, desiring him to distribute it among her servants, whom she mentioned by name, and whom she recommended in the strongest manner to the protection of Charles. She admitted that she had long been on bad terms with her husband; adding, that he

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had recently been much exasperated by finding her in close, but harmless, conversation with the King of France. Montagu inquired of her in English if she believed herself poisoned: her confessor, however, guessed what was passing between them, and told her she must accuse no one. When Montagu afterwards pressed the question, she shrugged up her shoulders, but said nothing. She had no sooner expired, than her money and papers were seized by her husband. As she usually wrote in cypher, the latter probably baffled his curiosity.

As regarded the question whether Henrietta had been really poisoned, there existed much difference of opinion even in her own family. Her brother, the Duke of York, certainly discredited the fact.—"It was suspected," he says, "that counter poisons were given her; but when she was opened, in the presence of the English Ambassador, the Earl of Ailesbury, and an English physician and surgeon, there appeared no ground of suspicion of any foul play." This account is in exact opposition to what is asserted by Burnet, that her stomach was completely ulcerated. Charles, on the other hand, appears to have been far from satisfied that his sister died a natural death. When Sir Thomas Armstrong detailed to him the particulars of her illness, for which purpose he had ridden post from Paris, the King burst into tears; —"The Duke," he said, "is a ———! But, prithee, Tom, don't speak of it." Subsequently he sent Sir William Temple into France, to make inquiries into the truth of the report. Temple told Lord Dartmouth that he "found more in it than was fit to be known," but that he had advised the King to drop the inquiry, unless he was in a condition to resent it as became a great King; especially as it might prejudice the infant daughters of his deceased sister. The French King also

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appears to have been in some difficulty how to act. He had in the first instance publicly indicated his suspicions of foul play, by refusing to receive a letter sent him by the Duke his brother. Subsequently, however, we find him altering his opinion; asserting that, after every inquiry into the circumstances, he was completely convinced of his brother's innocence. Without pretending to arrive at any definite conclusion, it may be remarked that both Montagu and Sir Thomas Armstrong seem to have been satisfied that the unfortunate Princess was poisoned.* Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans,—who of course had every opportunity of obtaining the best information,—also expresses herself convinced of the fact.†

Henrietta died at St. Cloud on the 30th of June, 1670, having just completed the twenty-sixth year of her age. By Philip, Duke of Orleans, she was the mother of three children:—Philip, who died young; Maria, married to Charles the Second, King of Spain; and Anna Maria, who became the wife of Victor Amadeus II., Duke of Savoy, and afterwards King of Sicily and Sardinia. This latter Princess was great-grandmother of Louis the Sixteenth, who was beheaded in 1793; that unfortunate monarch having been the sixth in generation from Charles the First. But for the Act of Settlement passed after the Revolution of 1688, a descendant of Henrietta would at this time be seated on the throne of these realms.

* Mémoires sur la Cour de Louis XIV., p. 1898.

† This is supposing (what we believe to be the case) that the five remarkable letters, attached to the first volume of Lord Arlington's correspondence, were the productions of Montagu.

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GEORGE VILLIERS,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

CHAPTER I.

Summary of Buckingham's Character—His Parents—His Mother's Presage of his future Greatness—His first Appearance at Court—James's Admiration—Indignity offered to Somerset's Picture—Effect of the King's Partiality—The Queen's Prediction—Buckingham insulted by one of Somerset's Retainers—Project to assassinate Buckingham—Commencement of James's Favours to Buckingham—Archbishop Abbott's Advice to him—Dazzling Rapidity of Buckingham's Rise—His Magnificence—The Entertainments of York House—Buckingham's Cabinet of Pictures—His Patronage of Lord Herbert of Cherbury—Origin of Buckingham's *Sobriquet*, "Steenie"—His Person and Character, sketched by Bishop Goodman and Sir Symonds D'Ewes—Buckingham's Marriage—Scandal relating to him—Letter from his Wife during his Absence in Spain—Mutual Affection.

ALTHOUGH the historian may deny to Buckingham the merit of genius, and even of any extraordinary political capacity, mankind will, nevertheless, ever wonder at that consummate knowledge of human character,—will ever be dazzled by those thousand accomplishments, which raised him to the pinnacle of human greatness,—which made the wisest and haughtiest of his contemporaries subservient to his will,—and which gave him an ascendant alike over the imbecile James and the virtuous Charles. His odious position as a favourite, and his unfitness to conduct the affairs of a great empire, have drawn down upon him the harshest invectives of the historian. Nevertheless it is easier to impugn the wisdom of his

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counsels than the integrity of his intentions. Charles would never have fixed his affections on a really bad man; and, however much we may regret the weak judgment and unfortunate influence of Buckingham, there is no reason to call in question either his zeal for his country, or his attachment to his unfortunate master.

Moreover, Buckingham was not deficient in the better qualities of the heart. If his nature was imperious, it was at least his equals, and not his inferiors, whom he insulted by his haughtiness or crushed by his power. His disposition was generous; he was a considerate master; he despised the common arts of dissimulation; and if a violent, he was at least an open enemy. His accomplishments both of mind and body, the eminent grace and elegance of his person, the refinement of his manners, his chivalrous courage, and the magnificence and refinement of his taste, have never been called in question. His character appears to have been a strange mixture of generous qualities and unruly passions. After perusing the history of his dazzling career, we doubt whether there is most ground for envy or commiseration, for censure or applause.

George Villiers was born at Brooksby, in Leicestershire, 28th of August, 1592. He was the third son of Sir George Villiers, Knight, by Mary Beaumont, his second wife, to whom a separate memoir has been accorded.* The Villiers', an ancient though not a distinguished family, had been resident in Leicestershire for nearly four centuries; a circumstance of itself sufficient to confer respectability. The future favourite was the darling of his mother, who seems to have early conceived a presage of his future greatness, and to have educated him accordingly. On the death of his father, which took

* See ante, vol. i., p. 177.

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place when he was about thirteen, she sent for him from his school at Billisdon, for the purpose of having him instructed in all those graceful accomplishments, which are more likely to make an elegant courtier than a sober Christian. With the view of giving a last finish to his education, she sent him, at the age of eighteen, into France, in which country he remained about three years.

Buckingham made his first appearance at Court about the year 1614. His pecuniary resources at this period were so extremely limited, that it was with difficulty he was enabled to maintain his position as a gentleman. Arthur Wilson says, "that he had not above fifty pounds a-year," and Sir Symonds D'Ewes goes still further. According to the latter authority, Buckingham, shortly before he became favourite, was seen at Cambridge races, "in an old black suit, broken out in various places." Weldon relates, as the occasion of Buckingham's first becoming a frequenter of the Court, that he had fallen in love with a daughter of Sir Roger Aston, Master of the Robes to King James. The lady returned his love, and it was only their mutual want of fortune which delayed their marriage. But in the mean time Buckingham had been introduced to the King, when, forseeing how seriously an imprudent marriage must interfere with the brilliant prospects before him, he determined, though apparently not without an inward struggle, to abandon the smiles of the lady for those of fortune. This early attachment is alluded to both by Wotton and Lloyd. They alike agree in attributing the defection of Buckingham to the advice of his friend, Sir John Graham, who persuaded him to laugh at romance, and leave his betrothed to the chance of enslaving a less fickle admirer.

Buckingham first caught the eye of James while performing in the play of "Ignoramus," on an occasion of

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its being acted before his Majesty by the students of Cambridge. Struck with the eminent grace and beauty of his person, the King expressed his admiration so warmly, as to give the first idea to the enemies of Somerset, that it might be possible to supersede him by a new candidate for royal favour.* Accordingly we find the project seriously canvassed at a supper party, at which were present the heads of the noble families of Herbert, Seymour, and Russell. The guests, we are told, on separating, happened to pass through Fleet Street, when one of the party, perceiving Somerset's picture exposed for sale on a painter's stall, desired his servant to throw some dirt on the face; an order which was effectually obeyed.† The anecdote is trivial, but throws a rather curious light on the manners of the time.

The King's partiality no sooner became publicly known, than Buckingham had, of course, no want of friends. William Earl of Pembroke, and Lucy Countess of Bedford, supplied him liberally with money; while Sir Thomas Lake, we are assured, bought for him the place of cup-bearer, to which he was shortly afterwards nominated. According to Lloyd, the courtiers wished him well because he was an Englishman; the nobility, because he was a gentleman; the King, because he had beauty and parts; and the ladies, because he was the "exactest courtier in Christendom."

On one of Buckingham's first visits to Court, the King, turning to Lord Arundel, inquired "what he thought of him." Arundel, looking at his blushing face, observed "that his bashfulness was ill-suited to a Court." The Queen, Anne of Denmark, was, however, of a very different opinion. When pressed to introduce

* Coke, vol. i., p. 75.

† Aulicus Coquinariæ; Lloyd's State Worthies, vol. ii., p. 227.

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Buckingham to the King, by those who wished ill to Somerset, she gave as her objection, that "if he became a favourite, he would prove more intolerable than any that had gone before him." This anecdote is related by Coke, and moreover, is authenticated by Archbishop Abbot, who was present when the Queen made use of the words. "Noble Queen," (he writes, in recording the circumstance,) "how like a prophetess did you speak!" His grace informs us, that the King would never adopt a new favourite, unless he were recommended by his wife. His motive was, that he might turn the tables on her, should she hereafter have reason to find fault with his selection.*

Buckingham, ere long, had to encounter a series of insults from the friends and retainers of Somerset. On one occasion, a creature of the declining favourite, in carrying a dish to the royal table, insolently spilt a part of its contents over Buckingham's splendid dress. Want of spirit was not a failing of Buckingham, and he instantly repaid the insult with a box on the ear. Such a proceeding, according to the laws of the Court, exposed the offending party to the penalty of losing his hand; and, moreover, Somerset, in his capacity of Lord Chamberlain, was the proper person to see the mutilation enforced.† James, however, interfered, and by his behaviour on the occasion, gave additional proof of the

* Biog. Brit. Art. Abbot.

† The Statute, 33 Henry VIII. c. 12, after enacting the barbarous penalty, proceeds as follows:—"And for the further declaration of the solemn and due circumstance of the execution, appertaining, and of long time used and accustomed, to and for such malicious strikings, by reason whereof blood is, hath been, or hereafter shall be shed, against the King's peace; it is therefore enacted by the authority aforesaid, that the serjeant, or chief surgeon, for the time being, or his deputy, of the King's household, his heirs and successors, shall be ready at the place and time of execution as shall be appointed, as is aforesaid, to sear the stump when the hand is stricken off."

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interest he took in his new favourite. Buckingham, we are told, obtained a "clear conquest" over his rival.*

One Ker, or Carr, illegitimately connected with the falling favourite, carried his feelings of friendship for his kinsman to such an extreme, as actually to have made up his mind to assassinate Buckingham. Fortunately, a friend, to whom he communicated his project, discovered it to the Court. Ker denied the charge so stubbornly, that, though condemned to a long imprisonment, he escaped with his life.

James commenced his favours to Buckingham, as he had formerly done to Somerset, by attending to his education and moral improvement. He taught him, we are told, three things; a love for retirement, the art of conversation, and the qualifications necessary to make him a man of business. Buckingham did credit to the King's judgment, by showing himself—at this period at least—courteous and affable to all men; procuring the royal patronage *gratis* for those who sought him, while Somerset had been in the habit of exacting large sums for the favours which he conferred.†

It was greatly to Buckingham's credit, that at the commencement of his brilliant career, he lived on terms of friendship with, and was regarded with an affectionate interest by, the amiable Archbishop Abbot. That excellent prelate thus addresses the young courtier, on the first dawn of his rising splendour:—"And now, my George, because of your kind affection towards me, you style me your father, I will from this day forward repute and esteem you for my son, and so hereafter know yourself to be. And in token thereof, I do now give you my blessing again, and charge you, as my son, daily to serve

* Aulicus Coquinariæ; Lloyd, vol. ii., p. 159.

† Coke, vol. i., p. 79.

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God; to be diligent and pleasing to your master, and to be wary that, at no man's instance, you press him with many suits; because they are not your friends that urge those things upon you, but have private ends of their own, which are not fit for you. So praying God to bless you, I rest,

"Your very loving father,

"G. CANT." *

"Lambeth, 10th Dec. 1615."

"To my very loving son, Sir George Villiers, Knight and Gentleman of his Majesty's Bed-chamber."

The dazzling rapidity of Buckingham's rise is perhaps unexampled in the annals of favouritism. Within a few short years, he was knighted, made a Gentleman of the Bed-chamber, created Baron of Whaddon and Viscount Villiers, Earl, Marquis, and Duke of Buckingham; received the Order of the Garter, and the appointments of Master of the Horse, Chief Justice in Eyre, Warden of the Cinque Ports, Master of the King's Bench Office, Steward of the Manor of Hampton Court, Lord High Admiral of England, Steward of Westminster, Constable of Windsor, and Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.† These

* Bishop Goodman's Memoirs, vol. ii., p. 161.

† Buckingham was appointed cup-bearer, and received into the King's household in 1613. On St. George's-day, 1615, he was knighted, made a gentleman of the bed-chamber, and had an annuity of a thousand pounds settled on him out of the Court of Wards. At New Year's tide following, he received the appointment of Master of the Horse; and in July, 1616, was installed Knight of the Garter. On the 22nd of August, in the same year, he was created Baron of Whaddon, in the county of Bucks, and Viscount Villiers. On the 5th of January, 1617, he was made Earl of Buckingham, and a privy-counsellor; and in March, accompanying the King to Scotland, he was sworn of the privy council of that kingdom. He was created Earl of Coventry and Duke of Buckingham, 18th of May, 1623.—*Granger.*

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favours were all heaped upon him by James. Charles, on his accession to the throne, had little but his affection to add to such a pageant.

Buckingham's magnificence was at least equal to his illustrious fortunes. Imagination can conceive nothing more splendid than the entertainments, the equipages, and even the personal appearance of this favourite of fortune. His jewels alone were valued at three hundred thousand pounds. "It was common with him," we are told, "at an ordinary dancing, to have his clothes trimmed with great diamond buttons, and to have diamond hat-bands, cockades, and ear-rings; to be yoked with great and manifold ropes and knots of pearl; in short, to be manacled, fettered, and imprisoned in jewels; insomuch, that at his going over to Paris, in 1625, he had twenty-seven suits of clothes made, the richest that embroidery, lace, silk, velvet, gold, and gems, could contribute: one of which was a white uncut velvet, set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds valued at fourscore thousand pounds, besides a great feather, stuck all over with diamonds; as were also his sword and spurs." * Buckingham was the first person who was carried about in a sedan-chair. The circumstance caused a great sensation at the time; the vulgar attributing it to his pride, and railing at him as he passed through the streets. "It was a shame," they said, "that men should be brought to as servile condition as horses." †

Another incident which added to his unpopularity, was

* Harl. MSS.; Harris, vol. i. p. 245.

† Wilson, p. 131. Evelyn tells us, in his Diary, that sedan chairs were first brought to England by Sir Saunders Duncombe. This person, who was gentleman pensioner to Kings James and Charles I., is said to have taken out a patent in 1634: Buckingham, however, may yet have been the first who had the boldness to make use of them.

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the circumstance of his having his coach drawn by six horses; a striking instance of his splendour, when we remember that only forty years had elapsed since coaches had been first introduced into England.* When the fact was related to the old Earl of Northumberland, (the "stout earl," as he was called,) he said that if Buckingham was drawn by six horses, he had at least a right to eight: and with this number he actually drove through the streets, to the great contentment of the citizens.

These, indeed, are but trivial illustrations of Buckingham's magnificence; while, on the other hand, it would be difficult to do justice to the refined taste and unparalleled splendour, which characterised the entertainments of York-house;—"those entertainments," says D'Israeli, "which combined all the picture of ballet-dances with the voice of music, the charms of the verse of Jonson, the scenic machinery of Inigo Jones, and the variety of fanciful devices of Gerbier." † Bassompierre, whose judgment in matters of taste was unrivalled, describes one of Buckingham's entertainments as the most splendid he had ever seen. "The King," he says, "supped at one table with the Queen and me, which was served by a complete ballet at each course with sundry representations —changes of scenery, tables, and music: the Duke waited on the King at table, the Earl of Carlisle on the Queen, and the Earl of Holland on me. After supper the King and we were led into another room, where the assembly was, and one entered it by a kind of turnstile,

* The introduction of coaches into England is commonly attributed to Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel, in 1580. It seems, however, that they were first brought from the Netherlands by William Booren, a Dutchman, who presented one to Queen Elizabeth, about the eighth year of her reign.—*See Harl. Misc.*, vol. iv., p. 218. They were first drawn by only two horses.

† Curiosities of Literature, vol. v., p. 223.

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as in convents, without any confusion, where there was a magnificent ballet, in which the Duke danced, and afterwards we set to and danced country dances till four in the morning; thence we were shown into vaulted apartments, where there were five different collations."* This would seem to have been the identical entertainment, a description of which Mr. D'Israeli has extracted from the Sloane MSS., and published in his "Curiosities of Literature." "Last Sunday at night, the Duke's grace entertained their Majesties and the French Ambassador at York-house with great feasting and show, where all things came down in clouds; amongst which, one rare device was a representation of the French King and the two Queens, with their chiefest attendants, and so to the life that the Queen's Majesty could name them. It was four o'clock in the morning before they parted, and then the King and Queen, together with the French Ambassador, lodged there. Some estimate this entertainment at five or six thousand pounds."

The Duke's cabinet of pictures and works of art were valuable and choice in the extreme. Sir Balthazar Gerbier, the architect and painter, writes to his patron, 8th February, 1625. "Sometimes, when I am contemplating the treasure of rarities which your Excellency has in so short a time amassed, I cannot but feel astonishment in the midst of my joy. For out of all the amateurs, and princes, and kings, there is not one who has collected in forty years as many pictures as your Excellency has collected in five. Let enemies and people ignorant of paintings say what they will, they cannot deny that pictures are noble ornaments, a delightful amusement, and histories that one may read without

* Bassomp., Emb. to England. London, 1819, p. 95.

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fatigue. Our pictures, if they were to be sold a century after our death, would sell for good cash, and for three times more than they have cost. I wish I could only live a century, if they were sold, to be able to laugh at those facetious folk, who say it is money cast away for baubles and shadows: I know *they* will be pictures still, when those ignorants will be less than shadows." * For a collection, which had been made by Rubens, the Duke gave 10,000*l.*; and he also employed Sir Henry Wotton, when Ambassador at Venice, to purchase for him the most valuable productions of the great masters. For one of the pictures of Titian, the *Ecce Homo*, Lord Arundel offered him 7000*l.*, either in money or land. In this picture were introduced likenesses of the Pope, Charles the Fifth, and Solyman the Magnificent. When the Duke's cabinet came to be disposed of during the civil troubles, this fine work of art was purchased by the Archduke Leopold, and placed in the castle of Prague.† Buckingham's encouragement of the fine arts was not confined to pictures. When he was sent to the States, to negotiate for the restitution of the Palatinate, he purchased for a large sum the curious collection of Arabic MSS .made by Erpinus the linguist, which he afterwards bequeathed to the University of Cambridge.‡

There can be no doubt, indeed, but that Buckingham both highly appreciated and generously rewarded talent. It was apparently from no other motive but the fame which his abilities had acquired for him, that the famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury obtained his appointment as Ambassador to Paris at Buckingham's hands. When Lord Herbert shortly afterwards became involved in one

* Bishop Goodman's Memoirs, vol. ii., p. 371.

† Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting; Fairfax's Life of Buckingham.

‡ Reliq. Wotton, p. 523.

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of those scrapes which his chivalrous sense of honour was continually entailing on him, Buckingham took his part, and protected him from the serious consequences of the King's displeasure.* It was owing to Buckingham's fine taste, in conjunction with that of his royal master, King Charles, that Rubens, Vandyke, and Gerbier were attracted to England, and also that Inigo Jones enriched the arts, and embellished London, by his genius. When will such a period again arrive? Not till we have a new Charles and another Buckingham.

In forming our estimate of the accomplishments of Buckingham, and the brilliant figure which he presented at two succeeding courts, we must bear in mind that perfect elegance and beauty, which rendered him the idol of the fair sex, and the envy of his own. James, as is well known, conferred on him the familiar name of Steenie. He alluded to the passage (Acts vi. 15) where it is said of St. Stephen, that, "All that sat in the council, looking stedfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel;" from whence the King chose to confer on his favourite, though not very appropriately, the name of Stephen, and thence by corruption Steenie. Bishop Goodman, who was well acquainted with him, draws the following sketch of his person and character:— "Buckingham," he says, "of all others was most active; he had a very lovely complexion; he was the handsomest bodied man of England; his limbs so well compacted, and his conversation so pleasing, and of so sweet a disposition. And truly his intellectuals were very great; he had a sound judgment, and was of a quick apprehension, insomuch that I have heard it from two men, and very great men, (neither of them had gotten so little as

* Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, by Himself, pp. 125, 126, 129.

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3,600*l.* per annum by the Court,) whom of all men in the world Buckingham had most wronged,—yet I heard both those men say and give him this testimony, that he was as inwardly beautiful, as he was outwardly, and that the world had not a more ingenious gentleman, or words to that effect."

Sir Symonds D'Ewes mentions the occasion of a tilting-match at Whitehall, when he had the opportunity of watching Buckingham closely for about half an hour; the Duke being, at the time, in earnest conversation with some French noblemen. "I saw everything in him," he says, "full of delicacy and handsome features; yea his hands and feet seemed to be specially effeminate and curious. It is possible he seemed the more accomplished, because the French Monsieurs that had invested him were very swarthy hard-featured men." Clarendon, and indeed every writer of the period, bears the same testimony to Buckingham's uncommon beauty. It would seem, however, by the portraits of him in his latter days, that it lasted but with the period of early youth.

Buckingham was only once married; his wife having been Catherine, daughter of Francis Earl of Rutland. The story of their union is involved in mystery. According to Arthur Wilson, the Duke, in the first instance, seduced her from her father's house, and, after keeping her for some time in his lodgings, returned her to her family. On being made acquainted with his daughter's elopement, the Earl, it is said, roused to the highest pitch of indignation, sent a message to Buckingham that if he did not instantly marry his daughter, his greatness should be no protection to him. Buckingham, it is added, eventually consented to repair the lady's honour, and they were accordingly married. There is unquestionably much truth in this strange story. That the Earl of Rutland

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had been originally averse to marrying his daughter to Buckingham,—that her partiality for the favourite caused her parent to treat her harshly—and that she subsequently eloped with Buckingham from her father's house, is evident from the letters which passed between the Duke and his future father-in-law, from the period of her flight to that of her marriage. The Duke, however, denies in the strongest manner that her honour had suffered at his hands. "I will constantly profess," he writes to the Earl, her father, "that she never received any blemish in her honour, but that which came by your own tongue. It is true, I never thought before to have seen the time that I should need to come within the compass of the law, by stealing of a wife against the consent of the parents; considering of the favours that it pleaseth his Majesty, though undeservedly, to bestow upon me. So, leaving this to you and your wife's censure, I rest your Lordship's servant.—G. BUCKINGHAM." *

The King, it seems, had refused his consent to their union, as long as the lady should continue to profess herself a Roman Catholic. The Lord Keeper, Dr. Williams, was selected to effect her conversion, and as the lady's interests were concerned, and her character at stake, he appears to have encountered but little difficulty in performing his task. Lady Catherine was the richest heiress in England.

Wilson expatiates with much acrimony when he speaks of Buckingham's reputed amours; and Peyton, of course, joins in the outcry against the unpopular Duke. But, perhaps, the most ridiculous piece of scandal is that of Sir Symonds D'Ewes. After attacking the Duke for his want of devotion, he tells us that, at the baptism of some

* Bishop Goodman's Memoirs, vol. ii., p. 192.

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noble infant, at which Buckingham happened to be a spectator with some young and beautiful women, the minister no sooner came to the passage, where it is required of the sponsors to combat against the weaknesses of the flesh, than Buckingham began to "wink and smile" at his fair companions, by which the solemnity of the ceremony was entirely destroyed. Such highly-coloured accusations are not to be relied upon. Beauty had doubtless its charms for Buckingham, and in all probability his conduct was not immaculate; nevertheless, considering the temptations to which his rank and accomplishments exposed him, his conduct appears to have been tolerably free, if not from error, at least from deliberate vice. Whatever may have been Buckingham's conduct in this particular, at least his own wife was the last to believe him guilty of the charge. We find her affectionately writing to him during his absence in Spain, on the 16th July, 1623:—

"I am very glad that you have the pearls, and that you like them so well; and am sure they do not help you to win the ladies' hearts. Yourself is a jewel that will win the hearts of all the women in the world; but I am confident it is not in their power to win your heart from a heart that is, was, and ever shall be yours till death. Everybody tells me how happy I am in a husband, and how chaste you are; that you will not look at a woman, and yet how they woo you. Though I was confident of this before they told me, yet it is so many cordials to my heart when they tell me of it. God make me thankful to him for giving of me you! Dear love, I did verily hope I should have had a lock of your hair by Killegrew, and I am sorry I had it not; but seeing you have a conceit it may prove unlucky, it is well you sent it not, though I think it but an old wife's tale." *

* Bishop Goodman's Memoirs, vol. ii., p. 279.

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There is reason to believe, from the letters which passed between Buckingham and his wife, that the maligned Duke was, in fact, a most affectionate husband. Sir Henry Wotton tells us that he loved his wife dearly, "expressing his love in an act and time of no simulation; towards his end bequeathing her all his mansion-houses during her natural life, and a power to dispose of his whole personal estate, together with a fourth part of his lands in jointure." *

* Reliq. Wotton, p. 236.

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CHAPTER II.

Buckingham's indomitable Pride—Implacable Enmity between him and Olivarez—Story respecting Buckingham and the Countess Olivarez—Correspondence between King James, Charles, and Buckingham—Jewels lavished on the Spanish Ladies by the two latter—Buckingham's unpopular Conduct in Spain—Specimens of the style of Correspondence between James and Buckingham—Letters from the Duchess of Buckingham to her Husband—Plot against Buckingham—Change in the King's Treatment of him—Buckingham's Distress—Erroneous Opinion that the Duke was declining in the Royal Favour—Buckingham's Resentment towards Iniosa.

THE overweening pride and headstrong passions of Buckingham were never more openly displayed than when he accompanied Charles on his romantic visit to Madrid. The Spaniards seem to have been no less astounded by his insolence, than dazzled by his splendour. Spanish etiquette could with difficulty comprehend the existence of such a character. They beheld, for the first time, a subject not only on the most intimate terms of friendship with the Prince his master; but placing himself on an equality with their own sovereign, and insulting his haughty minister, Olivarez, whenever they came in contact. "He was sometimes covered," says Bishop Hacket, "when the Prince was bare; sometimes sitting when the Prince stood; capering aloft in sudden fits; and chirping the ends of sonnets."—"He was offensive to the Court of Spain in taunting comparisons, and an open derider of their magniloquent phrases and garb of stateliness." *

* Life of Lord Keeper Williams, part i., p. 133.

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Whatever may have been the original cause of misunderstanding between Buckingham and Olivarez, it is certain that their enmity was implacable; and that on one occasion Buckingham deliberately gave the proud Spaniard the lie. They had been discussing the probability of the Prince's conversion to the Romish faith, when Olivarez, in the heat of argument, affirmed that Buckingham had himself given hopes of such a consummation. The Duke, in the most direct manner, insisted that *it was false;* adding that, as a gentleman, he felt himself bound to maintain the truth of his assertion, in whatever manner might be most satisfactory to Olivarez. The haughty Spaniard, it is said, flew into a violent passion, but, out of respect for the person of Charles, refrained from demanding the satisfaction which, under other circumstances, he would have exacted.*

There exists a story,—which was openly discussed at the time, and which, for some years afterwards, was current in Spain,—which attributes the ill-feeling between the two ministers to circumstances of a very private nature. Peyton, Weldon, Wilson, and even Sir Philip Warwick, have embellished the tale with some very indelicate particulars, on which we are unwilling to dwell. It is sufficient to observe that Buckingham, having thought proper to make the Countess Olivarez the object of his addresses, the lady was so far from being flattered by the preference, that she divulged the circumstance to her husband. Such offence, it is said, did Buckingham's presumption give to the jealous Spaniard, that, in concert with his wife, he devised for the insolent Englishman the same punishment, which the husband of "La

* Wilson, p. 250; Reliq. Wotton, p. 217.

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belle Féronière," had inflicted on Francis the First of France, and which also, according to Bishop Burnet, the Earl of Southesk attempted to inflict on James Duke of York, on discovering that he was the successful lover of Lady Southesk.*

Notwithstanding, however, how numerous are the narrations of this strange piece of scandal, Lord Clarendon has thrown considerable discredit over the story.—"Though the Duke," he says, "was naturally carried violently to those passions, when there was any grace or beauty in the object, yet the Duchess of Olivarez was then a woman so old, past children, of so abject a presence, in a word, so crooked and deformed, that she could neither tempt his appetite nor magnify his revenge." A passage also in Bishop Hacket's Life of Lord Keeper Williams tends still further to throw discredit on the story. "There was a scandalous error," he says, "made table-talk in England, that our Duke had attempted the chastity of the Condessa Olivarez. This is grossly contumacious. The lady was never solicited by Buckingham, as Sir Walter will testify in a postcript of a letter to the Duke:—'The Condessa Olivarez bids me tell you, that she kisseth your Grace's hands, and does every day recommend you particularly by name in her prayers to God.'"

It is certain, nevertheless, that Buckingham quitted Madrid without having taken leave of the Countess. When he parted from Olivarez he told him that he should always entertain the kindest feeling towards the royal family of Spain;—"but as for you, sir, personally," he added, "I shall make no professions of friendship with you, and you must always expect opposition at my

* See Varillas, Louis Guyon, Bale, &c., &c., and Bishop Burnet's History of his Own Time.

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hands." Olivarez turned on his heels, telling him, he accepted what was spoken.*

Among the Harleian MSS. are several of the letters which passed between James on the one hand, and Charles and Buckingham on the other, during the period that they were absent on their romantic expedition. Those from Madrid are generally subscribed both by Charles and Buckingham, while the King usually addresses them in common, as "Babie Charles" and "Dogge Steenie." The following is a brief specimen of James's mode of writing to the travellers.

"Sweet boys, the news of your going is already so blown abroad, as I am forced, for your safety, to post this bearer [the Earl of Carlisle] after you, who will give you his best advice and attendance in your journey. God bless you both, my sweet babes, and send you a safe and happy return.

"JAMES R." †

The travellers thus describe to James one of the clandestine visits which they paid to the interior of the French court during their short sojourn at Paris.

"SIR,

"Since the closing of our last, we have been at Court again, (and that we might not hold you in pain, we assure you that we have not been known,) where we saw the young Queen, little Monsieur, and Madame, at the practising of a mask that is intended by the Queen to be presented to the King, and in it there danced the Queen and Madame, with as many as made up nineteen fair

* Cabala, p. 358. † Ellis, Orig. Letters, vol. iii, p. 121.

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dancing ladies, amongst which, the Queen is the handsomest, which hath wrought in me a greater desire to see her sister. So, in haste, going to bed, we humbly take our leaves and rest.

"Your Majesty's most humble,
and obedient son and servant,
"CHARLES."*

"And your humble slave and dog,
"STEENIE."

"Paris, the 22d of February, 162⅓."

The old King, no doubt, felt extremely desolate in the absence of his heir and his favourite, and longed fervently for their safe and speedy return. In one of his letters, he writes to his "sweet boys:"—"I wonder why you should ask me the question if ye should send me any more joint letters or not: alack, sweet hearts, it is all my comfort in your absence, that ye write jointly unto me, besides the great ease it is both to me and you; and ye need not doubt but I will be wary enough in not acquainting my council with any secret in your letters. But I have been troubled with Hamilton, who, being present by chance at my receiving both of your first and second packet out of Madrid, would needs peer over my shoulder when I was reading them, offering ever to help me to read any hard words; and, in good faith, he is in this business, as in all things else, as variable and uncertain as the moon."

In this letter James gives his son abundance of good advice. He warns him against being too profuse in his expenditure; enjoins him to be careful of his person at the tilting matches, and to practise dancing in private;†

* Ellis, Orig. Letters, vol. iii., p. 121.

† D'Israeli, in his Commentaries on the Reign of Charles I.,

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"but," he adds, "the news of your glorious reception makes me afraid that ye will both misken your old Dad hereafter." He concludes his letter with the same homely expression. "Thus God keep you, my sweet boys, with my fatherly blessing, and send you a happy successful journey, and a joyful and happy return in the arms of your dear Dad."

We have already alluded to the profusion of jewels, and other sumptuous presents, which were lavished by Charles and Buckingham on the Spanish ladies: and yet they were not wrested from the old King without much difficulty and repeated entreaties. The Duke, we are told, on state occasions, purposely had his diamonds so loosely set, that, on passing a knot of Spanish beauties, he was able to shake a few off at his will. On being picked up, and offered to their owner, they were of course gracefully presented to the obliging fair ones. No wonder that the visit of Charles and his handsome favourite is still the theme of admiration in Spain. Sir Henry Ellis has published two original letters from Charles and the favourite, beseeching the old King to send them further supplies of jewels: Buckingham, in a postscript to one of the Prince's letters, amusingly adds; "I, your dog, say you have many jewels, neither fit for your own, your son's, nor your daughter's wearing, but very fit to bestow on those here who must necessarily have presents; and this way will be least chargeable to your Majesty in my poor opinion." Buckingham, in another letter, in which he

remarks in a note:—"I find a curious anecdote of that zealous paternal attention of our pedant King, which I have not met elsewhere. James took such minute care of their education, that 'the children of James were well instructed in music and dancing: his Majesty desired them to keep up their dancing privately, though they whistle and sing to one another for music.'"—*Harl. MSS.*, 6987 (24).

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addresses the King as "Dear Dad, gossip and steward," actually presses James to part with some jewels which formed a portion of the King's own wearing apparel: he mentions particularly the King's best hat-band, the Portugal diamond, and the rest of the pendent diamonds, as requisite to make a necklace for the Prince to present to his mistress. Buckingham is far from forgetful of his own interests, and takes care to ask for a rich chain or two for himself; or else, he says, *your dog will want a collar.**

Buckingham's conduct appears to have been almost as personally offensive to the Spanish King as it was to his minister Olivarez. According to Howell, who was on the spot, there was some doubt whether the King would not actually refuse to treat with him on the subject of the projected marriage between Charles and the Infanta. The Earl of Bristol, the English Ambassador, writes to the Bishop of Lincoln:—"I know not how things may be reconciled here before my lord Duke's departure, but at present they are in all extremely ill betwixt the King, his ministers, and the Duke; and they stick not to profess, that they will rather put the Infanta headlong into a well than into his hands." In another letter to the bishop, the Earl adds: "I protest unto your lordship as a Christian, that I never heard in all the time of his being here, nor since, any one exception taken against him [Charles], unless it were for being supposed to be too much guided by my lord Duke of Buckingham, who is indeed very little beholden to the Spaniards for their good opinion of him; and departed from hence with so little satisfaction, that the Spaniards are in doubt that he will endeavour all that shall be possible, to cross the

* Ellis, Orig. Letters, vol. iii., pp. 145, 146.

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marriage." * The unsuccessful termination of the Spanish match, or rather Buckingham's share in procuring its miscarriage, rendered the Duke for a short period the favourite of the English Parliament. They spoke openly of him as the "Saviour of his country;" and yet only a few months were allowed to elapse before they execrated and denounced him as a traitor.

As the style of correspondence which was carried on between James and Buckingham can scarcely have failed in affording amusement, another specimen or two may not be unwelcome. Among other instances of the familiarity with which the favourite approached his master, it may be remarked that, in his letters, the Duke frequently addresses the old king as his "purveyor." This term undoubtedly had its origin in the quantity of fruit, game, and sweetmeats, which the King was in the habit of sending as presents to the Duke and "Kate," as he familiarly styled the Duchess. More than once, in his letters, Buckingham returns thanks to his "dear dad and gossip," for some such dainty cargo. The following brief extracts may be taken as specimens:—"A million of thanks for your good melons and pears."—"The best show of true repentance of a fault, is to make a true confession: I did forget to give thanks for my melons, grapes, peaches, and all the things else you sent: I must pass my account under that general term, or else I shall make the same fault again, by leaving out something, your favours are so many:"—"I have received two boxes of dried plums and grapes, and the box of violet cakes and chickens, for all which I humbly thank your Majesty:" —And again, "The sense and thankfulness of my heart for your excellent melons, pears, sugared beans, and

* Cabala, pp. 98, 99.

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assurance of better fruit planted in your bosom than ever grew in paradise, will best appear in my humble obedience of your commands." The conclusion of the letter, from which the last extract is taken, is sufficiently amusing and characteristic:—"My stags," adds the Duke, "are all lusty, my calf bold, and others are so too; my Spanish colts are fat, and so is my jovial filly. Mall,* great Mall,† Kate,‡ Sue,§ and Steenie, shall all wait on you on Saturday, and kiss both James' and Charles' feet. To conclude, let this paper assure you, that the last words I spoke to you are so true, that I will not only give my word, sware to you on the Holy Evangelists, but take the blessed sacrament upon them. So craving your blessing, I rest,

"Your Majesty's most humble slave and dog,

"STEENIE.

"P.S. Baby Charles, I kiss thy *warty* hands." ||

It appears, that the term of "Tom Badger," which occurs in the following letter from James, was one of the cant names by which the frivolous monarch thought proper to distinguish his favourite: his subscribing himself to the Duke "your old purveyor" is scarcely more undignified.

"Sweet hearty blessing, blessing, blessing, on my sweet Tom Badger, and all his, for breeding me so fine a kennel of young hounds, some of them so fair and well-shaped, and some of them so fine pretty little ones, as they are

* Lady Mary, the Duke's Daughter.

† Mary, Countess of Buckingham, the Duke's mother.

‡ Catherine, his Duchess.

§ Susan, Countess of Denbigh, the Duke's youngest sister.

|| "Letters of the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham, chiefly addressed to King James I.," pp. 2, 15, 21, 26. Edinburgh, 1834.

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worthy to lie on Steenie and Kate's bed: and all of them run together in a lump, and God thank the Master of the Horse, for providing me such a number of fair useful horses, fit for my hand: in a word, I protest I was never master of such horses and hounds; the bearer will tell you what fine running we had yesterday. Remember now to take the air discreetly, and for God's sake and mine, keep thyself very warm, especially thy head and shoulders; put thy park of Bewlie to an end, and love me still and still, and so God bless thee and my sweet daughter, and god-daughter, to the comfort of thy dear dad. JAMES R."

"Thy old purveyor sent thee yesternight six partridges and two leverets. I am now going to hawk the pheasant."*

There are extant some affectionate letters, addressed by the Duchess of Buckingham to her husband during his absence in Spain, which exhibit the domestic character of the Duke in a very pleasing light. "I think," she writes, "there never was such a man born as you are; and how much am I bound to God, that I must be that happy woman to enjoy you from all other women, and the unworthiest of all to have so great a blessing. Only this I can say for myself, you could never have had one that could love you better, than your poor true-loving Kate doth,—poor now, in your absence, but else the happiest and richest woman in the world."

But the following specimen is even more pleasing.

"York House, 16th July, 1623.

"My lord, indeed I must crave your pardon that I did not write you more particulars of our pretty Moll. I did tell dry-nurse what you wrote to me, and she says,

* Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. i., p. 394; Harl. MSS., 6987.

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you had one letter from her; and she has sent you word, by every one that has gone, that she was well, and what she could do. But if you will pardon me this fault, I will commit the like no more. She is very well, I thank God, and when she is set to her feet, and held by her sleeves, she will not go softly, but stamp, and set one foot before another very fast, and I think she will run before she can go. She loves dancing extremely, and when the saraband is played, she will get her thumb and finger together, offering to snap; and then, when 'Tom Duff' is sung, then she will shake her apron; and when she hears the tune of the clapping dance my Lady Frances Hubert taught the Prince, she will clap both her hands together, and on her breast, and she can tell the tunes as well as any of us can; and as they change the tunes, she will change her dancing. I would you were here but to see her, for you would take much delight in her now she is so full of pretty play and tricks; and she has gotten a trick, that when they dance her, she will cry Hah, Hah! and Nicholas will dance with his legs, and she will imitate him as well as she can. She will be excellent at a hat; for if one lay her down, she will kick her legs over her head; but when she is older I hope she will be more modest. Everybody says she grows every day more like you; you shall have her picture very shortly."*

King James appears to have taken a great interest in his friend's wife, and styles her playfully, in one of his letters, "the poor fool Kate:" We find Buckingham also speaking of her affectionately as "his poor little wife."

Notwithstanding the playful and affectionate letters

* Bishop Goodman's Memoirs, vol. ii., p. 278.

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which were addressed by James to Buckingham, during the absence of the latter in Spain, it has been supposed that, had the King's life been prolonged, the fall of the great favourite would have been as rapid as his rise. This supposition is rendered the less improbable, when we remember that James not only grew fretful and suspicious as he approached his end, but that latterly he had actually entertained apprehensions of personal danger at Buckingham's hands.

Certain it is, that a plot had been laid by Iniosa, the Spanish Ambassador, (acting probably under the directions of Olivarez,) the object of which was to remove Buckingham for ever from the counsels and affections of his master. The King, it seems, was so closely watched, that Iniosa found some difficulty in carrying his plans into execution. At length, in order to obtain a private interview, the Spaniard hit upon the following expedient. On a certain day, desiring one of his suite to use every endeavour to keep the Prince and Buckingham in close conversation, he drew from his pocket a document affecting to contain an account of the Duke's supposed conspiracy, which he stealthily placed in the hands of the imbecile monarch; at the same time making him a sign instantly to conceal the paper from view. The fears of James being thus awakened, he seized an opportunity, when Charles and the Duke were absent in the House of Lords, to invite the Spaniard to a private audience. Iniosa lost no time in impressing the pusillanimous monarch with the prospect of his danger, recommending that Buckingham should at least be banished into the country for the remainder of his life.

The Duke, up to this time, had possessed the strongest influence over the King. He used to remove him, we are told, from place to place, as suited his purpose,

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although, occasionally, the changes seem to have been far from pleasing to his old master. Hitherto all the King's confidence, all his remaining enjoyment of the dregs of life, had been centered in Buckingham. But when James next saw his favourite, he turned to him imploringly, "Ah, Steenie, Steenie," he said, "wilt thou kill me?" * The Duke passionately protested his innocence, and insisted on knowing the name of his accuser: James, however, was obstinate, and refused to answer his inquiries.

Doubtful, apparently, in what manner to act, the King mournfully summoned Prince Charles, and prepared to depart with him for Windsor. Buckingham, as usual, was proceeding to accompany him, and, indeed, had actually set his foot on the step of the coach, when the King invented some excuse for leaving him behind. Unused to such treatment, the favourite burst into tears. According to Bishop Hacket, he subsequently addressed a strong written appeal to the King, to which his Majesty returned an unsatisfactory answer. James admitted, however, that he had not read the Duke's letter without weeping; piteously complaining that he was the unhappiest person in the world, in being forsaken and betrayed by those who were dearest to him.

It was in the midst of his distress, that Buckingham was visited at Wallingford House, by Lord Keeper Williams. He found the Duke lying on his couch, and so overwhelmed with grief, that he could scarcely obtain an answer to his questions. Williams strongly urged him to repair instantly to the King; intimating how brief a delay would enable his Majesty to concert with the Parliament, and pointing out that the Duke's

* Wilson, p. 271.

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committal to the Tower would be the inevitable consequence. This rational advice Buckingham lost no time in following. He immediately set off for Windsor; where, by his respectful demeanour, his extraordinary personal influence, and by never leaving James to be worked upon by the machinations of others, he eventually contrived to make his peace.*

It is to be regretted that Lord Clarendon, in alluding to this misunderstanding between Buckingham and his sovereign, enters but slightly into its merits. "Many," he says, "were of opinion, that King James, before his death, grew weary of this favourite; and that, if he had lived, he would have deprived him at least of his large and unlimited power. And this imagination so prevailed with some men (as the Lord Keeper Lincoln, the Earl of Middlesex, Lord High Treasurer of England, and other gentlemen of name, though not in so high stations), that they had the courage to withdraw from their absolute dependence upon the Duke, and to make some other essays, which proved to the ruin of every one of them." Bishop Kennet expresses his belief in Buckingham's fidelity, and, in order to give weight to his opinion, has published two letters, addressed at this period by the Duke to his sovereign. They must certainly be regarded as bearing the stamp of honesty, but are scarcely of sufficient importance to be transferred from the folios of the indulgent bishop.

It may be mentioned, that when Buckingham subsequently discovered that Iniosa had been the cause of his temporary disgrace, he instantly assailed the Ambassador with his usual headstrong impetuosity. In reply, Iniosa boldly told the Duke that he was a gentleman, and better

* Weldon, p. 142. Lives of the Chancellors, vol. i., p. 112.

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born than himself; adding, that he accused him of being a traitor to his face, and that he would make good his words with his sword. On the death of James, which occurred shortly afterwards, Charles was induced to forward a complaint of Iniosa to the Court of Madrid: the charges, however, against him appear to have been treated in the lightest possible manner by the Spanish Court.*

* Weldon, pp. 142, 143.

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CHAPTER III.

Buckingham confirmed in his exalted Fortunes by the Accession of Charles to the Throne—Jealousy in early Life between Charles and the Duke—Steadiness of Charles's subsequent Affection for Buckingham—Mission of the latter to Paris—His splendid Appearance there—His Intrigue with the Queen—Anecdotes—Curious Letter from the Earl of Holland—Buckingham frustrated in his wish to return to Paris—Enmity between him and Richelieu—Anecdote—Charges brought against Buckingham—His Conduct in the Expedition to Rochelle—Lady Davies's Prophecy—Pasquinade—Buckingham insulted in the King's Presence—Charles's unabated Affection for the Duke—Anticipations of Buckingham's Fall—Trial of Lady Davies—Anagrams.

THE accession of Charles to the throne proved a death-blow to the enemies of Buckingham. It was but too evident that henceforth he would be still more firmly established in his exalted fortunes. The friendships of Charles were known to be as stable as those of his father had been fickle; neither was it in his nature to be either argued or frightened out of a predilection nor an opinion which he had once maturely formed. Buckingham, on his part, pernicious as may have been his counsels, at least repaid with warm gratitude, and with the strongest personal attachment, the extraordinary affection of his master.

And yet, between Charles and Buckingham a strong jealousy, and apparently dislike, had existed in their boyish days. Clarendon tells us that the Duke's manner to Charles, when Prince of Wales, was frequently not only highly insolent, but indeed that, on one occasion, he

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was on the point of striking the Prince. This anecdote is circumstantially related by Weldon. At Greenwich, he says, before four hundred persons, Buckingham actually raised his hand over his head with a *ballon-bracer*, in such a manner as to draw from Charles the expression,—"What! my Lord, I think you intend to strike me!" But whatever may have been the cause of their juvenile hostility, it is certain that it ceased with their earliest youth. An attachment when once conceived by Charles, always remained unshaken to the last. When the tide of public opinion set strongest against the favourite; when the Parliament was threatening him with impeachment, and the sailors thundering for their wages at his doors; when the suspicions of his having poisoned the late King were sedulously propagated by his enemies and universally believed by the vulgar, Charles, at the risk of his own popularity, and indeed almost of his throne, still clung to and supported his friend. The fact is well known, that at the very time when the Parliament were preferring articles against Buckingham, the King went so far as to show his contempt of their proceedings, and his love for his favourite, by recommending the University of Cambridge to elect the Duke as their Chancellor. This recommendation was listened to by the University equally to their own disgrace, and to the discomfiture of the Parliament. Charles, in fact, ever placed the strongest confidence in the affection and integrity of Buckingham. The Duke, he said, had ever been his most faithful and obedient servant, and that he would hereafter prove it to the satisfaction of the world.*

In 1625 Buckingham was despatched with the Earl of Montgomery to Paris, for the purpose of conducting

* Ellis, Orig. Letters, vol. iii., p. 263.

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Henrietta to the arms of her husband. The grace and beauty of his person, and the singular magnificence of his mission, were equally the admiration of the French King and of his astonished subjects. "He appeared," says Lord Clarendon, "with all the lustre the wealth of England could adorn him with, and outshined all the bravery that court could dress itself in, and overacted the whole nation in their own most peculiar vanities." Louis XIII. remarked that Buckingham was one of the few English gentlemen he had ever seen; a sentiment which, by her subsequent conduct, would seem to have been fully reciprocated by his beautiful Queen.

Whether Buckingham was really actuated by feelings of love,—whether it arose from motives of ambition, or from the mere taste for pleasure and excitement,—certain it is that he had the temerity to address the Queen of France as a lover, and that his attentions were far from having been ill received by that engaging Princess. He had previously beheld her person when on his journey to Madrid, on which occasion we find him describing her to King James as the handsomest woman he had seen at the French court.

During his short stay at Paris, in 1625, it is evident that he brought all his fascinations into play, for the purpose of captivating her heart. It is not less certain that, when he subsequently quitted that capital, in attendance on Henrietta, his daring aspirations had not only become known to the French minister, but that the King's jealousy was painfully excited. The consequence was, that several of the Queen's servants were turned away, and her physician, her gentleman-usher, and others of her household, were banished from France. Madame de Motteville, who was in all the secrets of Anne of Austria, has left us a very interesting account of this singular

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affair. "The Duke of Buckingham," she writes, "was the man who appeared to have attacked the Queen's heart with the best success. He was handsome, well-shaped, high-spirited, generous, liberal, and favourite to a great King. He had all the royal treasures to spend, and all the jewels of the crown of England to adorn his person. No wonder, then, if with so many lovely qualities, he had such high thoughts, such noble, yet such blameable and dangerous desires; and no wonder if he had the good fortune to persuade those who were witnesses of his addresses that they were not troublesome."

The first occasion on which Buckingham appears to have dared to address Anne of Austria in the language of love, was in the garden of a house near Amiens, in which the Queen happened to pass the night, while accompanying her sister-in-law, Henrietta, on her way to England. Buckingham, it seems, whilst attending her in her walk, expressed a strong desire to speak with her in private, on which Putange, her gentleman-usher, out of delicacy withdrew. To what lengths Buckingham was carried by his feelings as a lover, cannot now be known. "Chance," says Madame de Motteville, "having led them into a bye-walk, which was hid by a pallisade from public view, the Queen, at that instant, surprised to find herself alone, and it is likely importuned by some too passionate expression of the Duke's sentiments, cried out; and calling to her gentleman-usher, she blamed him for leaving her." We must form our own conjectures on such a passage.

Buckingham, there is reason to believe, was sincere in the passionate professions which he made to Anne of Austria. When Henrietta and her suite subsequently departed from Amiens, the Queen, attended by the Princess de Condé, accompanied them a short way in her coach. The hour of parting having at length arrived,

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Buckingham came to bid farewell to the Queen. "He kissed her gown," we are told, and, "she being in the fore-seat of the coach, he hid himself in the curtain as if he had something to say to her, but in reality to wipe away the tears which came into his eyes."

Buckingham had proceeded almost as far as Calais, when, either unable to bear the pangs of absence, or actuated by the impulse of the moment, he resolved to return to Amiens, and once more to behold his mistress if it were but for a moment. The Queen had unquestionably learned from the Duchess de Chevreuse the probability of Buckingham's return; and yet she received him almost alone. She spoke of his visit jestingly, and when he entered her apartment (which he appears to have done uninvited), she expressed not the slightest surprise.

The Duke's first step, on entering her chamber, was to kneel by her bedside; kissing her sheet, we are told, with every expression of passionate love. The Queen, for some reason, remaining silent, an old lady of honour seated herself in the Queen's arm-chair, and, telling him that such behaviour was not usual in France, indignantly desired him to rise. The Duke, however, continued obstinately in the same posture, and, disputing the point with the old lady, insisted that he was no native of France, and consequently that he was not bound by its laws. He then addressed himself to the Queen; pouring forth the most passionate avowals of love. By this time her Majesty had recovered her speech, and, pretending to be extremely indignant, insisted on his quitting the apartment. Buckingham rose from his knees and obeyed her commands. Notwithstanding, however, this daring courtship, it appears that the young Queen received him in public on the following day. When the Duke again turned his back upon Amiens, it was with the full inten-

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tion of revisiting France, whenever love or opportunity should favour him.

In perusing this anecdote we know not which to wonder at most;—the Queen, with, of course, a woman's feelings, allowing another to be the champion of her honour; or the lady of the bedchamber, without any apparent sanction from her mistress, presuming to perform the part. Even Buckingham, reckless and chivalrous as he was, dared not have excited apprehensions of his "taking liberties," (such is Houssaie's expression) without having previously met with very flattering encouragement.

Indeed, although there was apparently no actual criminality in their attachment, there can be little doubt but that the Queen of France regarded her English lover with no impartial eyes. Previous to his quitting the shores of France, we find Buckingham sending secret directions to Sir Balthazar Gerbier to remain at the French Court, for the express purpose of keeping up a correspondence with his royal mistress. Gerbier's mission, however, became suspected, and accordingly he was narrowly watched by the agents of Richelieu. Nevertheless, the Queen found means to send by him *her own garter*, as well as a valuable jewel, to her absent lover.* Some time afterwards the Queen happened, in one of her walks in the garden at Ruel, to encounter the poet Voiture. On her inquiring of him the subject of his thoughts, he instantly repeated the following verses:—

Je pensois (car nous autres poëtes
Nous pensons extravagement),
Ce que, dans l'humeur où vous êtes,
Vous feriez, si dans ce moment

* Coke, vol. i., p. 275.

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Vous avisiez en cette place
Venir le Duc de Buckingham ;
Et lequel seroit en disgrace,
De lui, ou du Père Vincent.*

Had not Voiture been well aware of the state of the Queen's feelings, he would scarcely have ventured on such delicate ground. The Queen, too, not only evinced no displeasure, but expressed her admiration of the verses and obtained a copy of them.†

The young Earl of Holland, if we rightly interpret the cipher-marks in the following curious letter, was also Buckingham's confidant in his intrigue with the Queen of France. The *fleur-de-lis* appears to be intended for the French King, the *heart* very appropriately for the Queen; and the *anchor* (alluding to his post of Lord High Admiral) for Buckingham. After speaking of other affairs, Holland evidently recurs to the Duke's projected return to the French Court: "I find many things to be feared, and none to be assured of a safe and real welcome. For the ⚜ continues in his suspects, making, as they say, very often discourses of it, and is willing to hear villains say that ♡ hath infinite affections; you imagine which way. They say there is whispered among the foolish young bravadoes of the Court, that he is not a good Frenchman, (considering the reports that are raised,) that suffers ♄ to return out of France. Many such bruits fly up and down."‡ Lord Holland concludes: "Though neither the business gives me cause to

* The Queen's confessor. There are two other stanzas, but they are scarcely worth inserting. † Mémoires de Motteville, vol. i., p. 231.

‡ There was undoubtedly an intention to assassinate Buckingham, had he persisted in his intentions to return to his mistress. This fact is not only rendered probable by what is hinted at in Holland's letter, but is confidently asserted by Lord Clarendon.

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persuade your coming, nor my reason for the matter of your safety; yet know, you are the most happy, unhappy man alive; for ♡ is beyond imagination right, and would do things to destroy her fortune, rather than want satisfaction in her mind. I dare not speak as I would; I have ventured, I fear, too much, considering what practices accompany the malice of the people here. I tremble to think whether this will find a safe conveyance unto you. Do what you will, I dare not advise you: to come is dangerous; not to come is unfortunate. As I have lived with you, and only in that enjoy my happiness, so I will die with you; and I protest to God for you, to do you the least service." * The letter, unfortunately, is without a date.

When the bickerings among Henrietta's French servants appeared likely to produce a rupture with France, Buckingham, eager to seize any opportunity of once more basking in the smiles of Anne of Austria, requested Charles to send him to Paris as a mediator. His real motives, however, were more than suspected by the French Court; and accordingly, Bassompierre (as he himself informs us, in his account of his embassy to England) was instructed by Richelieu to inform the Duke, that on no account would he be received as an ambassador by the King of France. Buckingham's rage at the disappointment exceeded all bounds. He declared openly, says Clarendon, that he "would see and speak with that lady in spite of the strength and power of France." Indeed, the war, which shortly afterwards followed, has been generally attributed to the vexation of Buckingham. Probably it may have hastened hostilities; but, from other and uncontrollable circumstances,

* Cabala, p. 253.

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it is evident that the war must have inevitably ensued had the Duke never entertained his daring attachment. Buckingham, on another occasion, was heard to declare that if he could not enter France peaceably, he would force his passage to Paris with an army.* Buckingham, says Madame de Motteville, raised a division between the two crowns, in order that he might hereafter have an opportunity of returning to France as a peace-maker.

Buckingham appears to have been equally on bad terms with Richelieu at Paris, as he had been with Olivarez at Madrid. The enmity which existed between the two ministers has been illustrated by an anecdote, which, however trivial in other respects, is too characteristic to be omitted. Richelieu had addressed one of his letters to *Monsieur*, instead of *Monseigneur*, le Duc de Buckingham; leaving, moreover, no vacant space after the title of *Monsieur*. Buckingham repaid the slight by writing to *Monsieur* le Cardinal de Richelieu. This trifling squabble was on the point of leading to serious consequences. The Cardinal, however, finding himself getting the worst of the quarrel, yielded the point with a wretched joke. "The *cannons*," he said, "of the British navy were more powerful than the canons of the church."

In the mean time, events were passing at home which were calculated to occupy the mind of Buckingham with other feelings than those of romance. The threatened impeachment of him by the Commons, and the charges brought against him by the Earl of Bristol, had fallen harmless at the time; but still his enemies, though baffled, were not crushed, and his name, whether deservedly or not, was daily becoming more odious with

* Coke, vol. i., p. 275; Nani, Hist. of Venice, p. 251.

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the people. With a view to wiping off the obloquy, he determined to conduct in person the unfortunate expedition for the relief of Rochelle. He would, even yet, he said, establish himself in the affections of his countrymen, and make himself more loved and honoured than had ever been his unfortunate predecessor in the smiles of royalty and popular favour, the Earl of Essex. The expedition was no less formidable, than it was characterised by its exceeding splendour. "Buckingham," says De Brienne, "appeared in this expedition with the equipage of an amorous knight, rather than the equipage of a general." He carried with him his carriages, and, it was even rumoured, his jewels. The ships were hung with crimson velvet, and bands of music enlivened the tedium of the voyage. Buckingham's valour was undoubted, or such fantastic trappings might have raised suspicions of his effeminacy.* The expedition sailed from Portsmouth, on the 27th of June, 1627.

The history of the enterprise is familiar to every one. Although the personal bravery of the Duke achieved for him a well-merited laurel, it was one only too dearly purchased. His countrymen, when they witnessed only one-third of his army returning with him to England—when they beheld the wife weeping for her husband, and the orphan for his father—readily forgot that, in that sanguinary retreat, Buckingham had stood alone on the beach till his humblest follower had embarked, and that he was the last man who had quitted the shore.

It was in Buckingham's nature to feel deeply the outcry raised against him. In undertaking his second expedition to Rochelle, in August the following year, he seems to have determined either to die in the attempt, or

* D'Israeli's Life and Reign of Charles I., vol. ii., pp. 48, 49.

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to retrieve the popular favour which he had lost. He desired Gerbier, his architect and confidential servant, to inform the gallant Rochellers that, "God willing, he would be with them in three weeks, and would either overcome or die there." So eager was he to redeem his pledge, that he furnished the royal treasury with large sums of money out of his own purse, without even keeping any account of his disbursements.

When the famous Lady Eleanor Davies sent to him a written prophecy, that he would not outlive the month; "Gerbi r," he said, "if God please I will go, and will be the first man that shall set his foot upon the dyke before Rochelle, to die, or do the work; whereby the world shall see the reality of our intentions for the relief of that place." *

Expressions of hatred and animosity were vented on Buckingham from every quarter. On the 19th of June, 1628, two months before the Duke's death, a pasquinade was removed from a post in Colman Street, part of which is as follows:—"Who rules the kingdom?—The King. Who rules the King?—The Duke. Who rules the Duke?—The Devil." †

About this period Charles, happening to be in Spring

* See the extracts from Gerbier's MS. in the Curiosities of Literature, vol. v. p. 298. In the second volume of D'Israeli's Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I., will be found an able defence of Buckingham's conduct as a military commander, against the incapacity and inexperience attributed to him by Hume. Charles was certainly very far from dissatisfied with the Duke's conduct during the operations. The King writes to him, 6th November, 1627:—"Unfeignedly, in my mind, ye have gained as much reputation with wise and honest men in this action, as if ye had performed all your desires. I have no more to say this time, but to conjure thee, for my sake, to have a care for your health, for every day I find new reason to confirm me in being your loving faithful friend, CHARLES R."

† Ellis, Orig. Letters, vol. iii., p. 252.

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Gardens, watching his favourite game of bowls, Buckingham, who accompanied him, unlike the rest of the company, remained covered. A Scotsman who was present, having first of all kissed the Duke's hand, suddenly snatched off his hat, exclaiming, "Off with your hat before the King." Buckingham instantly kicked the Scotchman, and probably would have inflicted further punishment on him had not the King interposed,—"Let him alone, George," he said; "he is either mad or a fool." "No, Sir," said the offender, "I am a sober man, and if your Majesty would give me leave, I will tell you *that* of this man which many know, and none dare speak." * Buckingham showed, in more than one instance, how deeply he was affected by this and similar instances of his unpopularity. In his farewell banquet to the Court, he appeared in a Masque, attended by a personification of Envy, and surrounded by a number of yelping dogs, intended to denote the revilings of the vulgar.

Uninfluenced by all he saw and heard, the affection of Charles for the companion of his youth continued unabated. Mr. Meade writes to Sir Martin Stuteville. "This week, about Wednesday, his Majesty went with the Duke, (taking him into his own coach, and so riding through the city as it were to grace him,) to Deptford to see the ships: where, having seen ten fair ships nearly rigged for Rochelle, they say he uttered these words to the Duke: "George, there are some that wish that both these and thou mightest perish. But care not for them. We will both perish together if thou doest." †

A presentiment of his approaching fate appears not only to have taken possession of the multitude, but also

* Curiosities of Literature, vol. v., p. 298.

† Ellis, Orig. Letters, vol. iii., p. 252.

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to have saddened, if it could not terrify, the undaunted Buckingham. Lord Clarendon alludes to the many "predictions and prophecies," which forewarned him of his untimely and violent end. The aged sinner, Dr. Lambe, had foretold his own death, as well as Buckingham's. This wretched mountebank, who pretended to prophecy by means of a supernatural agency, was said to be a creature of the Duke: Carte, however, assures us that Buckingham was not even acquainted with Lambe's person.* The vulgar nevertheless styled him "the Duke's Devil." The fact is remarkable, that on the day that Lambe was torn in pieces by the mob, Buckingham's picture fell down in the High Commission chamber at Lambeth; an omen which, when all men were superstitious, and the majority discontented, was eagerly hailed as a certain prognostic of his fall.

But the most extraordinary prediction was that of the mad prophetess, Lady Eleanor Davies,† who certainly foretold the time of the Duke's death with wonderful precision. Many of her other prophecies having proved singularly correct, she had acquired so much importance with the vulgar, that the Government thought it expedient at one time to bring her to trial. One or two anagrams, into which she had twisted her name, considerably raised her in her own estimation. Her maiden name of

Eleanor Audeley,

* Carte's assertion is in a great degree borne out by the evidence of a letter of the time, by which it appears that Lambe was at one time actually engaged in a design against the Duke's life.—*See Bishop Goodman's Memoirs*, vol. ii., p. 377.

† She was the fifth daughter of George Audley, Earl of Castlehaven, by Lucy his wife, daughter of James Mervin, of Fonthill, in Wiltshire, and wife of the political and quarrelsome Sir John Davies. She died in 1652.—*See Ballard's Memoirs of Eminent Ladies*, p. 271.

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by transposing the letters, she easily converted into

Reveal, O Daniel.

When the silly lady appeared in court, a clever lawyer turned the laugh against her by producing another anagram, which, as Lady Eleanor's is not a perfect one, has the most credit of the two:

Dame Eleanor Davies,
Never so mad a ladie.

The lawyer was probably not far from the truth.

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CHAPTER IV.

Buckingham's Presentiment that his End was approaching—His solemn Parting with Charles—His farewell Conversation with Archbishop Laud—Remarkable Ghost Story of Sir George Villiers—Incidents during the Duke's fatal Journey to Portsmouth—His Assassination by Felton—Apprehension of Felton—Charges against Alexander Gill—Felton's Trial—His Condemnation, Repentance, and Execution—Charles's Grief on the Death of Buckingham—Intended Magnificence of the Duke's Funeral—Its actual Meanness and Obscurity—Particulars concerning his Widow.

BUCKINGHAM, as has been already observed, was himself impressed with an idea that his end was fast approaching. His parting with Charles was remarkable for a solemnity that was foreign to his nature. The Duke being indisposed, the King, attended by the Earl of Holland, came in person to pay him a visit, and remained with him for some time in serious and private conversation. When he rose to bid his favourite farewell, "the Duke," says Wotton, "embraced him in a very unusual and passionate manner, and in like sort his friend the Earl of Holland, as if his soul had divined he should see them no more."

Again, when Buckingham took leave of Archbishop Laud, his countenance and manner were strangely foreboding of evil. "I know," he said, "your Lordship has good access to the King; pray put his Majesty in mind to be good to my poor wife and children." Laud, who was himself singularly superstitious, struck with the peculiarity of Buckingham's manner, inquired if he had any presentiment that misfortune was likely to befall

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him. "I think," said the Duke, "I am as likely to fall as another man." The probability of his dying by the hand of an assassin does not appear to have occurred to him. When his friends advised him to wear secret armour; "No," he said, "there is no need of it: there are no Roman spirits left." On another occasion of his being urged to adopt similar precautions, he replied; "Against popular fury, a shirt of mail will avail nothing: against a single man I am able to defend myself."

But what bears in the most remarkable manner on this portion of our history, is the famous "ghost story" of Sir George Villiers. This strange tale is not only related by more than one contemporary writer, but even Lord Clarendon has departed from the dignity of history, and lent it the credit of his name. The account of Lilly, the astrologer, which is less known, is as follows:—"An aged gentleman," he says, "one Parker, as I remember, having formerly belonged unto the Duke, or of great acquaintance with the Duke's father, and now retired, had a dæmon appear several times unto him, in the shape or image of Sir George Villiers, the Duke's father. This dæmon walked many times in Parker's bed-chamber, without any action of terror, noise, hurt, or speech, but at last broke out into these words:—'Mr. Parker, I know you loved me formerly, and my son George very well at this time: I would have you go from me; you know me very well to be his father, old Sir George Villiers of Leicestershire; and from me acquaint him that he above all refrain the counsel and company of such and such,' whom he then nominated 'or else he will come to destruction, and that suddenly.'" Parker, it seems, partly from doubting whether he was really awake, and partly from the fear of being thought in his dotage, took no heed of the night's adventure. But, only a few nights afterwards, the spirit

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again walked, "quick and furiously," into the apartment. "Mr. Parker," it said, apparently in anger, "I thought you had been my friend so much, and loved my son George so well, that you would have acquainted him with what I desired, but yet I know that you have not done it. By all the friendship that ever was betwixt you and me, and the great respect you bear my son, I desire you to deliver what I formerly commanded you unto my son." Parker objected that the Duke was extremely difficult of access, and, moreover, that he himself should only be thought a "vain man," coming with such a message from the dead. "Whereunto," says Lilly, "the dæmon thus answered:—'If he will not believe you have this discourse from me, tell him of such a secret,' and named it, 'which he knows none in the world ever knew but himself and me.'"

Parker, being now satisfied that he was really awake, lost no time in repairing to Buckingham, to whom he seriously delivered his father's warning message. "The Duke," says Lilly, "heartily laughed at the relation, which put old Parker to the stand; but at last he assumed courage, and told the Duke that he acquainted his father's ghost with what he now found to be true, viz. scorn and derision. 'But, my Lord,' saith he, 'your father bade me acquaint you by this token, and he said it was such as none in the world but your two selves did yet know.' Hereat the Duke was amazed and much astonished; but took no warning or notice thereof, keeping the same company still; advising with such counsellors, and performing such actions as his father by Parker countermanded. Shortly after, old Sir George Villiers, in a very quiet but sorrowful posture, appears again unto Mr. Parker, and said, 'Mr. Parker, I know you delivered my words unto George my son, I thank you for so doing: but he slighted

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them; and now I only request this more at your hands, that once again you repair unto my son, and tell him, if he will not amend and follow the counsel I have given him, this knife or dagger,' and with that he pulled a knife or dagger from under his gown, 'shall end him; and do you, Mr. Parker, set your house in order, for you shall die at such a time.'"

Parker, though with great unwillingness, again repaired to the Duke, but with no better success; Buckingham desiring the old man to trouble him no more with such messages and dreams. "Yet," says Lilly, "within six weeks after, he was stabbed with a knife, according to his father's admonition beforehand; and Mr Parker died soon after he had seen the dream or vision performed." *

Lord Clarendon gives a somewhat different relation of the Duke's manner on the occasion of his interview with Parker. Sir Ralph Freeman, he says, was present, and watching the countenance of the Duke closely, observed that his colour changed, and that he showed great emotion. Parker afterwards told Sir Ralph, that when he mentioned the secret which the apparition had disclosed to him, the Duke swore he could have come to the knowledge of it only through the devil. Buckingham was at the time about to proceed on a hunting excursion. During the whole day, he paid no attention to the sport, and on his return alighted unexpectedly, and apparently in deep thought, at his mother's lodgings at Whitehall. Their conversation, which was in private, was carried on with so much animation, that their voices were heard in the adjoining apartments. When the Duke quitted her, his countenance exhibited much anger; a circumstance the more remarkable, since his intercourse with his mother had ever been distinguished by the most profound respect.

* Lilly, Life of Charles I., p. 202.

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It would appear that the real name of the person, whom the spirit selected as his confidant, was not Parker, but Nicholas Towse. Plot, the natural historian, has published a letter addressed to him by a Mr. Edmund Windham, purporting to give an account of the whole affair, as the latter received it from Towse himself. The relation differs but little from those of Clarendon and Lilly. It may be interesting to those who have never seen an apparition, to be informed that the ghost, on his last appearance to Towse, had become so familiar to him, that "he was as little troubled with it, as if it had been a friend or acquaintance that came to visit him." Mrs. Towse had also a miraculous story to relate, as well as her husband. She told Windham, that on the day Buckingham was stabbed, she was sitting with her husband in an apartment in Windsor Castle,* when the latter suddenly started up from his chair, exclaiming, "Wife, the Duke of Buckingham is killed." Towse, she says, subsequently prophesied to her the very day on which he should himself die, and, she adds, that the prediction proved true.

The apparition of Sir George Villiers is, after all, at least, as well authenticated as most of the ghost stories of modern times; and, as in the generality of such cases, we may trace the phenomenon to natural causes. What, indeed, can be more likely, than that the Countess of Buckingham,—aware of her son's increasing unpopularity, and trembling at the idea of his falling by the hand of an assassin,—should have furnished an old retainer of her family with an important secret, and despatched him on the extravagant errand. The supposition is certainly not at variance with what we know of her character. Buckingham, in all probability, suspected the cheat, and

* Lord Clarendon also, it may be mentioned, places the scene of the drama in Windsor Castle.

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when he subsequently parted from his mother in anger, it was probably owing to his having elicited the truth.

During the Duke's fatal journey to Portsmouth, there occurred two incidents which would have disturbed the equanimity of any other man. He had proceeded a few miles, when a messenger rode up to him in great haste. This person had been despatched by Sir George Goring, afterwards Earl of Norwich, with a letter, advertising the Duke of a design against his life, and advising him by all means to change his intended route. Buckingham quietly put the letter in his pocket, without either changing countenance or, apparently, attaching the least importance to its contents. He had proceeded some way further, when his attendants were addressed by an old woman, who requested earnestly that she might be brought to his Grace. "She had overheard," she said, "a conversation in the town, through which the travellers were about to pass, in the course of which a party of desperate men had agreed to assassinate his Grace." The Duke's attendants, who were not more than seven or eight in number, strongly recommended their master to travel by a different road. Buckingham, however, was obstinate. "Hereupon," says Sir Henry Wotton, "his young nephew, Lord Fielding, out of a noble spirit, besought him that he would at least honour him with his coat and blue riband through the town; pleading that his uncle's life, whereupon lay the property of his whole family, was of all things, under Heaven, the most precious to him. At which sweet proposition, the Duke caught him in his arms and kissed him, yet would not accept of such an offer from a nephew, whose life he tendered as much as himself; and so liberally rewarded the poor creature for her good-will." Just as the cavalcade entered the suspected town, a drunken or mischievous sailor suddenly caught hold of the bridle

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of the Duke's horse: one of his attendants, however, rode violently against the ruffian and compelled him to relinquish his hold.

The particulars of Buckingham's assassination are minutely described in the letters of the time. The Duke, according to Howell, on the morning of the fatal day, having "cut a caper or two," and been under the hands of the barber, descended to breakfast. There were present some French gentlemen, as well as several influential officers, who were about to accompany him to Rochelle. The conversation happened to be loud and animated, especially on the part of the French, who, by their vehement gesticulations, gave it somewhat the appearance of a quarrel. The meal being over, the Duke rose from table. In passing under some hangings which covered the door-way leading into the passage, he encountered Colonel Fryar, who had come to speak to him on business. It was at this instant that Felton, a wretched enthusiast, raising his hand suddenly over Fryar's shoulder, thrust a knife into the Duke's heart. Uttering the words "*the villain has killed me,*" Buckingham made a step towards the assassin; at the same time laying his hand on his sword, which he succeeded in half-drawing from the scabbard. The next moment he was seen staggering towards a table which was near him, and, while in the act of plucking with his own hand the knife from his body, fell insensible into the arms of the bystanders. At first, it was thought that he had merely fainted, but the blood, which almost instantly gushed from his mouth and wound, discovered the dreadful nature of the disaster.*

* According to Sir Symonds D'Ewes, he was placed upon a table, where he continued struggling for life for about a quarter of an hour. This statement, however, is entirely opposed to the accounts of other writers.

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The Duchess, who was with child at the time, was unfortunately in the house when the accident occurred. Hearing the noise, she came forth from her bed-chamber, and from the balcony beheld her husband weltering in his blood. Lord Carleton thus describes the painful scene in a letter to Henrietta Maria: "The Duchess of Buckingham," he says, "and the Countess of Anglesea came forth into a gallery which looked into the hall, where they might behold the blood of their dearest lord gushing from him. Ah, poor ladies! such was their screechings, tears, and distractions, that I never in my life heard the like before, and hope never to hear the like again." Such is the fate of greatness, or rather such was the ingratitude of Buckingham's friends and retainers, that those, (says Sir Philip Warwick) "who a little before had crowded to be his remotest followers, so soon forsook his dead corpse, that he was laid upon the hall table nigh to which he fell, and scarce any of his domestics left to attend him."—"Thus," he adds, "upon the withdrawing of the sun does the shadow depart from the painted dial." Wotton says that there was "no living creature in either of the chambers, no more than if he had lain on the sands of Æthiopia."

So admirably had Felton selected both time and place, that had it not been for his own recklessness or imprudence, he would probably have escaped with impunity. Suspicion (awakened by the angry tones in which they had so lately conversed) had at first rested on the foreigners; indeed, had not some individuals in authority interposed their cooler judgments, the innocent Frenchmen would in all probability have fallen by the swords of the bystanders. In the meantime the assassin had passed through the throng, and, while the uproar was at its height, was standing quietly and unnoticed in the

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kitchen. He had taken the precaution to tie his horse to a hedge outside the town, but whether bewildered at the retrospect of his fearful crime, or from having missed his way in the passages of the house, he neglected to avail himself of the means of flight. Felton, in the hurry of the moment, had lost his hat, which, almost immediately afterwards, was discovered by those who went in quest of the murderer. There were found in it the following remarkable documents, intended, no doubt, as an apology for his conduct, in the event of his being slain by the Duke's friends on the spot:

"If I be slain, let no man condemn me, but rather condemn himself; it is for our sins that our hearts are hardened, and become senseless, or else he had not gone so long unpunished.

"JOHN FELTON."

"*He* is unworthy of the name of a gentleman or soldier, in my opinion, that is afraid to sacrifice his life for the honour of God, his King, and country.

"JOHN FELTON."

It was of course evident that the owner of the hat could be no other than the murderer of the Duke. In the mean time, Felton had quitted the kitchen, and was walking composedly in front of the house. A bystander, observing a stranger without a hat, exclaimed:—"Here is the fellow that killed the Duke;"—others crying, "Where is the villain? where is the butcher?" Felton quietly drew his sword, and advancing towards them,—"I am the man," he said; "here I am." Several persons immediately rushed upon him with their drawn swords, to which Felton coolly exposed his breast; preferring to die thus than by the hands of the executioner.

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Lord Carleton,—who has himself described the scene,—with the assistance of Sir Thomas Morton and others, preserved him, though with difficulty, from the fury of the Duke's retainers.

Felton, morose and silent, exhibited neither remorse for the crime which he had committed, nor fear for its consequences. When, in order to aid the purposes of justice, they told him that the Duke was only dangerously wounded, he smiled incredulously; observing, "that the blow," he was certain, "had determined their hopes." When asked, at whose instigation he had committed so execrable a crime, he answered, "that no man living possessed sufficient influence to have persuaded him to it; that though he himself had been twice passed over in his regiment, yet that he had been far from actuated by private wrongs; that his conduct had alone been swayed by a feeling of duty; by the manner in which Buckingham had been branded in Parliament, and by his own firm belief that the Duke was an enemy to the State." He afterwards added, "that Eglesham's scurrilous pamphlet * had, in a great degree, instigated him to commit the crime."

Felton, who was a lieutenant in the army, though a man of small stature, had been remarkable among his associates for his determined disposition and undaunted courage. On an occasion, it is said, of his having received an insult, he sent his adversary a challenge, accompanied by a piece of one of his little fingers, which he had himself amputated,† intended to denote how little he cared for pain, and how ready he was to peril his life. The patriots, who regarded him as a Brutus, confidently hoped that he would uphold his sentiments, and justify

* "The Forerunner of Revenge," by George Eglesham. See vol. i., p. 90, &c.

† Rushworth, vol. i., p. 638.

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his conduct to the last. As he passed through Kingston-on-Thames, an old woman, alluding to the death of Goliath, called out to him, "Now, God bless thee, little David!" His admirers lost no opportunity of doing him honour. The letters which composed his name were formed into the anagram of

No flie not,
John Felton.

The conceit will be found imperfect; the letter *h* being omitted.

It may be mentioned, that the weapon which cut short the life of the princely Buckingham was a common knife, purchased for tenpence at a cutler's shop on Tower-hill. Being extremely poor, the fanatic had travelled to Portsmouth principally on foot.*

On Felton being brought to the Tower, a multitude of people flocked thither in order to feast their eyes on the political martyr; Felton, all the time, beseeching them to pray for him, and they, on their part, with a general voice, crying, "The Lord comfort thee! the Lord be merciful unto thee!" and similar expressions of sympathy and good-will. We are informed that he was well lodged in the Tower, having been allowed two dishes of meat a day.

The manner in which Felton subsequently humbled himself, and expressed his penitence, at his trial, was as far from agreeable to his admirers, as it was gratifying to the Court. The political, and many of the religious enthusiasts of the day, regarded the act as one of Roman devotion, and looked upon the homicide as a martyr. We find one, Alexander Gill,†—a Bachelor of Divinity

* Reliq., Wotton, p. 232.

† This Gill was the son of Dr. Gill, head master of St. Paul's and

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at Oxford, and an under master of St. Paul's School, —fined two thousand pounds, and degraded from his ministry, for having drunk Felton's health, and having expressed his regret at being deprived of the honour of the deed. There were two other charges brought against Gill:—one, that he had made use of the expression, "the Duke is gone down to hell to meet King James there;" the other, his saying that "the King, instead of ruling a kingdom was fitter to stand in a shop in Cheapside, crying, What lack ye?" The expression respecting the King was omitted in open court.

Felton, at his trial, expressed, in more than one striking manner, his contrition for his crime. When the knife, with which he had stabbed Buckingham, was produced in court, he is said to have shed tears; and when asked "why sentence of death should not be passed upon him?" he lifted up the hand which had done the deed, requesting "that it might be first cut off, and that afterwards he might suffer death in the manner the court should think fit."

There being reason to suspect that he had been instigated by the Puritans, it was proposed to put him to the torture, in order to elicit the names of his accomplices. When Laud, then Bishop of London, hinted to him this

the schoolmaster of Milton. The son was also the friend of the poet, as appears by three Latin epistles, addressed to him by Milton. He appears to have been a vulgar and boisterous demagogue, and was once tossed in a blanket by the scholars of Trinity College for his indecent conduct in the chapel, when performing the duties of reading-clerk. Wood tells us that he was several times imprisoned: and in 1635 he was compelled to resign his office at St. Paul's, on account of severity to the scholars. Eventually his republican principles brought him into the Star Chamber, where he was sentenced to lose both his ears, and to pay a fine of 2000*l*. His ears, however, were saved at the entreaties of his father.

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intention of the court, he replied "he could not tell what extreme anguish might draw from him, as in that case he might implicate his lordship himself, or any of the peers present." The question, whether he could legally be put to the rack, was subsequently referred to the principal law officers, who decided in the negative.* William, Earl of Pembroke, who was present at Felton's examinations, remarked, "that he had never seen valour and piety more temperately mixed in the same person." †

After his condemnation, he made two requests to the King;—one, that he might be allowed to receive the communion before he suffered; and the other, that on the scaffold he might be clothed with sackcloth, with ashes on his head, and a halter round his neck, in testimony of his sincere repentance. To the Duchess of Buckingham he sent a message imploring her to pardon him for the death of her husband. She kindly sent him her forgiveness; a boon which he acknowledged with gratitude in his last moments. Felton mentioned a curious fact to those who were about him. He said, that at the instant when he stabbed the Duke, he repeated the words, "God have mercy on thy soul!" No wonder it was imagined he had been instigated by the Puritans. "When I struck," he said, "I felt the force of forty men in me." Felton was hanged at Tyburn, from whence his body was conveyed to Portsmouth, where it remained suspended for a considerable time in chains.

The Court happened to be about four miles from Portsmouth when the news of Buckingham's fate was conveyed to the King. Charles was at prayers with his family and attendants, when Sir John Hippesley, suddenly entering the room, without heeding the sacredness

* Rushworth, vol. i., p. 638. † Osborne's Works, p. 169.

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of the occasion went directly up to the King, and whispered the tidings in his ear. Much as Charles loved his favourite, he respected his religious duties more. Whatever may have been the shock to his feelings, he allowed the ceremony to proceed, and even preserved his countenance unmoved. As soon, however, as prayers were over, he hurried to his bed-chamber, and, throwing himself on his bed, paid an affectionate tribute to the memory of his earliest companion by shedding many tears, and displaying the most passionate grief.* It would appear that Charles subsequently endeavoured to drown his sorrow by a stricter application to public affairs. According to a letter of the period,—"The King, in fourteen days after the Duke's death, dispatched more business than the Duke had done in three months before: some, that observe the passages in court, say the King seems as much affected to the Duke's memory as he was to his person; minding nothing so much for the present as the advancement of his friends and followers." † Lord Carleton writes, "His Majesty's grief for the loss of him was expressed to be more than great, by the many tears he hath shed for him."

The Duke's body was conveyed to his residence at York House in the Strand. His bowels were inhumed at Portsmouth, where his sister, the Countess of Denbigh, erected a monument to his memory. It had been the King's intention to honour his deceased favourite by a public funeral, the preparations for which are thus spoken of in a letter from a person on the spot:—"On Thursday last the heralds were sent for by my lord Treasurer, who gave them order to project as ample and sumptuous a funeral as could be performed; and so they brought in a

* Clarendon, vol. i., p. 54; Heylin, Life of Laud.

† Ellis, Orig. Letters, vol. iii., p. 262.

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proportion of some things larger than were in the funeral of King James. And all this must be done at the King's charge; and, it is said by the courtiers, would stand his Majesty in 40,000*l.*; and that my Lord Fielding, Master of the Wardrobe, would gain by the London measure and the lists, 5000*l.*"

The large amounts, however, of Buckingham's debts, as well as the murmurs which would have been excited, had a splendid funeral been awarded to one whose memory was so generally odious, seem to have induced the King to abandon his original intention. Moreover, the reduced state of the royal finances presented another obstacle. A sumptuous interment, argued the Treasurer to Charles, would be but the show of an hour, while a monument would be not only less expensive, but would remain a lasting memorial to the Duke's honour. The slovenly manner, in which Buckingham's obsequies were eventually conducted, may afford food for meditation to the despiser of human greatness. Mr. Meade writes to Sir Martin Stuteville,—"Notwithstanding that on yesterday was se'nnight all the Heralds were consulting with my lord Treasurer to project as great a funeral for the Duke as ever any subject of England had; nevertheless, last night, at ten of the clock, his funeral was solemnized in as poor and confused a manner as hath been seen, marching from Wallingford House over against Whitehall to Westminster Abbey; there being not much above one hundred mourners, who attended upon an empty coffin borne upon six men's shoulders, the Duke's corpse itself being there interred yesterday, as if it had been doubted the people in their madness might have surprised it. But to prevent all disorder, the train-bands kept a guard on both sides of the way all along, from Wallingford House to Westminster church, beating up their drums loud, and carrying

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their pikes and muskets upon their shoulders as in a march, not trailing them at their heels, as is usual at a mourning. As soon as the coffin was entered the church, they came all away, without giving any volley of shot at all. And this was the obscure catastrophe of that great man." * Buckingham was assassinated on the 23rd of August, 1628, having at the time scarcely completed his thirty-sixth year. At the time of his death he is said to have possessed about 4000*l.* a-year, and 300,000*l.* in jewels. His debts amounted to 61,000*l.* Clarendon says, that though he died possessed of a large estate, yet he had never been tempted by the love of money to commit either an unjust or an unkind action.

Of the Duke's widow but few particulars have been recorded. According to the fashion of the age, Sir William Davenant addressed a copy of verses to her on the assassination of her husband, in which the virtues of the Duke form the principal topic :—

——— "gone is now the Pilot of the state,
The court's bright star, the clergy's advocate ;
The poet's brightest theme, the lover's flame,
The soldier's glory, mighty Buckingham."

Wilson tells us, that though the Duchess became a zealous Protestant after her marriage, she afterwards, at her mother's instigation, returned to the Romish faith. Lord Clarendon, who was personally acquainted with her, says nothing of these tergiversations, but, on the contrary, speaks highly of her wit and spirit. The following lines are annexed to a scarce print of the Duchess, engraved by Delaram :—

" The ancients, who three Graces only knew,
Were rude and ignorant : look here and view

* Ellis, Orig. Letters. vol. iii., p. 265.

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Thousands in this one visage; yea in this,
Which of the living but a shadow is.
If these her outward graces be refined,
What be the interior beauties of her mind." *

Cowley also addressed a copy of verses to her, in which encomium almost amounts to hyperbole:—

" If I should say that in your face were seen
Nature's best picture of the Cyprian Queen;
If I should swear under Minerva's name,
Poets (who prophets are) foretold your fame;
The future age would think it flattery;
But to the present, which can witness be,
'Twould seem beneath your high deserts as far,
As you above the rest of women are."

The Duchess, after the death of her husband, married Randolph Macdonald, Earl and Marquis of Antrim. The King expressed himself much displeased with the match, though he afterwards forgave the widow of his friend. Buckingham had four children by his Duchess; Charles, who died an infant; George, the witty Duke, who succeeded him; Francis, who fell gallantly fighting in the civil wars; and Mary, afterwards Duchess of Richmond. The King ever regarded and treated them as his own children, and indeed educated them with his own family.

* Beloe's Anecdotes, vol. i., p. 218.

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THOMAS WENTWORTH,

EARL OF STRAFFORD.

Remarkable Party at the Council-table of Charles I. — Wretched Fate of all who composed it—Early Life of Thomas Wentworth—His Marriage—He is created a Baronet by James I.—His second Marriage—Death of his second Wife—Wentworth's Love for his Children—His violent Opposition to the Court—His sudden Leap from a Patriot to a Courtier—His Elevation to the Peerage—Pym's Animosity—Wentworth's illustrious Ancestry—His further Advancement in Honours and high Offices—His third Marriage—He is created Earl of Strafford—He becomes unpopular—He is impeached of High Treason — His Apprehension—His Trial in Westminster Hall—Memorable Letter to him from Charles—His Confidence in the King's Promise—Terrible Dilemma in which Charles was placed—The King's Agony in signing Strafford's Death-warrant—His subsequent Remorse—Strafford's Letter to Charles—Interview of the former with Secretary Carleton—Detection of Strafford's Plan of Escape from the Tower—His Preparation for Death—His Secretary Slingsby—Strafford's Progress to the Scaffold—His last Address—His Execution.

THEY were a remarkable party who assembled round the council-table of Charles I. Besides the unfortunate monarch, there sat the magnificent Buckingham, the loyal Hamilton, the severe Strafford, the high-churchman Laud, the melancholy Falkland, and the gay and graceful Holland. In the midst of their haughty councils and high resolves, how little did they foresee the wretched fate which awaited them! There was not one of that assembly whose death was not violent. Charles, Hamilton, Strafford, Laud, and Holland, died on the scaffold; Buckingham fell by the hand of an assassin; and Falkland,

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under circumstances almost as melancholy, perished on the battle-field.

Were we to select from the royal party a single individual, whose brilliant qualities and open character would most strongly contrast with the more fanatical, and often vulgar, enthusiasts of the age of Charles, our choice would undoubtedly fall on the stately Strafford. The nobleness of his disposition, his mental and personal accomplishments, his steadfast fidelity to his sovereign, his high bearing and graceful manners, are in strong relief, not only to the Harrisons and Barebones, but to the Pyms and Iretons of the day. Fortunately it is the brilliant qualities of Strafford, and not his grave political misdemeanours, on which it is our province to dwell.

The subject of the present memoir was the eldest son of Sir William Wentworth, Bart., of Wentworth-Woodhouse, in the county of York. His birth took place in Chancery Lane, London, on the 13th of April, 1593. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, from whence he proceeded on his travels with his tutor, a Mr. John Greenwood, for whose character he ever retained particular respect. He returned to England early in the year 1613, and was shortly afterwards married to Margaret, eldest daughter of Francis Clifford, fourth Earl of Cumberland. He had no issue by this lady, who died in 1622, and was buried at York.

On the death of his father, in 1614, he succeeded to the estates and title of his family. In the Parliament of 1621, he was returned as one of the representatives of Yorkshire, having, previously to his election, been sheriff of that county. On the 24th of February, 1625, he united himself to Arabella, second daughter of John Holles, first Earl of Clare. This lady died in October, 1631, leaving him with three children: William, who in

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1665 was restored to his father's titles; Anne, married to Edward Watson, Earl of Rockingham; and Arabella, married to John M'Carthy, Viscount Mountcashel, in Ireland.

The lady Arabella, his second wife, is described not only as having been very beautiful, but as having possessed all those mental qualities which were likely to endear her to such a man as Strafford. He appears to have loved her sincerely, and at her death to have deeply lamented her loss. It was of her, and of the children which she bequeathed him, that he subsequently spoke in so touching a manner at his trial. The enemies of Strafford, indeed, raised a scandalous report, which accused him of having been the occasion of her death. It was asserted, that having been accused by her of intriguing with another woman, the proofs of which had accidentally come to her knowledge, he struck her a blow on the breast; and that, being with child at the time, her death was the consequence. The story, there is every reason to believe, was an utter falsehood.

There is no passage in Strafford's life where his character appears in a more amiable light, than in his love for his young offspring. When, in 1639, owing to the troubles of the period, he was compelled to send his daughters to the care of their grandmother, the Countess of Clare, he addressed a letter to that lady, which strongly exhibits his affection and his unwillingness to be deprived of their society. "I must confess," he says, "it was not without difficulty before I could persuade myself thus to be deprived the looking upon them, who, with their brother, are the pledges of all the comfort, the greatest at least, of my old age, if it shall please God I attain thereunto. But I have been brought up in afflictions of this kind, so that I still fear to have that taken first

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that is dearest unto me." He afterwards adds—"Nan, they tell me, danceth prettily; which I wish, if with convenience it might be, were not lost; more to give her a comely grace in the carriage of her body than that I wish they should much delight or practise it when they are women. Arabella is a small practitioner that way also; and they are both very apt to learn that, or anything they are taught. Nan, I think, speaks French prettily, which yet I might have been better able to judge, had her mother lived. The other also speaks, but her maid being of Guernsey, the accent is not good. But your ladyship is in this excellent, so that, in all things which may befit them, they may, and I hope will, learn better with your ladyship than they can with their poor father, ignorant in what belongs to women, and otherways, God knows, distracted, and so wanting unto them in all, save in loving them; and therein, in truth, I shall never be less than the dearest parent in the world." *

The Lady Anne,—or, as her father styles her, "Nan,"—was Strafford's favourite daughter; indeed, this may be readily gleaned from the manner in which he dwells on her accomplishments in the foregoing extract. On an occasion of Strafford being absent from Yorkshire, while his family mansion was undergoing repairs, we find the accomplished child, then between three and four years old, overlooking the workmen, and taking much interest in seeing their work advance. Sir William Pennyman writes to Strafford:—"Your children are all very well, and your lordship needs not fear the going forward of your building, when you have so careful a steward as Mrs. Anne. She complained to me very much of two

* Strafford Letters, vol. ii., p. 379.

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rainy days, which, as she said, *hindered her from coming down, and the building from going up.*"* The affectionate father was, doubtless, pleased with this instance of his child's precocious pleasantry; indeed, much older people have said many worse things.

Strafford, it is needless to remark, had been for some years distinguished in the House of Commons for his able and violent opposition to the Court. His apostacy is no less notorious. Whether his defection was owing to ambition, to the love of power, or to an awakened dread for the constitution of his country; whether he was influenced by the splendid promises of Charles,—eager to gain over so powerful a mind,—or whether it was from a conviction that the popular party was proceeding to too great lengths, it is now impossible to determine. At all events, his sudden leap from a patriot to a courtier was as severely felt by his own party as it proved a triumph to the Court. To the astonishment of all men, he was created suddenly, 22nd July, 1628, Baron Wentworth, Newmarsh, and Oversley. Shortly after his elevation, meeting his old friend Pym,—"You see," said Strafford, "I have left you."—"So I perceive," was the demagogue's reply; "but we shall never leave *you* as long as you have a head on your shoulders." Pym kept his word, and never lost sight of Strafford till he brought him to the block. It would be curious to discover whether a rivalship for the favours of the enchanting Countess of Carlisle had any share in their animosity. They were certainly both of them admirers of her beauty, and at different times apparently successful candidates for her favours; but the supposition that their mutual success engendered mutual hatred, certainly rests upon no other foundation than mere conjecture.

* Strafford Letters, vol. i., p. 55.

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As Strafford had apparently no other claims to a peerage, it was given out that he was indebted for his elevation to his illustrious ancestry. Accordingly, we find the preamble to his patent emblazoned with a long list of honourable names; his descent being deduced lineally from John of Gaunt, which of course showed him to be allied to the blood royal. When the latter fact was mentioned to Lord Powis,—"*D——e!*" he said, "*if ever he comes to be King of England, I'll turn rebel!*" On the 10th of December, 1628, Strafford was advanced to be Viscount Wentworth, and, in 1629, was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Yorkshire, and President of the North. In February, 1633, he was nominated Lord-Deputy of Ireland, in which country his splendid services are well known.

Previously to his departure for his government, Strafford united himself, in October, 1632, to his third wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Godfrey Rhodes, Knt., of Great Houghton in Yorkshire. The ceremony took place in private, and as it was some time before Strafford divulged it to the world, it was probably a connexion of which he had no great reason to be proud. His letters, moreover, to this lady are common-place, and, though they do not betray a want of affection, they seem to indicate that she possessed but little influence over him, and that she was gifted even with less intellectual capacity. The Earl was ever an ardent admirer of female charms, and in this instance had probably been captivated by mere personal beauty. The following letter may be taken as a specimen of his correspondence with his third wife. The allusion to the two ladies who had preceded her could scarcely have been very gratifying to the young bride. The letter is dated 19th November, 1632, the month after their marriage.

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"DEAR BESS,

"Your first lines were welcome unto me, and I will keep them, in regard I take them to be full, as of kindness, so of truth. It is no presumption for you to write unto me: the fellowship of marriage ought to carry with it more of love and equality than any other apprehension. So I desire it may ever be betwixt us; nor shall it ever break on my part. Virtue is the highest value we can set upon ourselves in this world, and the chief which others are to esteem us by. That preserved, we become capable of the noblest impressions which can be imparted unto us. You succeed in this family two of the rarest ladies of their time. Equal them in those excellent dispositions of your mind, and you become every ways equally worthy of anything that they had, or that the rest of the world can give. And be you ever assured to be by me cherished and assisted the best I can through the whole course of my life, wherein I shall be no other to you than I was to them, to wit,

"Your loving husband,

"WENTWORTH."

Strafford strangely mixes the care of his wife's morals with that of her personal appearance. In the postscript of a letter, dated a few days afterwards, he writes:—"If you will speak to my cousin Radcliffe for the paste I told you of for your teeth, and desire him to speak to Dr. Moore in my name, for two pots of it, and the doctor will see it be good—for this last indeed were not so—you may bring me one down, and keep the other yourself." By his third wife Strafford had two children, Thomas and Margaret, who both died unmarried.

In 1640, his final honours were conferred on him. On the 12th of January, 1640, he was created Baron Raby,

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of Raby Castle, in the Bishopric of Durham, with a special remainder, and Earl of Strafford; and on the 12th of September following, he was invested with the Order of the Garter.

Strafford's defection from his friends, his powerful intellect and undoubted courage, his entire devotion to his sovereign and to the Church of England, his imperious disposition, as well as his notorious intentions of enslaving the law, and establishing despotism in England by means of a standing army, had for some time aroused the fears of the popular party, and had rendered him the object of their invincible hatred. In England it was the fashion to speak of him as the common enemy of freedom and mankind. In Scotland, his vigorous opposition to the rebels and covenanters, in the cabinet as well as in the field, had long rendered him an object of detestation; while in Ireland, in which country he had already contrived to establish a military despotism, he was regarded with no less aversion.

Strafford had no sooner arrived from Ireland for the last time, in 1641, than his former friend, but now his sworn enemy, Pym, commenced the attack. Having informed the House of Commons that he had matter of the utmost importance to communicate to them, he significantly desired that the doors might be locked, and the keys laid upon the table. Pym's speech on this famous occasion is well known. After speaking of the Earl as an enemy to his country, and even descending to a low abuse of his private character, especially as regarded his admiration for women, he changed his tone by paying the highest compliments on Strafford's courage, enterprise, and capacity, which, combined with his imperious nature and arbitrary views, rendered him, as Pym very justly observed, the most dangerous person in England. The

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result was the immediate impeachment of Strafford. So menacing, indeed, were the proceedings, that before any friend of the Earl could warn him of what had been passing in the House of Commons, Pym had carried up the accusation to the bar of the House of Lords.

There is extant a curious contemporary journal, addressed by Dr. Robert Baillie, Principal of the University of Glasgow, to the Presbytery of Irvine in Scotland. This person, having been delegated by the Covenanting Lords in Scotland to draw up the articles of impeachment against Archbishop Laud, happened to be on the spot at the time, and thus we are indebted to him for the following interesting account of the apprehension of Strafford.

"All things go here as we could wish. The Lieutenant of Ireland came but on Monday to town, late; on Tuesday rested, and on Wednesday came to Parliament; but ere night he was caged. Intolerable pride and oppression call to Heaven for vengeance! The lower House closed their doors; the Speaker kept the keys till his accusation was concluded. Thereafter Mr. Pym went up with a member at his back to the higher House, and, in a pretty short speech, did, in the name of the Commons of all England, accuse Thomas Lord Strafford of high treason, and required his person to be arrested till probation might be made: so Mr. Pym and his pack were removed. The Lords began to consult upon that strange and unpremeditated motion. The word goes in haste to the Lord Lieutenant, where he was with the King. With speed he comes to the House of Peers, and calls rudely at the door. James Maxwell, keeper of the black rod, opens. His lordship, with a proud glooming countenance, makes towards his place at the board head; but at once many bid him void the house. So he is forced in confusion to

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go to the door till he is called. After consultation, he stands, but is told to kneel, and on his knees to hear the sentence. Being on his knees, he is delivered to the black rod to be prisoner till he is cleared of the crimes he is charged with. He offered to speak, but was commanded to begone without a word. In the outer room, James Maxwell required of him, as prisoner, to deliver him his sword. When he had got it, with a loud voice he told his man to carry the Lord Lieutenant's sword. This done, he makes through a number of people towards his coach, all gazing, no man capping to him, before whom that morning the greatest in England would have stood uncovered, all crying, 'What is the matter?' He said, 'A small matter, I warrant you.' They replied, 'Yes, indeed, high treason is a small matter!' Coming to the place where he expected his coach, it was not there; so he behoved to return the same way through a world of gazing people. When at last he had found his coach, and was entering it, James Maxwell told him, 'My Lord, you are my prisoner, and must go in my coach!' so he behoved to do so. For some days too many went to see him; but since, the Parliament has commanded his keepers to be straiter. Pursuivants are despatched to Ireland to open all the ports, and to proclaim that all who had grievances might come over."

The famous trial of the Earl of Strafford took place in Westminster Hall, on the 22nd March, 1641. At the upper end of the hall was placed a throne for the King and a chair for the Prince: Charles, however, though present, did not publicly exhibit himself. On each side of the throne were erected temporary closets, covered with tapestry. In one of these sat some French nobles who were then in England; and in the other the King and Queen, with several ladies of the Court. A curtain

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was attached to the front of this box, which was intended to preserve the royal party unseen, but Charles, for some reason, tore it down with his own hands. The Queen, we are told, and the Court ladies, were observed constantly taking notes during the trial.

Immediately beneath the throne, on seats covered with green cloth, sat the Peers in their parliamentary robes; and near them the judges, on "sacks of wool," in their scarlet gowns. Lower down were ten ranges of seats for the members of the House of Commons. A bar, covered with green cloth, ran across the centre of the hall. Behind this was placed a table and desk for the convenience of the prisoner, and a chair which he could make use of if he felt fatigued. Close to him stood Sir William Balfour, the Lieutenant of the Tower. Strafford employed four secretaries, who sat at a desk behind him; and on one side of them were placed the witnesses for the prosecution. Galleries had been erected on each side of the hall, which were filled with spectators; including such members of the House of Commons as were not actually concerned in the impeachment.

Strafford, on each day of his trial, was brought from the Tower by water, attended by six barges, and guarded by a hundred soldiers. On his landing at Westminster, he was received by a hundred of the train-bands, who conducted him to the hall, and who afterwards guarded the doors. Strafford and the peers generally arrived about eight in the morning; the King usually preceding them by about half-an-hour.

Rushworth, who was employed to take notes of the evidence, has supplied us with most of these particulars. Principal Baillie speaks of it as "daily, the most glorious assembly the isle could afford," and furnishes us with some interesting particulars of Strafford's carriage. "All

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being set," he writes, "the Prince in his robes, in a little chair on the side of the throne, the chamberlain and black rod went and brought in my Lord Strafford. He was always in the same suit of black. At the entry he made a low courtesy; proceeding a little, he gave a second; when he came to his desk, a third; then, at the bar, the fore face of his desk, he kneeled: rising quickly, he saluted both sides of the house, and then sat down. Some few of the lords lifted their hats to him. This was his daily carriage."

The judgment and ability with which Strafford defended his cause are matters of history. Had he not been foredoomed, his unanswerable arguments and pathetic eloquence would probably have acquitted him. Pointing to his children who stood beside him, he thus concluded his last and most brilliant speech:—"My Lords, I have now troubled your Lordships a great deal longer than I should have done, were it not for the interest of these pledges that a saint in heaven has left me." He then paused and wept. "I should be loth, my Lords,—what I forfeit for myself is nothing: but, I confess, that my indiscretion should forfeit for them, it wounds me very deeply. You will be pleased to pardon my infirmity; something I should have said, but I see I shall not be able, and therefore, I will leave it. And now, my Lords, for myself, I thank God, I have been, by his good blessing towards me, taught that the afflictions of this present life are not to be compared with that eternal weight of glory that shall be revealed to us hereafter. And so, my Lords, even so with all humility and all tranquillity of mind, I do submit myself clearly and freely to your judgments, and whether that righteous judgment shall be to life or to death,

Te Deum laudamus, Te Deum confitemur." *

* Rushworth. Trial of Strafford, p. 660.

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Even his enemies beheld his demeanour, and listened to his eloquence, with admiration. After giving evidence against Strafford, Sir William Pennyman burst into tears. But the strongest testimony is that of Whitelock, who was chairman of the committee that drew up the impeachment. "Never," he says, "any man acted such a part, on such a theatre, with more wisdom, constancy, and eloquence, with greater reason, judgment, and temper, and with a better grace in all his words and actions, than did this great and excellent person, and he moved the hearts of all his auditors, some few excepted, to remorse and pity." * When Cardinal Richelieu was told of Strafford's execution, "The English nation," he said, "were so foolish, that they would not let the wisest head among them stand upon its own shoulders."

It was while the trial was still proceeding that the Earl received the following memorable letter from Charles:—

"STRAFFORD,

"The misfortune that is fallen upon you, by the strange mistaking and conjunction of these times, is such that I must lay by the thought of employing you hereafter in my affairs; yet I cannot satisfy in honour or conscience, without assuring you, now in the midst of all our troubles, that, *upon the word of a King, you shall not suffer in life, honour, or fortune.* This is but justice, and therefore a very mean reward from a master to so faithful and able a servant, as you have shown yourself to be; yet it is as much I conceive as the present times will permit, though none shall hinder me from being

"Your constant and faithful friend,

"CHARLES R." †

* Whitelock's Memorials, p. 44.

† Strafford Letters, vol. ii., p. 416.

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This solemn promise of Charles, and the certainty that no crime amounting to treason could be proved against him, appear to have satisfied Strafford that his life at least would not be sacrificed. "Sweet heart," he writes to his wife; "albeit all be done against me that art and malice can devise, with all the rigour possible, yet I am in great inward quietness, and in a strong belief God will deliver me out of all these troubles. The more I look into my case the more hope I have, and sure, if there be any honour and justice left, my life will not be in danger." In another letter he writes; "Your carriage, upon this occasion, I should advise to be calm, not seeming to be neglective of my trouble, and yet as there may appear no dejection in you. Continue in the family as formerly, and make much of your children. Tell Will, Nan, and Arabella, I will write to them by the next. In the mean time I shall pray for them to God, that he may bless them, and for their sakes deliver me out of the furious malice of my enemies, which yet, I trust, through the goodness of God, shall do me no hurt. God have us all in his blessed keeping. Your very loving husband,

"STRAFFORD."

It is painful to perceive how confident and yet how fruitless was the Earl's reliance on the King's solemn promise. In one of his last letters to his wife, he writes, "I know at the worst his Majesty will pardon without hurting my fortune, and then I shall be happy. Therefore comfort yourself, for I trust these clouds will away, and that we shall have fair weather afterwards."

That a most alarming popular convulsion, if not actual revolution, would have been the consequence of Charles exercising the royal prerogative, and refusing his assent to Strafford's death, there can be little doubt. White-

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lock says, "A rabble of about six thousand men, out of the city, came thronging down to Westminster, with swords, cudgels, and staves; calling out for justice against the Earl of Strafford, and pretending decay of trade and want of bread." Moreover, reports of foreign invasion, of conspiracies against the Commons, and of a general rising in England, were ingeniously and successfully promulgated by the enemies of Strafford and the Court. So terrified were the King's personal friends, that, almost to a man, they endeavoured to persuade him to leave Strafford to his fate; while the Queen, with tears in her eyes, earnestly beseeched him to consult the safety of his family and allow the law to be put in force. A more terrible mental conflict than Charles was exposed to at this period can scarcely be conceived. Strafford, it must be remembered, was his personal friend; he believed the sentence passed on him to have been an illegal one; every political act of Strafford since he had been his minister had met with the King's thorough approval: the crime therefore of the one was the crime of the other: moreover, Charles had pronounced the word of a King and of a gentleman to Strafford that he should not die: with what conscience, therefore, could he attach his signature to the death-warrant of his faithful minister and friend? But, on the other hand, as we have mentioned, Charles had to struggle against the tears of his wife, and the arguments and entreaties of his friends. Was it to be expected of him, they said, that in order to save the life of one man, he should risk the loss of his crown, deprive his children of their inheritance, and incur the responsibility of shedding the blood of thousands? The struggle was indeed an agonising one. There were none of his own subsequent misfortunes which affected Charles half so painfully as the agony of these distressing moments.

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Charles, in the meantime, strained every nerve to save the life of Strafford. A plot to effect the Earl's escape from the Tower,—in which the King very unconstitutionally implicated himself,—having signally failed,* on the 1st of May, Charles summoned the two Houses of Parliament to his presence, and fervently implored them to save the Earl. So satisfied was he, he said, of Strafford's innocence of the crime of high treason, that neither fear nor any other motive should induce him to consent to his death. At the same time he admitted that the Earl had doubtless been guilty of many misdemeanours; indeed, so satisfied did he express himself of the fact, that he solemnly promised never again to employ him in any place of trust; "no," he added, pointedly, "not even in that of a constable."

The final effort which he made to save Strafford from the block was on the 11th of May, the day preceding the Earl's death, when he sent the Prince of Wales to the House of Lords, with a letter written in his own hand, in which he implored the Lords to seek a conference with the Commons, and to use their utmost endeavours to spare the Earl's life.† Unfortunately, the security of the patriots lay in the death of Strafford, and the King's entreaties were accordingly unavailing. When Charles at length was induced to affix his signature to the death-warrant, "My Lord of Strafford's condition," he said, "is more enviable than mine."

The King, in all probability, would have risked the worst, rather than have consented to Strafford's execution, but for a letter which he received from the Earl himself. In this letter,‡ Strafford strongly urges Charles

* Whitelock, p. 44; Rushworth, Trial, p. 746; Mrs. Hutchinson's Memoirs. † Whitelock, p. 46.

‡ Strafford's letter, the authenticity of which has been most un-

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to pass the bill for his attainder, as the only means of restoring his royal master to the affections of his people. After using many arguments to this effect: "Sir," he concludes, "my consent shall more acquit you to God, than all the world can do besides. To a willing mind there is no injury done; and as, by God's grace, I forgive all the world, so I can give up the life of this world with all cheerfulness imaginable, in the just acknowledgment of your exceeding favour; and only beg that, in your goodness, you would vouchsafe to cast your gracious regard upon my poor son and his sisters, less or more, and no otherwise than their unfortunate father shall appear more or less worthy of his death. God long preserve your Majesty." With most men, this noble act of self-sacrifice would have had a very different effect than that which it apparently produced on the mind of Charles.

The injustice which he was guilty of to Strafford was ever looked back upon by Charles with the deepest penitence and remorse. We have already seen the King making a solemn vow,* that should opportunities hereafter offer, he would perform public penance for the death of his servant. To the Queen, also, he writes in one of his letters, "Nothing can be more evident, than that Strafford's innocent blood hath been one of the great causes of God's just judgments upon this nation."† He afterwards put to paper some reflections on Strafford's death, which afford painful evidence of his remorse: "I never," he says, "bore any touch of conscience with greater regret, and I have often with sorrow confessed

reasonably called in question by Carte, will be found in the Harleian Miscellany.

* See, *ante*, vol. 1., p. 364.

† The King's Cabinet opened, p. 24.

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it both to God and man."* The bitter recollection haunted him even on the scaffold. Almost in his last moments he exclaimed, "God forbid that I should be so ill a Christian, as not to say that God's judgments are just upon me. Many times He doth pay justice by an unjust sentence: that is ordinary. I will only say this, —that an unjust sentence, that I suffered to take effect, is punished by an unjust sentence upon me." † If the world blamed Charles, Charles at least blamed himself more.

The King had no sooner consented that Strafford should die, than, in great perturbation of mind, he despatched Secretary Carleton to the Tower, to excuse his conduct to the condemned Earl, and to communicate to him the fatal tidings that his days were numbered. Strafford could scarcely credit his senses. Whitelock says, he "seriously asked the Secretary whether his Majesty had passed the bill or not; as not believing, without some astonishment, that the King would have done it." When the other assured him it was but too true, Strafford rose from his chair, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, and laying his hand upon his heart, exclaimed, "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the sons of men, for in them there is no salvation." In a letter to his faithful Secretary, Slingsby, "Your going to the King," says Strafford, "is to no purpose. I am lost: my body is theirs, but my soul is God's. There is little trust in man." ‡

Strafford, perceiving that his royal master was either unable or unwilling to exercise the royal prerogative, prepared himself for the fatal stroke with a piety suited to a Christian, and the dignity becoming a great man.

* Rushworth, Trial of the Earl of Strafford, p. 275.
† King Charles's Works, p. 208.
‡ Rushworth, Trial, p. 774.

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In his last hours, he addressed an affectionate letter of advice to his young son, and another to his faithful Secretary, Guildford Slingsby; the latter a very beautiful composition.

He passed to his execution less with the appearance of a condemned criminal than like a general at the head of his army. The Lieutenant of the Tower recommending him to make use of a coach, lest the people should rush on him and tear him to pieces: "No," said the Earl, "I dare look death in the face. Have you a care that I do not escape, and I care not how I die, whether by the hand of the executioner, or the fury of the people." *

Strafford was accompanied to the scaffold by the Archbishop of Armagh, the Earl of Cleveland, his brother Sir George Wentworth, and others of his intimate friends. Even in that awful moment, the haughty Earl seems to have seized an opportunity of showing his contempt for the vulgar; his parting speech, we are told, having been addressed rather to the Archbishop and to his immediate friends, than to the rabble who hooted him to the death. He asserted that never at any moment had he intentionally entertained a thought in opposition to the welfare and happiness, either of the King or the people. He expressed himself a true son of the Church of England, adding that he bore enmity to no man, but freely forgave all. "Since I was twenty-one years of age," he said, "unto this day, I never had thought or doubt of the truth of this religion; nor had any ever the boldness to suggest to me the contrary to my best remembrance."

Having shaken hands with his friends, and his chaplain having opened the Book of Common Prayer on a chair, they kneeled down together, and remained praying for

* Heylin, Life of Laud, p. 440.

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about half an hour. He then rose, and beckoning his brother towards him, desired him to carry his love to his wife and sister. It was his solemn and dying injunction to his son, he said, that he should continue firm in the doctrine of the Church of England, and in his duty to his King; that he should entertain no thought of revenge against his father's enemies, and that he should aim at no higher distinction than that of dispensing justice on his own estate. "Carry my blessing also," he added, "to my daughters Anne and Arabella. Charge them to serve and fear God, and he will bless them; not forgetting my little infant, that knows neither good nor evil, and cannot speak for itself; God speak for it and bless it. I have well nigh done. One stroke more will make my wife husbandless, my dear children fatherless, my poor servants masterless, and separate me from my dear brothers and all my friends; but let God be to you and them all in all."

The Earl then took off his doublet. "I thank God," he said, "I am no more afraid of death; but as cheerfully put off my doublet at this time as ever I did when I went to bed." Having put on a white cap, he thrust his hair underneath it with his own hands. He then inquired for the executioner, who came forward and requested his forgiveness. "I forgive you," said Strafford "and all the world." Kneeling down at the block, the Archbishop being on one side of him and another clergyman on the other, the latter clasped the Earl's hands in his, while they fervently prayed. Their devotions being at an end, Strafford told the executioner that he would first make an experiment of the block by laying his head on it, but desired him not to strike till he gave him a sign by stretching out his hands. Shortly afterwards, placing his head a second time on the block, he gave the appointed

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signal, when at one blow his head was severed from his body. The executioner held it up to the people, exclaiming at the same time, "God save the King!"

Such was the end of the gifted and imperious Strafford, who, whatever may have been his political crimes, died the death of a pious Christian and of a gallant gentleman. The eulogium of his enemy Whitelock deserves to be his epitaph. "Thus, he says, "fell this noble Earl, who for natural parts and abilities, and for improvement of knowledge by experience, in the greatest affairs; for wisdom, faithfulness, and gallantry of mind, hath left few behind him that can be ranked as his equals." Strafford was executed on Tower-hill, on the 12th May, 1641, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

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WILLIAM LAUD,

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Summary of Laud's Character—His Education and Preferments in the Church—Scurrilous Attacks on his Birth and Parentage—His personal Appearance—Curious Parallel between Wolsey and Laud—Laud's Abhorrence of Puritanism: Anecdote—His Belief in Prognostics—His Visions—His supposed Inclination to the Church of Rome: Anecdotes—His private Virtues and munificent Benefactions—His Unpopularity—Scurrilous Libels—Attack on Lambeth Palace defeated—Impeachment of Laud—He is voted guilty of High Treason and sent to the Tower—His Papers destroyed by Bishop Warner—The Original Magna Charta—Seizure of Laud's private Diary—Anecdotes of his Imprisonment—Last and affecting Interview between Laud and Strafford—Laud's Reception of the fatal Sentence against him—His Passage to the Scaffold—His Execution—His Character by Judge Whitelock—Insight of James into Laud's Character—Burial of Laud's Remains.

NEXT to Strafford, there was no man living whom the popular party and the Puritans regarded with such intense aversion and fear, as this well-meaning but weak-minded prelate. Imperious, constantly even rude, in his converse with others; petulant by nature, unversed in the ways of the world, and entirely unacquainted with the science and practice of politics, the elevation of Laud to the See of Canterbury was one of the greatest misfortunes that could have befallen either his sovereign, his country, or himself.

Weak men are very often influenced by one prevailing and obstinate idea. That of Laud was to establish sacerdotal supremacy in England, and to enforce at all hazards the doctrines of non-resistance and the divine right of

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kings. The darling purpose of his life was the exaltation and grandeur of the Church. To effect his object, no persecution appeared to him to be too rigorous; no fines too severe; no dungeon too deep; no stripes too numerous; no mutilations too cruel. We have only to call to mind the appalling severities practised by Laud in the Star-Chamber and High Commission Court and his systematic persecution of the Puritans, and we shall cease to wonder at the intensity of their hatred, and the dogged determination with which they brought him to the block.

It would be injustice, however, to Laud not to admit —and this we freely do—that in committing the atrocities of which he was guilty, he conscientiously believed he was doing God good service. The apology, however, is very insufficient for the crime. For the safety of the human race, it is necessary that things should be called by their right names, and that no morbid consideration for the motives of human action should permit us to confound right with wrong. If every malefactor were allowed to plead in his defence the circumstances which induced him to commit crime, how few punishments would there be, and consequently how few examples! Society, we think, is not very wrong, when, as in the case of Laud, it looks upon atrocious acts of cruelty as atrocious crimes, and accordingly hands over the oppressor to retributive justice.

These remarks on the character and conduct of Archbishop Laud are not made without reluctance, nor even without pain. Bitter as was his persecution of the Brownists, the Separatists, and other ignorant sects, and insolent as was his demeanour at the tribunal of justice, and to those who differed with him in opinion, Laud was nevertheless far from being deficient in private virtues. His piety we believe to have been sincere; his

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industry was great; his learning extensive, and his private conduct unimpeachable. His charities were munificent. He was meek and amiable in his own family; and kind and courteous in his general intercourse with the world.

William Laud was born at Reading, in Berkshire, on the 7th of October, 1573. He was educated at the free-school of that town, and afterwards at St. John's College, Oxford. In 1607 he was inducted into the vicarage of Stanford, in Northamptonshire, and after enjoying successively the Bishoprics of St. David's, Bath and Wells, and London, was raised to be primate of England in 1633.* His predecessor in the See of Canterbury was the amiable but puritanical Abbot. At the period of that prelate's death, Laud happened to be on his way from Scotland, apparently little anticipating the elevation that awaited him. It was first announced to him by Charles himself. When Laud entered the presence chamber, the King addressed him somewhat playfully,—"My Lord's Grace of Canterbury, you are welcome," and instantly issued directions for his translation.†

James the First, with more sagacity than his successor, had contrived to discover the true character of Laud. When Lord Keeper Williams urged the King to select Laud for the vacant bishopric of St. David's, James for some time obstinately opposed his elevation. He had always made up his mind, he said, to exclude Laud from any place of rule or authority; he knew his

* Those, who murmur at the plurality of church benefices at the present time, will scarcely credit the extent to which favouritism was carried in the reign of the first James. Bishop Williams, the enemy, and as some would say the victim, of Laud, was, at one and the same time, Keeper of the Great Seal, Bishop of Lincoln, Dean of Westminster, Prebend and Residentiary of Lincoln Cathedral, and Rector of Walgrave in Northamptonshire. † Clar. vol. i., p. 158.

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character well; he was a man who could never see when matters went well; a man who "loved to toss and change, and bring things to a pitch of reformation floating in his brain." When at length, the united influence of the Lord Keeper and Buckingham induced James to yield the point: "Then take him," said the King, "but on my *saul* you will repent it."

The double prognostic of the old King proved but too true. When, on the accession of Charles, the Lord Keeper fell into disgrace and was deprived of the great seal, Laud not only deserted his former patron, but, as Bishop Hacket informs us, shunned him as the old Romans shrank from the soil which had been blasted by lightning. It is satisfactory to ascertain that they subsequently made up their differences. Many years afterwards, when the one had become Archbishop of Canterbury, and the other Archbishop of York, and when both were prisoners in the Tower, misfortune seems to have taught them that Christian charity was preferable to political hate, and accordingly, though they seem never to have met, they are said to have frequently interchanged messages of consolation and love.

Heylin, the Archbishop's biographer, thinks it necessary to defend him against the charge of extreme meanness of birth, which had been brought against his patron by Lord Brook; and which was echoed in the thousand libels to which his splendour and unpopularity gave birth. His origin was what may be termed respectable. His father was a clothier of Reading, and his mother a sister to Sir William Webbe, afterwards Lord Mayor of London.

Laud, in the days of his magnificence, appears to have felt deeply these scurrilous attacks on his birth and parentage. Heylin mentions an occasion of his having been ushered into his presence in the episcopal garden at

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Lambeth, when he found the countenance of the Archbishop full of care. He held in his hand a gross pasquinade, in which, as he told Heylin with much emotion, he was accused of as mean a parentage as if he had been raked out of a *dunghill*. Nevertheless, he exclaimed (and his countenance brightened as he dwelt on the virtues of his parents), "that though he had not the good fortune to have been born a gentleman, yet that his parents had been honest; that they had lived in good circumstances; had employed the poor, and had left a good name behind them." Heylin pleasantly and ingeniously reminded his patron of what had been retorted by Pope Sextus the Fifth when similarly attacked. "If the sun's beams," said that pontiff, "found their way through the rugged roof and broken walls of my father's cottage, they at least illumined every corner of the humble dwelling in which I was born." Heylin tells us that the comparison implied in this pleasing anecdote, was far from displeasing to Laud.

Our imaginations would naturally lead us to regard this imperious prelate as a man of lofty stature and commanding appearance. The contrary, however, was the case. Sir Symonds D'Ewes speaks of him as a "little, low, red-faced man." He was, certainly, below the common height, and his complexion was florid. Fuller describes him as "one of low stature, but high parts; piercing eyes, and cheerful countenance, wherein gravity and pleasantness were well compounded." In a curious parallel between Wolsey and Laud, published in the lifetime of the latter, "Laud," says the writer, "was of less size, but might be called a pretty man; both were of ingenious and acute aspects, as may appear by this man's face, the other's picture." The incident is somewhat singular, that, at the University, Wolsey should have

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been nicknamed the *boy-bachelor*, and Laud the *little-bachelor*.

Laud's abhorrence of Puritanism, and his high notions of the dignity of the Church, were amusingly displayed on the occasion of his accompanying Charles the First into Scotland to be crowned. It was decided that during the ceremony the King should be supported, on each side, by the Archbishops of St. Andrews and Glasgow. The latter prelate, being inclined to the tenets of the Puritans, appeared in the procession without his episcopal robes. Laud, disgusted beyond measure, actually thrust him from the King's side. "Are you a churchman," he said, "and want the coat of your order?"

Laud was singularly superstitious, even for the age in which he lived. Owing to a strange presentiment which he conceived of approaching evil, his elevation to the archbishopric of Canterbury appears to have been a source rather of annoyance to him than of satisfaction and pride. In a letter to the Earl of Strafford, dated the 9th September, 1633, alluding to his change of residence from Fulham to Lambeth, he writes: "I doubt I shall never be able to hold my health there one year, for instead of all the jolting which I had over the stones between London House and Whitehall, which was almost daily, I shall now have no exercise, but slide over in a barge to the Court and Star-chamber; and, in truth, my Lord, I speak seriously, I have had a heaviness hang upon me since I was appointed to this place, and I can give myself no account of it, unless it proceed from an apprehension that there is more expected from me than the craziness of these times will give me leave to do." * His curious

* Strafford Letters, vol. i., p. 111.

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diary is full of the most idle fancies and ridiculous prognostics. The falling of the episcopal arms at Canterbury cathedral in a storm, and of his own picture by the breaking of a string unequal to its weight, appear to have caused him not only uneasiness, but positive distress. Even the idle predictions of the silly prophetess, Lady Eleanor Davies, are more than once alluded to with apprehension in his letters. On the 15th of November, 1633, he writes from Fulham, to his friend the Earl of Strafford:—"The indisposition of which I spake unto your Lordship, I thank God, passed over quickly, though I find I cannot follow your counsel, for Croydon is too far off to go often to it, and my leisure here hath hitherto been extremely little, I may truly call it none; besides, the Lady Davies hath prophesied against me, that I shall not many days outlive the 5th of November, and then to what end should I trouble myself with exercise, or the like." * He not only attached a singular importance to dreams, but usually committed the particulars to his commonplace book. Among his papers was discovered a curious account of his father's spirit presenting itself to him in a dream, in 1639, looking, as the Archbishop informs us, as well and cheerful as he had ever seen him in his lifetime. Laud inquiring of the spirit how long he proposed to extend his visit, the latter added portentously that he should remain till they departed together. The father, it seems, had been dead forty-six years, and as Laud was then in the sixty-seventh year of his age, he was at least old enough to attach their due share of importance to such phenomena.

Some of the visions, however, which he has chronicled, have a somewhat suspicious reference to the tenor of his

* Strafford Letters, vol. i., p. 155.

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waking thoughts, A visit which he received, in his sleep, from his old patron, the Lord Keeper Williams, to whom he had behaved so ungratefully, appears to have been anything but agreeable.

"December 14, Sunday night.—I did dream that the Lord Keeper was dead; that I passed by one of his men that was about a monument for him; that I heard him say his lower lip was infinitely swelled and fallen, and he rotten already. The dream did trouble me."

"January 14, Sunday.—Towards morning dreamed that the Bishop of Lincoln (the Lord Keeper) came, I know not whither, with iron chains. But returning loosed from them, leaped on horseback; went away, neither could I overtake him."

Laud's attachment to Church ceremonials—his undisguised predilection for vigils, holydays, and relics, and his introduction of histrionic pageantry and pantomimic gestures, gave almost as much offence to the community as his religious persecutions. The notorious facts that Archbishop Cranmer had questioned the efficacy of the laying on of hands,—that Bishop Hooper had declined to wear the episcopal robes at his consecration,—that Bishop Jewel had designated them "a fool's coat,"—and that Bishop Ridley had substituted tables for altars in the several churches in his diocese,—seem to have been either forgotten, or else were entirely disregarded, by Laud. Violating the ecclesiastical canons and the Articles of the Church of England, he approached as near as he possibly could to the Church of Rome without actually professing himself one of her disciples.

Can we be surprised then that the world believed Laud to be at heart a Roman Catholic? The fact is undoubted, that the Pope sent him a serious offer of a Cardinal's hat; indeed, Laud, in his Diary, records the

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circumstance. On one occasion, a daughter of William, Earl of Devonshire, having been questioned by the Archbishop as to her motives for forsaking the Church of England for that of Rome, she playfully replied that she disliked travelling in a crowd. Her meaning being obscure, the Archbishop asked her what she meant. "I perceive," she said, "your Grace and many others are making haste to Rome, and, therefore, to prevent being crowded, I have gone before you." Notwithstanding the satire of this lively lady, proof might be readily adduced, that not only was Laud regarded by the Catholics as unfriendly to the interests of their faith, but that he was even considered at Rome as a formidable enemy.

Laud, it would seem, had long entertained a pious, but impracticable scheme of reconciling the religions of Rome and England by mutual concessions. Arthur Wilson, in his life of himself, mentions the particulars of an interview he had, at Bruges, with one Dr. Weston, a Roman Catholic. "The little Archbishop of Canterbury," he says, "Weston could not endure. I pulled a book out of my pocket, written by the provincial of the English friars, which tended to reconcile the Church of England and the Church of Rome. 'I know the man,' said Weston, 'he is one of Canterbury's trencher-flies, and eats perpetually at his table; a creature of his making.' 'Then,' said I, 'you should better approve of my Lord of Canterbury's actions, seeing he tends so much to your way.' 'No,' replied he, 'he is too subtle to be yoked; too ambitious to have a superior. He will never submit to Rome. He means to frame a motley religion of his own, and be lord of it himself.'"*

* Desid. Curiosa, lib. xii., p. 22.

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The rigorous persecution, by the Church of Rome, of Franciscus, a Franciscan Friar, for publishing a work in which he endeavoured to unite the two religions by mutual concession, affords sufficient evidence that Laud's favourite project was regarded but with little favour by the Papal See. The Roman Catholics, we are told, looked upon it as "a union between hell and heaven, Christ and Luther!"

According to Dr. Johnson, "Hell is paved with good intentions." No man, perhaps, ever entertained better intentions than Archbishop Laud. After his death, which took place at the mature age of seventy-one, there was found among his papers a long list of benefits which, had he lived, it was his *intention* to have conferred on mankind. He had intended, it seems, not only to have been a munificent benefactor to the poor, but also a magnificent patron of the fine arts. "But for his untimely fate," says Anthony Wood, "St. Paul's would have silenced the fame of ancient wonders; the English clergy would have been the glory of the world; the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, had outstripped the Vatican, and his public structures overtopped the Escurial." As it was, the benefits which Laud had already conferred upon society were of no mean order. He subscribed munificently to the building of St. Paul's. He procured an important charter for the University of Oxford; where he founded an Arabic lecture, besides presenting them with a magnificent collection of books. He repaired and adorned St. John's College, Oxford, and obtained for it the valuable living of St. Lawrence, Reading, the parish in which he was born. Moreover, he obtained a charter for Trinity College, Dublin; established a Greek press in London; and also founded some alms-houses at Reading, with an adequate revenue. It may be questioned

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whether, since the days of Laud, any of his successors on the bench of bishops can prefer so good a claim to the gratitude of posterity.

The dissolution of the Parliament, on the 5th of May, 1640, was generally attributed to the instigation of Laud. His unpopularity had now reached its height. On one occasion, a mob of about two thousand persons suddenly entered St. Paul's Cathedral exclaiming, "No bishop!" "No high commission!" Pictures, representing him in the most undignified postures, were displayed in the shop windows; scurrilous libels were affixed to the walls in every quarter of the town; and ballads, holding him up to derision, were sung in the ale-houses, and every scene of low debauchery. When this latter circumstance was mentioned to the Archbishop, "His lot," he said, "was not worse than that of David;"—and at the same time he quoted the sixty-ninth Psalm, verse 12, "*They that sat in the gate speak against me, and I was the song of the drunkards.*"

A paper, which was publicly posted in the Exchange, inciting the apprentices to attack Lambeth Palace, very nearly led to fatal consequences. In the dead of night, about five hundred persons suddenly made their appearance at the gate, and attempted to effect a violent entrance. Laud, however, had made preparations for their reception, and accordingly, after breaking a few windows, and venting some bitter execrations against the Archbishop, they dispersed. The next day some of the ringleaders were arrested. Only one person, however, Bensted, a sailor, suffered capital punishment.

The famous Long Parliament, which assembled on the 3rd of November, 1640, lost but little time in wreaking its vengeance on Laud. He was solemnly accused, in the House of Commons, of high treason, in having

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endeavoured to subvert the laws and constitution of his country.

After a deliberation of only half an hour, the charges against him were carried up to the House of Lords by Denzil Holles, son of the Earl of Clare, and he was immediately committed to the custody of the Black Rod. Ten weeks afterwards, fourteen articles of impeachment having been brought up to the Lords, the old prelate was voted guilty of high treason, and sent to the Tower. The Commons attacked him in the most opprobrious terms. Harbottle Grimston spoke of him in his speech, as the great and common foe of goodness and good men; a viper, who instilled his poison into the sacred ear of Majesty. Again, "this man," said Serjeant Wilde, "is like Naaman, the Syrian, a great man, but a leper." The charge of Popery was confidently insisted against him as a crime, in allusion to which, Nicholas, another lawyer, in a violent attack styled him repeatedly, "*the pander to the whore of Babylon.*"

Laud was conveyed to the Tower amidst the shouts and revilings of the populace. From Cheapside to the Exchange their behaviour and language are described as "beyond barbarity." Laud all the time sat quietly in his coach; exhibiting neither the contempt which he must have felt, nor the fear to which he was a stranger. "I look," he said, "upon a higher cause than the tongues of Shimei and his children."

Laud, on his having been committed to the custody of the Black Rod, had sent the key of his cabinet to Warner, Bishop of Rochester, desiring him either to burn or to conceal such papers as might be prejudicial either to his own interests or those of his friends. Warner had been engaged in the task about three hours, and had only just completed it, when a messenger arrived from

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the House of Lords for the purpose of sealing up the cabinet. Among the documents carried off by Warner was the original Magna Charta, which valuable piece of antiquity was found among Warner's papers at his death. It subsequently came into the possession of Bishop Burnet, and is now in the British Museum.

From the hour of his committal, to that of his death, Laud's equanimity appears never for a moment to have forsaken him. On his arrival at the Tower, being told by the Lieutenant that he was conducting him to the apartments recently occupied by Bishop Williams, as affording the best accommodation in the place, Laud requested he might be lodged in any other rooms;—"he was certain," he said, "they would smell so of Puritanism."

When a friend, who came to visit the aged prelate, asked him how he fared. "I thank God," he said, "I am well. The King has provided me with a comfortable lodging; I have good and wholesome fare, and by none of my troubles have I been deprived of an hour's rest." He said of the Tower, that, if he ever quitted it, he would take care to have it beautified and improved. At this period he frequently repeated the sixth and seventh verses of the eighty-second psalm:—"I have said, ye are gods; and all of you are children of the Most High. But ye shall die like men, and fall like one of the princes."

There had long existed a feeling of mutual affection between Laud and Strafford. On the night previous to his execution Strafford sent a message to Laud, by the Primate of Ireland, requesting that he would pray for him in his extremity. To this he added a further request that when, on the following morning, he should pass by the Archbishop's apartment on his way to the

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scaffold, Laud would present himself at his window, in order that they might bid each other a last farewell. Accordingly the next morning, as Strafford passed to his execution, he looked up to Laud's window, but the Archbishop was not there. "Though I do not see him," said Strafford to the Lieutenant of the Tower, "give me leave, I pray you, to do my last observance towards his rooms." In the mean time Laud had been informed of the Earl's approach, but being feeble, aged, and deeply affected at the contemplation of Strafford's death, it was not without much difficulty that his attendants could lead him to the window. Thus these two celebrated men beheld each other for the last time. Strafford solemnly requested the prayers and blessing of the Archbishop, on which Laud, lifting up his hands to heaven, fervently blessed and prayed for him. A moment afterwards, overcome by grief and infirmity, he sank to the ground. On his recovery, he expressed much concern lest his weakness should be attributed to dread of his own approaching fate. "I hope," he said, "by God's assistance, and through my own innocency, that when I come to my own execution, I shall show the world how much more sensible I am of my Lord Strafford's loss than I am of my own."

It was not till after he had been a prisoner in the Tower for three years, that Laud was brought to his trial, which took place on the 12th of March, 1634, and continued during twenty days.

That Laud had committed no crime which amounted to high treason, and consequently that the judgment which sentenced him to death was illegal, there can be little question. True it is that he had been a great offender; that he had endeavoured to extend the royal prerogative in the most unconstitutional manner; that

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his mistaken and ill-timed zeal had done infinite mischief in the councils of his sovereign, and that his system of ecclesiastical government had been arbitrary, illegal, and cruel. But, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that the proceedings against him were both unjust and tyrannical; that the evidences of his guilt were accumulated in a very dishonourable manner; and that even Laud himself had never been guilty of a more stupid, illegal, or unconstitutional act than that which sentenced the venerable prelate to a violent death.

Laud prepared himself to die with singular composure and fortitude. "No one," he said, "can be more desirous to send me out of life than I am to go." He passed the night previous to his death in a sound sleep. When he was awakened on the fatal morning by the Lieutenant of the Tower, it was remarked that his countenance betrayed not the slightest dismay, but exhibited the same freshness of colour by which it had ever been distinguished.

It was with the same serenity that he passed to the scaffold, amidst the revilings and hootings of the populace. In his last moments, we find him even jesting with his fate. In his discourse on the scaffold, he said, "I am not in love with this passage through the *red sea*, for I have the weaknesses and infirmities of flesh and blood plentifully in me: and I have prayed with my Saviour, *ut transiret calix iste*, that this cup of *red wine* might pass from me; but, if not, God's will, not mine, be done." Perceiving, through a chink in the boards, some people standing underneath the scaffold, immediately below the spot where the block was placed, he requested the authorities to remove them. "He was unwilling," he said, "that his blood should fall on the heads of the people."

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The revilings of the mob, which rung in his ears to the last moment, had no power to ruffle the composure of his mind. One fanatic in particular, Sir John Clotworthy, a prominent speaker in the House of Commons, continued harassing him with impertinent questions, and even attempted to draw him into a controversy. Laud answered him mildly and pertinently; but his tormentor still persisting in his ill-timed zeal, the Archbishop turned to the executioner, and appealed to him to do his duty. Presenting him with some money, he requested him to perform his task with as much adroitness as possible. Kneeling down, he repeated a brief but appropriate prayer for the welfare of the kingdom, and for his own eternal salvation through the merits of his Redeemer. Then, laying his head upon the block, he gave the appointed sign to the executioner by uttering aloud, "Lord, receive my soul!" when, at one blow, his head was severed from his body.

Laud suffered on Tower Hill, on the 10th of January, 1645, in the seventy-second year of his age. His old friend, Judge Whitelock, has described his character in a few words. "He was too full of fire, though a just and good man. His want of experience in state matters, and his too much heat and zeal for the Church, had he proceeded in the way he was then in, would have set the nation on fire."

Had Laud been left unmolested in prison by the popular party, he would probably in our day have been remembered only from his severities and his blunders. His enemies, however, thought proper to confer on him a crown of martyrdom. The consequence has been that we too often lose sight of his intolerance and his cruelties in the indignation which we feel at the illegal sentence which hurried him to the block; and in our admiration

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of the courage with which he endured adversity, and the Christian composure with which he met his fate.

The remains of Laud were decently interred in the church of Allhallow's, Barking, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Tower. In 1663 they were removed to Oxford, and deposited with some ceremony near the altar of St. John's College chapel, in that University.

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HENRY RICH,

EARL OF HOLLAND.

Holland's Character and despicable Apostacy — His Lineage—His Service in the Dutch Wars—His rapid Advance in Honours—His Subserviency to Buckingham—Carlisle's Friendship for Holland—Marriage of the latter—Holland House, Kensington—Holland's Wealth and Beauty—His Influence with Women—His Conduct in the Expedition against the Scots—His scandalous Defection—The Queen's Anger against, and Contempt for him—His time-serving Conduct to Charles at the Siege of Gloucester—His Reception by the King at Oxford—His second Desertion to the Parliament—He is distrusted and held in contempt by both Parties—His Flight into Huntingdonshire, and Apprehension by the Parliamentary Horse—His Trial and Condemnation—His last Moments—His Execution, and that of the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Capel.

THE personal beauty and untimely fate of Holland have thrown an interest over his history, which neither his capacity nor his conduct would otherwise have justified. It is to the credit of human nature, that meanness and ingratitude are the crimes which the world is ever the least inclined to forgive. For the despicable apostacy of Holland there can scarcely be an excuse. Without any especial merit of his own, he had been raised to wealth, honour, and titles, by the personal regard of two sovereigns. And yet, after basking for more than a quarter of a century in the sunshine of royalty, he deserted his unfortunate master Charles I. in his utmost need, and leagued himself with his most inveterate enemies. His ingratitude met with its proper reward. Scarcely six weeks after the execution of his royal bene-

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factor, the once brilliant courtier was dragged to the scaffold, sick, miserable, and unpitied.

Henry Rich was a younger son of Robert, Lord Rich (created Earl of Warwick in 1610), by Penelope, sister of Robert Devereux, the unfortunate Earl of Essex. The date of his birth is uncertain, but must have been previous to the commencement of the seventeenth century. As his family, though noble, were not wealthy, and, moreover, were extremely numerous, the future favourite was content to enlist as a volunteer in the Dutch wars.

After two or three campaigns, the army being in winter quarters, he paid a visit to his friends in England. His handsome person soon caught the eye of James, and accordingly honours were heaped on him with almost unexampled rapidity. Within the space of a few years, he was made Knight of the Bath, gentleman of the bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, captain of the King's Guard, created Viscount Fenton in Scotland in 1615, Baron Kensington in Middlesex, 8th March, 1622, and 24th September, 1624, Earl of Holland in Lincolnshire. He was also made a Privy Councillor and a Knight of the Garter. Holland was employed in Spain at the period of Prince Charles's matrimonial visit; and the following year was sent to Paris, with Hay, Earl of Carlisle (two as accomplished courtiers, we are told, "as were to be found in the palaces of all the Princes of Europe,") to negotiate the marriage between the Prince and Henrietta Maria.

Holland, on his first introduction to the royal favour, had encountered a dangerous rival in the Duke of Buckingham. He had, however, sufficient good sense to perceive the improbability of his being able to supersede that great favourite, and, accordingly, he wisely contented himself with occupying the second place in the

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royal affections. His politic conduct on this occasion is dwelt upon by Lord Clarendon. "He took all the ways he could to endear himself to the Duke, and to his confidence, and wisely declined the receiving any grace or favour but as his donation; above all, he avoided the suspicion that the King had any kindness for him, upon any account but of the Duke, whose creature he desired to be esteemed, though the Earl of Carlisle's friend: and he prospered so well in that pretence, that the King scarcely made more haste to advance the Duke, than the Duke did to promote the other." It was suspected that Holland's attachment to the sumptuous Carlisle had originated in interested motives, and that he too frequently availed himself of the purse of his friend. In whatever manner their intimacy may have commenced, the regard seems to have been mutual, and only ceased with their lives.

King James is said to have conferred on Holland, within a few years, nearly 150,000*l.** Moreover, he exercised the royal prerogative, by uniting his handsome favourite to one of the richest heiresses in England. This lady was Isabella, daughter and heiress of Sir Walter Cope, who brought with her, as part of her marriage portion, the manor and seat of Kensington. The family residence of the Copes, which now bears the name of Holland-house, had been built by her father in 1607. It was afterwards purchased by Henry Fox, who from this circumstance assumed the title of Baron Holland, on his elevation to the peerage in 1762.

His wealth and personal beauty rendered Holland in an eminent degree the idol of the fair sex. With the exception of the Duke of Buckingham, he was perhaps the handsomest man of his time. Even some fulsome

* Peyton, Divine Catastrophe.

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verses, addressed to him by Mercer, appear scarcely to have exaggerated his personal advantages:—

> "Thy beauty too exceeds the sex of men;
> Thy courtly presence, and thy princely grace,
> Add to the splendour of thy royal race."

In early life, his manners were gay and joyous, his conversation extremely fascinating, his dress and equipages magnificent. The world was captivated by so brilliant a combination of showy qualities, and, from the Queen to the maid of honour, there were too many who confessed his influence over their hearts. Arthur Wilson speaks of his "features and pleasant aspect as equalling the most beautiful women;" to which he adds, that he had excellent natural parts, but was "youthfully expensive." Lord Clarendon also mentions his "lovely and winning presence." The noble historian, moreover, does credit to his courage; though, according to Sir Philip Warwick, he was more fitted for the drawing-room than the field of battle.

In 1639 we find Holland employed as Lord General of the horse under the Earl of Arundel, in the expedition against the Scots. Certainly from his conduct at this period, either his loyalty or his valour may be reasonably called in question. It was not long afterwards, in 1641, that, having been denied a trifling boon by his sovereign, he betrayed the secrets of his royal benefactor, and transferred his allegiance to the popular party. Probably motives of self-interest had their share in effecting his scandalous defection. The tide of royalty was beginning to ebb, and the sun, in which he had long basked, was rapidly withdrawing his beams. "Whilst the weather was fair," says Lord Clarendon, "he continued to flourish, but the storm no sooner arose than he changed

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as quickly, and declined from that character of honour of which he was formerly supposed to be master."

If the Queen's attachment to Holland had ever amounted to tenderness, it was at this period converted into anger and contempt. At her express desire, he was dismissed from his post of first gentleman of the bed-chamber; Henrietta affirming that she would never live in the court as long as he continued to keep his place. From this period his conduct became so vacillating, that he was trusted by no party and despised by all.

In 1643, the King's affairs presenting a more favourable aspect, Holland thought proper to secede from his new friends, and renewed his professions of duty and allegiance to his sovereign. He presented himself to Charles at the siege of Gloucester, and, notwithstanding the coldness with which he was received, persisted in following the King to the battle of Newbury, in which engagement he behaved with so much credit, that the Queen was induced to extend to him her forgiveness.

After the battle of Newbury, the Earl again hastened to the King at Oxford. Imagining that his recent services had obliterated all recollection of his former misconduct, he flattered himself that the King would receive him with open arms, that all unkindness would be forgotten, and that he should be fully restored to the royal confidence and his former honours. Had he condescended to make proper concessions, and freely admitted that he had been guilty of a great offence, it is probable,—inasmuch as the Queen was again his staunch friend,—that he would have been reinstated in the favour of his sovereign. Not only, however, did he refuse to make the slightest apology for his past conduct, but, foolishly regarding himself as a very injured person, talked in so high a tone of his own services, and the coldness of the

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King's manner, that Charles was unable to conceal his indignation. "His Majesty," says Lord Clarendon, "observed, that the Earl behaved himself with the same confidence and assurance as he had done when he was most in his favour; and that he retained still the old artifice at court, to be seen to whisper in the King's and Queen's ear, by which people thought there was some secret, when the matter of those whispers was nothing but what might be said in the open court." Lord Clarendon himself sought out the Earl, and endeavoured to persuade him to confess his fault, and sue for the King's pardon. Holland, however, indignantly refused to make the first advances; insisting that he had committed no crime which called for a humble submission; but adding, that should the King think proper to confer on him any public mark of favour, his own inclination would lead him to acknowledge that he had been in the wrong. Charles, though anxious to retain the services of a man of high rank and large fortune, of course shrank from so unworthy a compromise; and accordingly Holland,—whether imagining the King's affairs to be in a worse posture than they really were, or disliking the cold looks which he encountered alike from the King and his courtiers,—determined to seize the first opportunity of effecting his escape from Oxford.

Having, in the first instance, retired to a small village in the neighbourhood, he took advantage of a dark night, and, not without some difficulty, found his way to the head-quarters of the Parliamentary forces. Here, however, his reception was again very different from what he had anticipated. The Parliament was no sooner made aware that the apostate Earl was in their power, than they committed him to prison and sequestrated his estate: after a short confinement, however, his liberty and

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property were restored to him, and he was allowed to retire to his own house. He subsequently published a defence of his conduct, which was chiefly conspicuous for its want of truth. By both parties Holland seems to have been regarded as one whose services could do them no good, and whose enmity no harm.

His famous and hopeless rising in favour of the King, in 1648, appears to have been a last and painful effort to wipe away the infamy which attached to his name, and to retrieve his lost character as a man of honour. If praise can decently be conferred on so weak, vain, and vacillating a person, this last effort for his sovereign, entailing a bloody campaign in an almost hopeless cause, may claim some slight commiseration for the apostate. The story of his defeat at Nonsuch; of the hurried pursuit of the gallant loyalists into Kingston-on-Thames; of the romantic death of the young and beautiful Francis Villiers, and of the adventurous flight of his brother the Duke of Buckingham, and of Holland himself, is tolerably well known. Holland fled into Huntingdonshire, in which county he was seized at an inn, near St. Neots, by the Parliamentary horse. He delivered himself to the officer of the troop without a struggle, and was subsequently carried as a prisoner to Warwick Castle.

The end of this once brilliant and envied minion of two successive sovereigns was sufficiently miserable. Bishop Warburton says, "that he lived like a knave and died like a fool." Holland, however, was in a deplorable state of health, and disease and an accusing conscience are but little calculated to cast an adventitious grace or dignity over a public trial and execution. At his trial he urged but little in his defence. His manner is said to have been that of a man who would willingly have received life as a boon, but who seemed to feel that he had

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little claim to it, from the goodness of his cause. Heath tells us that he was so extremely weak, that when he made his defence, it was found necessary to give him a spoonful of cordial at the end of each sentence.

Having been found guilty of treason, "this unfortunate fine gentleman," as he is styled by Echard, was condemned to death, though by a majority only of three or four votes.* It may be mentioned that the famous Bradshaw—whom Walker amusingly styles "the horse-leech of hell," †—sat as president at the trial. Much interest was used to save the Earl's life. His brother, the Earl of Warwick, exerted his powerful influence, and it seems that the Presbyterian members of the House of Commons were favourable to him to a man. He owed his death, it was said, to the animosity of Cromwell, of whom he had formerly spoken with contempt. That Cromwell despised and detested him for his mean and vacillating conduct, is extremely probable, but, on the other hand, that he hurried Holland to the block from any motive of personal dislike, requires weightier evidence to prove than his enemies have hitherto adduced.

After his condemnation, Holland was removed to St. James's Palace, where he remained till the day of his execution. It was decided that the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Holland, and the gallant Lord Capel, should

* At the same time with the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Holland, and Lord Capel, Sir John Owen, a gallant and loyal Welshman, was also condemned to the block. When the latter heard his sentence, he made a bow to the Court, and returned them his most grateful thanks:—"It was a very great honour," he said, "to a poor gentleman of Wales, to lose his head in such noble company,"—and making use of a great oath,—"he was afraid," he added, "they would have hanged him." Owen, however, at the intercession of Ireton, was afterwards pardoned. *Echard*, vol. ii., p. 655.

† Hist. of Independency, part iv., p. 2.

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be executed on the same day, and on the same stage. Horace Walpole writes: "It was a remarkable scene exhibited on the scaffold on which Lord Capel fell. At the same time was executed the once gay, beautiful, gallant Earl of Holland, whom neither the honours showered on him by his prince, nor his former more tender connexions with the Queen, could preserve from betraying, and engaging against both. He now appeared sunk beneath the indignities and cruelty he received from men to whom and from whom he had deserted,—while the brave Capel, who, having shunned the splendour of Charles's fortunes, had stood forth to guard them on their decline, trod the fatal stage with all the dignity of valour and conscious integrity." That memorable scaffold was erected in front of Westminster Hall. On the 9th of March, 1649, not six weeks after the murder of the King, the three prisoners were conducted from St. James's to the residence of Sir Robert Cotton, at the upper end of the hall,—a house of some note, from so many great and unfortunate men having at different times partaken of its melancholy hospitality, in their passage to the grave.

The Duke of Hamilton was the first who was brought forth to execution. The judges were sitting when he passed through the hall, and from their places could behold the fatal scene. Hamilton, who to the last had entertained hopes of a reprieve, lingered for some time in the hall. The Earl of Denbigh, however, coming up to him, and whispering in his ear that there was no hope, he forthwith mounted the scaffold, and after an address to the people submitted himself to the executioner with decent courage.

Holland came next. He was so exhausted by his long illness that it was with extreme difficulty he was able to

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address the crowd. Walker, in his "History of Independency," supplies us with some interesting particulars relating to his last moments:—"After some divine conference with Mr. Bolton for near a quarter of an hour, and having spoken to a soldier that took him prisoner and others, he embraced Lieutenant-Colonel Beecher, and took his leave of him. After which he came to Mr. Bolton, and having embraced him, and returned him many thanks for his great pains and affection to his soul, he prepared himself to the block; whereupon, turning to the executioner, he said: 'Here, my friend, let my clothes and my body alone; there is ten pounds for thee; that is better than my clothes. I am now fit. And when you take up my head, do not take off my cap.' Then taking farewell of his servants, he kneeled down and prayed for a pretty space with much earnestness. Then going to the front of the scaffold, he said to the people—'God bless you all; God give all happiness to this kingdom, to this people, to this nation.' Then laying himself down, he seemed to pray with much affection for a short space; and then lifting up his head, seeing the executioner by him, he said, 'Stay while I give the sign;' and presently after, stretching out his hand, and saying, 'Now! now!' Just as the words were coming out of his mouth the executioner at one blow severed his head from his body." In his last moments he expressed deep regret at having deserted his royal master, and died penitent and a Christian. When his head was struck off, the slight effusion of blood which followed proved the insidious inroads which disease had made in his emaciated frame.

Lord Capel was the last who was summoned. He passed through Westminster Hall with a serene countenance, greeting his friends and acquaintances as he went along. Having ascended the scaffold, he inquired

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whether the other lords who had addressed the people had stood bare-headed. Having been assured that they had, he took off his hat, and delivered that fine and effective appeal which, more than any other circumstance, elevated the character of monarchy. "Like Samson," says Heath, "he did the Philistines more harm by his death than he had done by his life." His demeanour at the last afforded a beautiful picture of dignified virtue and Christian courage. Even Cromwell, though he refused to interfere to save his life, did honour to the talents and probity of this high-minded nobleman. On the other hand, the meanness and tergiversation of the unfortunate Holland prevented all commiseration for his fate. Of all those persons, who had basked in the sunshine of his favour, who had fought side by side with him on the field of battle, or who had shared with him the enjoyments of social life, there was perhaps not a single individual, with the exception of the members of his numerous family, who shed a tear when they heard of his tragical end.

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LUCIUS CARY,

VISCOUNT FALKLAND.

Summary of the Character of this Nobleman—His early Life—Large Property bequeathed to him by his Grandmother—His imprudent Marriage, and the implacable Resentment of his Father—His Retirement to a Country Life, and Devotion to Literature—His Hospitality at Burford to Men of Letters—His reasoning Powers—Compliment paid him by Suckling—Panegyrics by Cowley and Waller — Falkland's Connexion with the Popular Party — His Appointment as Secretary of State—His personal Appearance—Anecdotes of his Wife—His Sons—His mental Distress at the breaking out of the Civil War—His Attachment to a Military Life—His Magnanimity at Edgehill—Voluntary Sacrifice of his Life at Newbury—Aubrey's Account of Falkland's Motives for his rash Act—Clarendon's Explanation—Manner of Falkland's Death —Clarendon's Eulogy.

THE beautiful character, which Lord Clarendon has drawn of his friend Lord Falkland, is familiar with most persons. At the time when that famous character was drawn, their friendship had lasted more than twenty years. Nothing can be more exquisite than the portraiture, nor apparently more admirable than the person whom he recommends to our admiration and our esteem. The historian dwells fondly on the virtues of his friend, till admiration warms into enthusiasm, and we distrust the truth of the portraiture almost from its very beauty. Wit, learning, eloquence, and generosity; the highest sense of honour, blending with an almost feminine tenderness of heart; transcendant parts; the purest virtue, united to the sweetest Christian humility:—such is the assemblage of excellences with which Lord Clarendon has

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invested his friend. Let us turn from the sketch of one eminent historical portrait-painter to that of another. "There never," says Horace Walpole, "was a stronger instance of what the magic of words, and the art of an historian, can effect, than in the character of this lord; who seems to have been a virtuous well-meaning man, with a moderate understanding, who got knocked on the head early in the civil war because it boded ill; and yet, by the happy solemnity of my Lord Clarendon's diction, Lord Falkland is the favourite personage of that noble work." Between the sneer of Walpole, and the exaggerated encomiums of Clarendon, it may not be very difficult to form a proper estimate of Lord Falkland's character.

That the conduct of Lord Falkland, both in public and private life, was almost faultless, there can be little doubt. He was evidently possessed of deep scholastic knowledge: his memory was singularly retentive, and his eloquence, if not first-rate, was at least of a high order. He was superior to the passions and artifices of vulgar minds; was favourable to religious toleration; most exemplary in his private conduct, and loved truth and justice for their own sake. On the other hand, his natural talents appear to have been much exaggerated. He seems, moreover, to have been affected with an infirmity of mind,—a dread of incurring moral responsibility, an over-scrupulosity in deciding between what was right and what was wrong,—which, though the weakness detracts not from the amiability of his character, divests it to a certain degree of its dignity.

Lucius Cary, eldest son of Henry, Lord Falkland, is supposed to have been born at Burford in Oxfordshire, about the year 1610.* The circumstance of his father

* Anthony Wood says :—"Whether this Lucius was born at Burford,

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having been Lord Deputy of Ireland, led to his boyhood having been passed in that country, and to his having been a student of Trinity College, Dublin. He was subsequently removed to St. John's College, Cambridge.

In early life, the future statesman and moralist appears to have been remarkable only for wildness and frolic. Aubrey says:—"My Lord in his youth was very wild, and also mischievous, as being apt to state and do bloody mischiefs; but it was not long before he took up to be serious, and then grew to be an extraordinary hard student." For one of his indiscretions he was confined in the Fleet. There is extant a moving petition, addressed by his father to the King, in which he prays for the release and pardon of his offending son. Shortly after this period, accompanied by a suitable tutor, he departed on his travels; and from this time we hear nothing more of the profligacy or extravagance of Lord Falkland.

Lord Falkland was not of age when his grandmother, who was heiress of Lord Chief Baron Tanfield, bequeathed him a considerable property, independent of his parents. He had scarcely come into possession of the estate, when he unfortunately offended his father by contracting an imprudent marriage. "Before he was of age," says Lord Clarendon, "he committed a fault against his father, in marrying a young lady whom he passionately loved, without any considerable portion, which exceedingly offended him, and disappointed all his reasonable hopes and expectation of redeeming and repairing his own broken fortune, and desperate hopes at court, by some advantageous marriage of his son, about

as some think he was, the public register of that place, which commences about the beginning of the reign of King James I., takes no notice of it. However, that he was mostly nursed there by a wet and dry nurse, the ancients of that town, who remember their names, have some years since informed me."—*Ath. Oxon.* vol. i., p. 586.

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which he had then some probable treaty. Sir Lucius Cary was very conscious to himself of his offence and transgression, and the consequence of it, which (though he could not repent, having married a lady of a most extraordinary wit and judgment, and of the most signal virtue and exemplary life that the age produced, and who brought him many hopeful children, in which he took great delight,) yet he confessed it in the most dutiful and sincere applications to his father for his pardon, that could be made; and, for the prejudice he had brought upon his fortune by bringing no portion to him, he offered to repair it by resigning his whole estate to his disposal, and to rely wholly upon his kindness for his own maintenance and support; and to that purpose he had caused conveyances to be drawn by counsel, which he brought, ready engrossed, to his father, and was willing to seal and execute them, that they might be valid. But his father's passion and indignation so far transported him, though he was a gentleman of excellent parts, that he refused any reconciliation, and rejected all the offers that were made him of the estate; so that his son remained still in possession of his estate against his will, for which he found great reason afterwards to rejoice. But he was for the present so much afflicted with his father's displeasure, that he transported himself and his wife into Holland, resolving to buy some military command, and to spend the remainder of his life in that profession; but being disappointed in the treaty he expected, and finding no opportunity to accommodate himself with such a command, he returned again into England, resolving to retire to a country life, and to his books, that, since he was not like to improve himself in arms, he might advance in letters."

Lord Falkland persevered in his resolution; and,

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though extremely attached to the society of London, determined to absent himself from the capital for some years, and to devote himself entirely to study. The death of his father, it seems, compelled him to visit the metropolis before the period of his self-exile had expired. As soon, however, as he had arranged his affairs, he returned to the country, and resumed the severe course of study which he had prescribed for his mental improvement. Before he had attained the age of twenty-three, he had obtained a profound knowledge of the Greek and Latin tongues, and was deeply conversant with all the theological controversies which perplexed the age. His house at Burford, within twelve miles of Oxford, was the resort of the principal persons of the University, and was frequently visited by the most learned scholars of the metropolis. Lord Clarendon says, "They found their lodgings there as ready as in the colleges; nor did the lord of the house know of their coming or going, nor who were in his house, till he came to dinner or supper, where all still met; otherwise there was no troublesome ceremony or constraint to forbid men to come to the house, or to make them weary of staying there; so that many came there to study in a better air, finding all the books they could desire in his library, and all the persons together whose company they could wish, and not find in any other society." According to Anthony Wood, such was the opinion entertained by the University of Oxford of Lord Falkland's reasoning powers, that it was a common remark at the time, that if the Devil or the Grand Turk were open to conviction, his lordship and Chillingworth * would be able to effect

* William Chillingworth was one of the most profound scholars, and, perhaps, the acutest and closest disputant, of his day. He died in January, 1644.

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their conversion. Lord Falkland was, at this time, a gay and cheerful man, and his delightful conversation was not the least attraction to this happy academical retreat. He continued this laudable course of life for a few years, and when he again entered the world, at the age of twenty-six, he was acknowledged to be one of the deepest scholars and ablest reasoners of his day.

It would be useless to dwell on the writings of Lord Falkland, which have doubtless their merit, but which are now either forgotten, or remembered only by name. In early life he had been an ardent admirer of the Muses, and was himself a poet. Suckling pays him a beautiful compliment in his "Session of the Poets." Apollo has summoned Falkland to his presence, but:—

> "He was of late so gone with divinity,
> That he had almost forgot his poetry;
> Though to say the truth, and Apollo did know it,
> He might have been both his priest and his poet."

Swift tells us (it is doubtful on what authority) that Lord Falkland, in his writings, whenever he entertained any doubt as to the intelligibility of a sentence he had written, "used to consult one of his lady's chambermaids (not the waiting woman, because it was possible she might be conversant in romances), and by her judgment was guided, whether to receive or to reject it." * Lord Falkland used to remark, that "he pitied unlearned gentlemen on a wet day."

Not a few of his contemporaries have paid a grateful tribute both to his genius and to his social qualities.

* "Letter to a young gentleman lately entered into Holy Orders," A somewhat similar anecdote is related of Rousseau.

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Cowley writes, on the occasion of his joining the expedition against the Scots:—

> "Great is thy charge, O North! be wise and just;
> England commits her Falkland to thy trust;
> Return him safe. Learning would rather choose
> Her Bodley or her Vatican to lose.
> All things that are but writ or printed there,
> In his unbounded breast engraven are.
> There all the sciences together meet,
> And every heart does all her kindred greet."

Waller, also, in a poem on the same subject, thus panegyrises him:—

> "Brave Holland leads, and with him Falkland goes;
> Who hears this told, and does not straight suppose
> We send the Graces and the Muses forth,
> To civilise and to instruct the North?"

Lord Falkland's reverence for Parliaments, and for a representative form of Government; his distaste to the frivolities of a Court: and his admiration of the character of Hampden, had early induced him to connect himself with the popular party. Even when the extreme lengths, to which he believed the patriots were proceeding, induced him to secede from his former friends, it was not without great difficulty that he could be prevailed upon to declare his adherence to the Court. So fearful was he that his conduct might be attributed to interested motives, that, although Charles openly courted his friendship and invited him to several personal interviews, his manners to his sovereign, to say the least, were far from conciliatory; while, to the hangers-on of the Court, they were commonly morose and almost insulting. When disinclination at length yielded to his high sense of duty, and he accepted the appointment of Secretary of State, he carried his chivalrous notions of probity to a laudable,

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though unfortunate weakness. At a period when the Parliamentary party entertained no scruples, and made no secret, of their intentions to ascertain the secrets of the Court by any means which lay their power, Lord Falkland, acting on a chivalrous, but mistaken, sense of honour, refused either to employ a spy, or open a suspected letter. The consequences may be readily conceived. Lord Falkland, too pure for the generation in which he lived, became the dupe of knaves and hypocrites; and though the reflection that his political career had been unimpeachable may have been extremely gratifying to himself, it was no satisfaction to the sovereign whose affairs were thrown into confusion by his fastidiousness. A statesman may act with sense and prudence without imitating the perfidies of a Machiavelli.

The personal advantages of Lord Falkland were not of a high order. Lord Clarendon says in his autobiography, "His person and presence were in no degree attractive or promising. His stature was low, and smaller than most men; his motion not graceful, and his aspect so far from inviting, that it had somewhat in it of simplicity; and his voice, the worst of the three, so untuned, that instead of reconciling, it offended the ear, so that nobody would have expected music from that tongue; and sure no man was less beholden to Nature for his recommendation into the world." Anthony Wood tells us "that he had no great strength; that his hair was black and somewhat flaggy, and his eye black and lively."

His marriage, imprudent as it was considered by his relatives and worldly friends, was productive, as far as can be ascertained, of no unhappiness either to Lord Falkland or to the lady of his choice. Wood informs us that "her Christian name was Lettice, and that she was a

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daughter of Sir Richard Morison, Knight, of Tooley Park, in Leicestershire." Lord Clarendon styles her "a lady of most extraordinary wit and judgment, and of the most signal virtue and exemplary life." Aubrey affords us an amusing insight into Lord Falkland's domestic life. "I will tell you," he says, "a pretty story from Will Hawes, of Trinity College, who told me that my lady was, after the manner of women, much governed by, and indulgent to, the nursery. When she had a mind to beg anything of my lord for one of her maids, women, nurses, &c., she would not do it of herself, if she could help it, but put this gentleman, Lord Falkland's former tutor, upon it, to move it to my lord. My lord had but a small estate to his title, and the old gentleman would say, 'Madam, this is so unreasonable a motion to propose to my lord, that I am certain he will never grant it.' At length, when she could not prevail on him, she would say, 'I warrant you, for all this, I will obtain it of my lord; *it will cost me but the expense of a few tears.*'" The old antiquary slyly presumes that "there were kisses and secret embraces that were also ingredients; and thus," he adds, "being stormed by her tears, would this pious lady obtain her unreasonable desires."

Wood speaks of Lady Falkland, after the death of her gifted husband, as "a disconsolate widow, and the most devout, pious, and virtuous lady of the time she lived in." Granger also remarks, "When that great and amiable man was no more, she fixed her eyes on Heaven, and, though sunk in the deepest affliction, she soon found that relief from acts of piety and devotion, which nothing else could have administered." It would appear, that, in her widowhood, the greater portion of her time was spent in religious worship, in family prayer, "singing psalms," and catechising her children and her servants. She constantly

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visited her poor neighbours, and read aloud to them from religious books, while they employed themselves in spinning. Lord Falkland paid the highest possible compliment to her amiability and good sense, by bequeathing her the whole of his property, and entrusting his three sons to her care.

Of these sons, Lucius, Lord Falkland, a young man of considerable talent, died at an early age at Paris. Henry, who succeeded him in the title, appears to have been remarkable for the mildness of his disposition, but, like his father, had contracted an early taste for dissipation. He is even said to have parted with the family library for "a horse and a mare." But, like his father, he afterwards reformed, and, by his great diligence, made up for time misspent, and talents misapplied. He was for some time member for the county of Oxford. When he first took his seat in the House of Commons, an old senator, objecting to his youthful appearance, asked him whether he had sown his "wild oats?"—"If I have not," said the young lord, "I am come to the properest place, where there are so many geese to pick them up." The youngest son, who also became Lord Falkland, died in 1693.

Let us return to the subject of the present memoir. The breaking out of the civil war, and the miseries which threatened his country, embittered more and more the happiness of Lord Falkland's life. In moments of mental anguish he was frequently heard to exclaim, *peace, peace;* and he himself remarked, "that the calamities of the kingdom robbed him of his sleep, and would shortly break his heart." Depressed, however, as his spirits usually were, on the morning of a battle he ever appeared singularly cheerful, and it was remarked that the nearer the danger approached, the more his animation increased. He had a natural inclination, he said, for the profession

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of a soldier, and consequently the camp had especial charms for the philosopher. Though it was merely as a volunteer that he served in the civil war, he ever took his share in the hour of danger, and indeed attached himself to the commander who was most likely to lead his followers into the thickest of the fight. At the battle of Edgehill he incurred considerable risk, by interposing in favour of the flying and defenceless wretches, who had thrown down their arms. "Some thought," says Lord Clarendon, "that he had come into the field out of curiosity to see the face of danger, and out of charity to prevent the shedding of blood."

There seems to be but little doubt that Lord Falkland voluntarily threw away his life at the battle of Newbury. Flinging himself into the middle of the fight, he may be almost said to have bared his breast to the weapons of his foes. Whitelock tells us, that on the morning of the battle, he asked for a clean shirt, and being asked the reason of it,* "If I am slain," he said, "they shall not find my body in foul linen." When his friends endeavoured to dissuade him from risking his life,—"I am weary," he said, "of the times, and foresee the misery of my country; I believe I shall be out of it before night." At another time, when remonstrated with by a friend, he replied, "that he had made himself so conspicuous from his desire of peace, that it was necessary to show how little he dreaded the worst hazards of war."

On the morning of the battle of Newbury, Lord Falkland, as usual, appeared remarkably cheerful. He insisted on being placed in front of Sir John Byron's regiment, which it was supposed would be engaged in the hottest

* It is amusing to find so daily an act of cleanliness requiring an explanation. If the days of chivalry are over, the days of comfort are at least improved.

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of the action. If his prayer was for death, it was not breathed in vain. In charging a body of infantry, "riding," to use the words of Aubrey, "like a madman," —he was shot from behind a hedge in the lower part of the stomach, and almost instantaneously fell dead from his horse. "The next day," says Aubrey, "when they went to bury the dead, they could not find his lordship's body: it was stripped, and trod upon, and mangled. There was one, that waited on him in his chamber, would undertake to know it from all other bodies, by a certain mole his lordship had in his neck, and by that mark did find it."

Lord Clarendon mourns affectionately over his unfortunate friend:—"In that unhappy battle," he says, "was slain the Lord Viscount Falkland, a person of such prodigious parts, of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed civil war than that single loss, it would be most infamous and execrable to all posterity." The praise of Whitelock is almost equally warm; while his political hostility towards Lord Falkland renders it of far more value than the partial encomiums of a friend.

Lord Falkland was slain on the 20th of September, 1643, having only completed his thirty-third year. His remains were interred in the church of Great Tew, in Oxfordshire.

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LUCY, COUNTESS OF CARLISLE.

Summary of this Lady's Character—Her Marriage to James Hay, afterwards Earl of Carlisle—Her Intimacy with Strafford—Death of her Husband—Homage to her Charms by Waller, Davenant, and Voiture.—Character of her by Sir Toby Matthews—Suckling's Poem "On the Lady Carlisle's walking in Hampton Court Gardens"—Her Desertion of the Court and Betrayal of its Secrets to the Republicans — Her second Change of Politics at the Restoration—Her sudden Death.

Lucy, Countess of Carlisle, the "Erinnys of her time," as she is styled by Bishop Warburton, was perhaps the most enchanting, and certainly was the most remarkable woman at the Court of Charles. She is said to have been successively the mistress of the accomplished Strafford, and of the republican Pym; next to the far-famed Sacharissa, she was the goddess of Waller's idolatry; her wit and loveliness were celebrated by Voiture, Suckling and half the poets of the seventeenth century; and, moreover, such is said to have been the fascination of her manner and address, that her very foibles added to the enchantment. These foibles, however, it is to be feared, were more numerous even than her accomplishments.

The Lady Lucy Percy was the youngest daughter of Henry, eighth earl of Northumberland. On the 6th of November, 1617, she married, without her father's consent, the fantastic spendthrift James Hay, afterwards Earl of Carlisle. Of the terms on which they lived together but little is known. As Lady Carlisle, however, early conceived a distaste for the duties and calm

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pleasures of domestic life, it is probable that their union was not a happy one. There is also every reason to believe that her intimacy with Strafford commenced during the lifetime of her husband. Her name is frequently mentioned with interest in the Strafford Letters. On the 9th of January, 1633, Mr. Garrard writes to the Earl, who was then in Ireland: "My Lady Carlisle hath not been well of late, looks well, but hath utterly lost her stomach, insomuch that she is forced to leave the Court for awhile, and be at Mr. Thomas Cary's house in the Strand, for the taking of physic and recovery of her health; which house her lord hath taken at 150*l.* a year rent, ever since Mr. Cary was designed Ambassador for Venice." It must be admitted that the fact of her intrigue with Strafford has been sometimes questioned. That their intimacy, however, whether criminal or not, was of a very affectionate character, is sufficiently proved by more than one letter among the Sydney Papers. Sir Toby Matthews insists, that she "contented herself to play with love as with a child."

In 1636 her husband left her a young and beautiful widow. It was on this occasion that Waller composed his fine verses, "To the Countess of Carlisle in mourning," in which he addresses her so happily, as—

"A Venus rising from a sea of jet."

Perhaps she did not mourn deeply for her eccentric lord, for the poet proceeds in his consolation in rather a singular strain:

"We find not that the laughter-loving dame
Mourned for Anchises; 'twas enough she came
To grace the mortal with her deathless bed,
And that his living eyes such beauty fed;
Had she been there, untimely joy, through all
Men's hearts diffused, had marred the funeral."

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Sir William Davenant, also, addressed a copy of verses to her on the same melancholy occasion. They commence with some elegance:

> "This cypress folded here, instead of lawn!
> These tapers winking, and these curtains drawn!
> What may they mean?"

Voiture, who was probably acquainted with her when he was in England, has also celebrated her charms.

There exists a well-known character of Lady Carlisle, drawn by Sir Toby Matthews, which, notwithstanding its bombastic solemnity, obtained considerable note at the time, but which is scarcely of sufficient importance to be transferred to these pages. Though intended to be a panegyric, it leaves an impression as little favourable to the lady's character as to the author's sense. It is to this "Character," that Suckling alludes in his "Session of the Poets." In introducing Sir Toby to Apollo's notice, as one of the candidates for the laurel, he proceeds with much pleasantry,—

> "Toby Matthews (plague on him! how came he there?)
> Was whispering nothing in somebody's ear;
> When he had the honour to be named in court,
> But, sir, you may thank my Lady Carlisle for't.
>
> "For had not her character furnished you out
> With something of handsome, beyond all doubt
> You and your sorry lady-muse had been
> In the number of those that were not let in."

Another poem of Suckling's,—entitled "On the Lady Carlisle's walking in Hampton Court gardens,"—consists of an amusing dialogue in verse, which is presumed to take place between Suckling and his friend Thomas Carew. The latter, who appears to have been deeply

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smitten with Lady Carlisle's charms, apostrophises them in the following exquisite verse.

"Didst thou not find the place inspired?
And flowers, as if they had desired
No other sun, start from their beds,
And for a sight steal out their heads?
Heard'st thou not music when she talked?
And didst not find that as she walked
She threw rare perfumes all about,
Such as bean-blossoms newly out,
Or chafed spices give?—"

Suckling of course laughs at the romance of his friend, on which the latter breaks out passionately,—

"'Twas well for thee she left the place,
There is great danger in that face."

But at this point Carew's praises grow far too glowing for further insertion.

A poem of Waller's, on Lady Carlisle's bed-chamber, commences with the following happy couplet:—

"They taste of death that do at Heaven arrive,
But we this paradise approach alive."

How strange are the anomalies of the human mind! Rich, witty, beautiful, and high-born, this frivolous lady suddenly deserted the gay and refined society in which she had been bred from her childhood, to become the companion of gloomy enthusiasts and surly republicans. Her panegyrist tells us that ambition often led her into extremes, and that notoriety was as dear to her as life. Weariness, disgust, vanity, diminished influence and decaying beauty, are too often the real motives of human actions.

But Lady Carlisle had condescended to become a spy

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before she became an open traitor. She had been under many personal obligations to Queen Henrietta Maria, and had long been trusted by her in her most private affairs. Moreover her intimacy with Strafford, and her acquaintance with the leading politicians of the time, had initiated her in many of the secrets of the council-table, and with the projects and sentiments of the Court.* The defection therefore of the fair renegade was hailed with delight by the republicans. She not only had the baseness to discover to them every secret with which she had been intrusted, but zealously plotted and intrigued against her former friends. It was at this period, if we are to credit Sir Philip Warwick, that she, who had won the affection, and listened to the eloquence, of the lofty Strafford, became the mistress of his deadly enemy, Pym. Probably the Puritan was really dazzled with her charms. Certain it is, however, that she attended the worship of the enthusiasts; affected to listen with deep interest to their sermons, and even took notes of their discourse.†

At the restoration of Charles the Second, we find this volatile lady embarking in new intrigues. The court of the young King was likely to be a gay and brilliant one; and Lady Carlisle was in hopes that Queen Henrietta might forget and forgive. Accordingly, in a letter from Ignatius White to Sir G. Lane, dated 12th May, 1660, it is stated,—"The Queen of England's party is much dejected, their designs and projects being totally defeated. They have daily consultations at the Lady Carlisle's, and some of them have expressed that they wished things had not succeeded in this manner, if the Marquess of Ormond and Sir E. Hyde must govern." This passage evidently refers to the disin-

* Clarendon, Rebellion, vol. ii., p. 603, Appendix.

† Sir P. Warwick's Memoirs, p. 204.

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clination expressed by the Parliament to consent to the return of Henrietta into England, which Lady Carlisle, in order to curry favour with her royal mistress, appears to have been desirous to effect. However, she survived the date of this letter but a very few months; dying on the 5th of November, 1660, about the sixtieth year of her age.

Her death took place suddenly at Little Cashiobury-house. Having dined heartily about two hours before, she was employed in cutting some ribbon, while waiting the arrival of her sedan-chair which was to convey her to the court of the Queen Dowager, when she suddenly fell down lifeless, without uttering a word. The Earl of Leicester says in his diary,—"It may be observed that she died upon the 5th of November, the day of the powder treason, for which her father was suspected and imprisoned."* The coincidence loses its ill-natured point, since, as Lord Leicester must have well known, the stout old Earl was as innocent of that detestable treason as he was himself.

The Countess was buried near her father, in the burial-place of the Percys, at Petworth.

* Journal of the Earl of Leicester; Blencowe's Sydney Papers, p. 160.

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SIR KENELM DIGBY.

Inconsistencies in the Character of this Personage—His Father, Sir Everard Digby—Sir Kenelm's Inheritance—He proceeds on his Travels — Is knighted by King James — Sir Kenelm's courtly Qualities—Venetia Stanley—Scandal against her—Sir Kenelm's Autobiography—His singular Narrative of his Love for, and Marriage to, Venetia — His Expedition against the Algerines—His gallant Exploit at Scanderoon—His marvellous Stories—His Combat with Monsieur Mount le Ros—His Jealousy of Venetia—Numerous Portraits of that Lady—Her Husband's strange Expedients to increase the Lustre of her Charms—Her Death—Report that Digby had poisoned her—Destruction of her Tomb—Ben Jonson's Poem on her Death—Sir Kenelm's Grief at the Loss of his Wife—He is imprisoned by the Long Parliament—His Release and Sojourn in France—His Quarrel with the Pope—His Return to England and Connexion with Cromwell—Pursuits of his latter Years—His Interview with Des Cartes—His Character by Lord Clarendon—His Death and Burial.

GRACEFUL, eloquent, and chivalrous; with a genius as diversified as that of the admirable Crichton; with a vast capacity and amazing knowledge; how deplorable it is that littleness, vanity, and wrong-headedness, should have been allowed to sully so many accomplishments. Changeable in religion, fantastic in his ideas of virtue, and false in his notions of honour, we find the hero turning braggart, the philosopher disregarding truth, the orator wasting his eloquence in the drawing-room, the royalist becoming a suppliant to republicans, and the metaphysician condescending to write a cookery-book!

Sir Kenelm was born on the 11th of June, or 11th of July, 1603.* His father was Sir Everard Digby,

* See the Biographia Britannica, 2nd edition, vol. v., p. 184.

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reputed to have been the handsomest man of his time, but far better known as the misled but conscientious fanatic, who, at the age of twenty-four, suffered for his share in the gunpowder conspiracy. The mother of Sir Kenelm was Mary, daughter and sole heiress of William Mulsho, Esq. of Gothurst, in Buckinghamshire. By the attainder of Sir Everard a portion of their large property was lost to the Digbys, and accordingly, we find his son complaining bitterly that a "foul stain on his blood" was the whole of his inheritance. At another time he speaks of the "scanty relics of a ship-wrecked estate." Lord Clarendon, however, informs us, that he inherited a "fair and plentiful estate;" amounting annually, it would appear, to the then considerable income of 3000*l.*

In his fifteenth year, Sir Kenelm was entered at Gloucester-hall, Oxford. His tutor was Mr. Thomas Allen, a scholar of great eminence, whom he ever afterwards treated with regard and respect. In 1621, accompanied by Mr. Aston Cockaine, a person of graceful character and literary attainments, he proceeded on his travels into France, Italy, and Germany. In 1623, we find him at Madrid; at the period when Prince Charles and Buckingham were on their visit to that capital. In October following, when only in his twenty-first year, he was knighted by King James at Hinchinbroke; that monarch paying him, in the presence of Prince Charles and the Court, a very handsome compliment on his scholastic acquirements. He held, at different times, the appointments of Gentleman of the Bed-chamber, Commissioner of the Navy, and Governor of the Trinity-house.

Sir Kenelm was exactly formed for a courtier, and was consequently consulted in all the gay plans and elegant

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diversions of the Court of Charles. The King admired him for his genius, the Queen for his grace and figure, and the courtiers for his good-nature, his vivacity, and his delightful powers of conversation.

The name of Venetia Stanley is invested with a peculiar charm. The singular story of her life; the influence which she exercised over the eccentric philosopher; her reputed accomplishments, and especially the beautiful portraits of her by Vandyke, which still bloom with her unexampled loveliness, will ever excite an interest in whatever is connected with the memory of this frail but beautiful woman. How strange and undefinable is the feeling which attracts us to the erring beauties of former times, and which induces us to regard, with more than Christian forgiveness, the memory of such fallen fair ones as Jane Shore, the Fair Rosamond, and Nell Gwynne; La Belle Gabrielle, La Vallière, and many others! How singular, that those who were shunned and contemned in their lifetime,—over whose sorrows and frailties the prude triumphed and the virtuous wept,—should excite so deep an interest by the sight of their portraits, or the unvarnished story of their lives! How often has the grave of tainted beauty been brightened by the sunshine of romance and sympathy, while the libertine who occasioned the ruin, and the prude who sneered at it, lie unnoticed or unremembered in their graves!

There exists a curious volume entitled "Loose Fantasies," in which, introducing himself under the name of Theagenes, and Venetia Stanley under the name of Stelliana, Sir Kenelm Digby tells the story of his own life. They were written after their marriage, and were never intended to see the light.* His admiration of

* They have been published within the last few years by Sir Harris

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Venetia's beauty, and an evident desire to flatter himself into a belief of her purity, appear to have been the motives which induced Sir Kenelm to commit these singular "Fantasies" to paper. His apologies for her very questionable conduct were doubtlessly received from her own mouth.

Venetia Stanley was a daughter of Sir Edward Stanley, of Tongue Castle, in Shropshire, a Knight of the Bath, and grandson of Edward, third Earl of Derby. Her mother, who died when Venetia was but a few months old, was Lucy, daughter and co-heiress of Thomas Percy, seventh Earl of Northumberland. Sir Kenelm may well boast of the genealogy of his bride.

Sir Edward, Venetia's father, deeply affected, it is said, at his wife's death, thought proper to seclude himself altogether from the world, and to commit his infant to the care of a kinsman. Aubrey places the scene of her childhood at Euston Abbey, in Oxfordshire.

The residence of Lady Digby, Sir Kenelm's mother, was in the neighbourhood of Euston, and consequently the two children found themselves frequently in each other's society. Their early, indeed almost infantine, attachment is reverted to in after-life with considerable pathos by the handsome philosopher. "The first time," he says, speaking of "Theagenes" and "Stelliana," "that ever they had sight of one another they grew so fond of each other's company, that all who saw them said assuredly that something above their tender capacity breathed this sweet affection into their hearts. They would mingle serious kisses among their innocent sports; and whereas other children of like age did delight in fond

Nicolas from the original among the Harleian MSS. The introductory memoir will be considered by many readers as more entertaining than the autobiography itself.

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play and light toys, these two would spend the day in looking upon each other's face, and in accompanying these looks with gentle sighs, which seemed to portend that much sorrow was laid up for their more understanding years: and if at any time they happened to use such recreations as were suitable to their age, they demeaned themselves therein so prettily and so affectionately, that one would have said Love was grown a child again, and took delight to play with them. And when the time of parting came, they would take their leaves with such abundance of tears and sighs, as made it evident that so deep a sorrow could not be borne and nursed in children's breasts, without a nobler cause than the usual fondness in others."

The fair Venetia was still extremely young, when she accompanied her father to London on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I., with the Elector Palatine. "Her beauty and discretion," says her future husband, "did soon draw the eyes and the thoughts of all men to admiration." Aubrey's account of her visit is very different. "She was a most beautiful desirable creature," he says, "and being *matura viro*, was left by her father to live with a tenant and servants at Euston Abbey, in Oxfordshire: but as private as that place was, it seems her beauty could not lie hid. The young eagles had spied her, and she was sanguine and tractable, and of much suavity, which to abuse was great pity. I have now forgot who first brought her to town, but I have heard my uncle Danvers say, who was her contemporary, that she was so commonly courted that it was written over her lodging one night *in literis uncialibus*,

'Pray come not near,
For Dame Venetia Stanley lodgeth here.'"

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Aubrey enters still further into these exaggerated details. "In those days," he says, "Richard, Earl of Dorset, eldest son and heir to the Lord Treasurer, lived in the greatest splendour of any nobleman in England.* Among other pleasures that he enjoyed, Venus was not the least. This pretty creature's fame came to his lordship's ears, who made no delay to catch at such an opportunity. He was her greatest gallant, and was extremely enamoured of her, and settled on her an annuity of five hundred per annum."

According to the strange account in the "Loose Fantasies," it was about this period that Venetia was wooed by a nobleman of the court, who is distinguished by the name of Ursatius. Sir Kenelm freely admits, that not only did the libertine courtier entértain not the remotest thoughts of marriage, but that he offered an indignity to her, which, considering her high birth, it is impossible to believe he would have been guilty of had her conduct been previously irreproachable. Faithful to her old lover, Venetia rejects Ursatius. Ursatius, however, bribes her attendant, who, by persuading her mistress that she has made an appointment for her with Digby, contrives to decoy Venetia into the hands of Ursatius. Sir Kenelm thus describes what follows:—"She was scarce gone half way to the appointed place, when five or six horsemen, well mounted, overtook the coach; who, speaking to the coachman that was instructed what to do, he stayed his horses, and two of them alighting, came into the coach to her, and drawing their poignards, threatened her with death if she cried out or made any noise, assuring her withal, that from them she should receive no violence if she would sit quietly: and there-

* Richard, third Earl of Dorset, was the grandson, not the son, of the Lord Treasurer. He died in 1624, at the age of thirty-five.

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withal drew the curtains, that none might see who was in the coach as they passed by."

The concluding scenes of this extraordinary adventure may be described in a few words. Venetia, according to Sir Kenelm's statement, is hurried to a house in the country, when, overcome with fatigue and distress, she retires to bed. Presently she is awoke by a person stumbling at her chamber-door, when, rising half upright in her bed, she perceives she is alone with Ursatius. The intruder falls on his knees, and a long conversation follows, which is interrupted by the housekeeper entering with supper. The meal being over, we suddenly find Venetia and Ursatius taking an amicable walk in the garden. At length, the evening drawing to a close, they return to Venetia's bed-chamber,—which, "by this time was dressed up, and the bed made to receive her,"—when Ursatius very properly leaves her to her rest. During the whole of this scene,—as is justly observed by Sir Kenelm's biographer,—no mention is made of the hour at which Venetia rose, neither are we enabled to ascertain whether her admirer even quitted the room while she made her toilet. And yet all this is related by her own husband.

Ursatius having retired, we find Venetia tying her sheets together, and letting herself drop from the window. In her flight she is attacked by a wolf, from whose fangs she is rescued by a young nobleman, who conducts her to the house of a female relation. Fortunately her old lover, Sir Kenelm, happened to be in the neighbourhood. So averse, however, was his mother to their union, and so closely were they watched, that a meeting appeared to be almost impracticable. Sir Kenelm, however, tells us, that, having picked up a glove which Venetia had dropped, and having first kissed it, he placed a letter in

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it, in which he implored her to grant him an interview, and pointed out the means by which it might be accomplished. There happened to be a hunting-party on the following day. Accordingly, taking the first opportunity of separating herself from the rest of the company, Venetia turned her horse into a secluded path, and was of course immediately joined by her lover. Having discovered a convenient thicket, Sir Kenelm describes himself and Venetia as reclining gracefully on the grass, with their horses grazing beside them; renewing the most tender vows of everlasting attachment.

It was shortly after this period that Sir Kenelm departed on his travels. His prowess and erudition, his extraordinary personal strength and his gigantic stature, rendered him the wonder and admiration of foreign courts. It was said of him, in allusion to his powers of persuasion, that had he dropped from the clouds in any part of the world, he would have made himself respected. The Jesuits admitted the truth of the flattery: adding, however, that he must first have remained where he fell for at least six weeks,* in order to give time for his accomplishments to develope themselves. Aubrey observes, alluding to his personal advantages, "He was a person of extraordinary strength: I remember one at Shirburne protested to us, that he, being a middling man, being set in a chair, Sir K. took him up, chair and all, with one arm: he was of an undaunted courage, yet not apt in the least to give offence." But we must follow the philosopher in his account of himself.

If we are to believe Sir Kenelm, the Queen of France, Mary de Medicis, fell deeply in love with him at a masque, at Paris. At last, he says, her admiration

* Athen. Oxon. vol. ii., p. 351.

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increased to such violence, that, in order to preserve his faith to Venetia, he was not only compelled to quit the French court; but also, in order to avoid the effects of the Queen's jealousy, found it expedient to cause a report to be spread of his death. It is singular that, many years afterwards, Sir Kenelm should have been released from confinement in Winchester-house, at the express intercession of this Princess.

From Paris, Sir Kenelm proceeded to Angers, and thence into Italy. From Florence he addressed a letter to Venetia, renewing his protestations of unaltered love, and cautioning her to place no credence in the reports of his death. Unfortunately the letter was intercepted by his mother, and accordingly Venetia was impressed with the conviction that her lover was no more. Overcome with grief, she excluded herself from all society, with the single and dangerous exception, however, of the young nobleman who had rescued her from the fangs of the wolf. Sir Kenelm insists that Venetia remained constant to him, and that she rejected the importunities of her new lover; yet he freely admits that she "so far forgot her wonted discretion as to admit his rival to a nearer familiarity than, in terms of rigour, was fit for her." He further acknowledges, that she consented to sit for her picture, which her admirer "used afterwards to show as a glorious trophy of her conquered affections."

Although there is a passage in Aubrey's Memoirs which seems to throw some light on the story, it is impossible to fix with any certainty the name of this fortunate rival. "Venetia Stanley," says Aubrey, "was first a miss to Sir Edward Wyld; so he had her picture, which after his death, Serjeant Wyld, his executor, had; and since the Serjeant's death, hangs now in an entertaining

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room, at Droitwich, in Worcestershire: the Sĕrjeant lived at Droitwich." Aubrey relates the same story in another place. "Sir Edmund Wyld," he says, "had her picture, and, you may imagine, was very familiar with her; which picture is now at Droitwich, in Worcestershire, at an inn."

According to Sir Kenelm, Venetia, after mourning her early lover for more than a year, at length consented to become the wife of his rival. Her long silence had for some time plunged him into a deep melancholy; and when at length the news of her approaching marriage,—"coupled," he says, "with such circumstances as went much to the prejudice of her honour," were communicated to him, he sought in vain for consolation in those philosophical studies and pursuits in which he had hitherto so much delighted, and became a victim of misery and despair. But, in the meantime, the marriage between Venetia and his rival had been broken off in England. The "young nobleman," it seems, while on a visit to his country-seat, had been captivated by "a new rural beauty," and Venetia, having been informed of his defection, not only refused to admit him to an interview, but treated his subsequent attempts to effect a reconciliation with indignation and scorn.

At this period, Sir Kenelm, ignorant of what was passing in England and that Venetia was once more free, was proceeding on his way to Madrid, where his relation, the Earl of Bristol, was then Ambassador. In his journey he tells us that he encountered a Brahmin, who not only convinced him that Venetia's honour remained unspotted, but even conjured up her spirit to his view. His description of her supernatural appearance,—"seated," he says, "in the attitude of grief, at the foot of a blasted tree, her long hair hanging dishevelled over her white shoulders,

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and her head leaning on her hand,"—is given in very poetical language; but of course, can only be considered as a beautiful picture.

On his arrival at Madrid, Sir Kenelm found himself in the midst of the rejoicings and festivities occasioned by the romantic visit of Prince Charles and the Duke of Buckingham to that capital. He subsequently returned to England in the train of the Prince, with whom he landed at Portsmouth, on the 5th of October, 1625. On entering London, one of the first persons whom he encountered was Venetia. "After so long an absence," he says, "her beauty seemed brighter to him than when he left her: as she sat pensively in one side of the coach by herself, Apelles might have taken her counterfeit to express Venus sorrowing for her beloved Adonis." Having succeeded in discovering her abode, he called upon her the next day, on which occasion, though he was still fully convinced of her unworthiness, he describes their meeting as having been rapturous in the extreme. "It can be conceived," he says, "by no one, but such as have loved in a divine manner, and have had their affections suspended by misfortunes and mistakes." The interview concludes by Venetia, like a true woman, convincing her lover of her purity and faith.

And yet, it requires no deep knowledge of human nature, to discover, in Kenelm's own statement, internal evidence that he himself discredited the purity of his beautiful mistress. There is, throughout his narrative, an entire want of candour, and a plausible and manifest attempt to apologise for his foolish marriage. Considering how frequent are his allusions to their "high and divine friendship," it will scarcely be credited that the philosopher made more than one attempt to induce Venetia to become his mistress. Such insults

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to virtue are impossible. The scion of a race far prouder than his own, had Venetia Stanley been really as unspotted, and his own love as pure and "divine," as he would make us believe, he would scarcely have ventured upon such an insult even in thought. Venetia no sooner perceived, says Sir Kenelm, that he addressed her "without mention of any provision for her honour," than her heart "swelling with a noble anger and disdain," she passed on him the "hard sentence" of banishing him for ever from her presence. It was a long time, he adds, before his "unfeigned sighs of deep repentance" induced her once more to admit him to a "fraternal affection." The comedy continues to the end. Sir Kenelm, in raptures with Venetia's dignified rejection of his lawless overtures, deduces fresh arguments in favour of her spotless virtue. And yet, only a few nights are allowed to elapse, before we find him stealing into her bedchamber, while she is fast asleep. Venetia is of course in the highest degree indignant: and yet, what are we to think of her offended virtue, when we find Sir Kenelm consenting to withdraw from her apartment, on condition *that she will sing to him while he dresses himself!* *

There must certainly have been much temptation in that beautiful face. Aubrey says: "She had a most lovely sweet-turned face, and delicate dark-brown hair. She had a perfect healthy constitution; strong; good skin; well-proportioned, inclining to *bona roba*. Her face, a short oval; dark brown eye-brow, about which much sweetness, as also in the opening of her eyelids. The colour of her cheeks was just that of the damask rose, which is neither too hot nor too pale. She was of a just

* Private Memoirs, Introd., p. 25.

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stature, not very tall." No wonder, when Sir Kenelm quitted her chamber, that he meditated on the "miraculous perfections" which had met his eye. There are none of her contemporaries who do not speak of Venetia Stanley as the loveliest creature they had ever beheld.

It is probable that, but for one circumstance, Sir Kenelm would have yielded to the entreaties of his mother and the arguments of his friends, and that Venetia would never have become his wife. The circumstance to which we allude was an act of feminine generosity which the nobleness of his nature enabled him fully to appreciate. Having been selected to accompany the Duke of Buckingham, on his splendid mission to France to conduct Henrietta Maria to England, he found his means inadequate to enable him to present a proper figure in so illustrious a pageant. Venetia saved him from the threatened mortification, by pawning her plate and jewels, and making him master of all she possessed in the world. Accordingly, his heart relented towards her, and, either disbelieving, or disregarding, the stories to her discredit, he made her an offer of his hand. To his astonishment, Venetia refused to listen to his suit. "She had consented," she said, "to marry another man, and had allowed him to possess himself of her picture."—"Hereafter," she added, "the heat and edge of his passion might be somewhat abated, and he might give another interpretation to her past actions than now he did, and peradventure deem her not so worthy of his affection and respect." To the most chivalrous person of his age, a mere hint was sufficient. Sir Kenelm tells us that he challenged his rival to single combat, but that the latter proved "unworthy to be his enemy." He preferred returning the picture into Sir Kenelm's hands; at the same time stating in writing, that he had

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been guilty of falsehood if he had ever slandered Venetia's honour.

In consequence of Sir Kenelm's mother continuing strongly opposed to his union with Venetia, their marriage took place in private. Lord Clarendon, in recording the circumstance, merely observes that his friend "married a lady of extraordinary beauty, and of *as extraordinary a fame*." Aubrey tells us, that Sir Kenelm was in the habit, once a year, of taking his beautiful wife to visit her old lover, the Earl of Dorset; on which occasions, he adds, the Earl would "with much desire and passion behold her; but only kissed her hand, Sir Kenelm being still by." Their first child was born in October, 1625; Lady Digby's confinement having been hastened by a fall from her horse.

Marriage had but little impaired the activity of Digby's character, and, as he himself informs us, he longed to give proof of it to the world. At this period, in consequence of some disputes with the Venetians, and frequent acts of piracy on the part of the Algerines, the English trade in the Mediterranean was suffering to a ruinous extent. Accordingly, having succeeded in obtaining the King's commission, we find Sir Kenelm fitting out a squadron at his own cost, with which he sailed from England on the 29th of December, 1627. His parting with Venetia he describes as having been affecting in the extreme.

Shortly after sailing, a disease broke out in his ships, and made great havoc amongst the crews. His officers endeavoured to persuade him to return, but he insisted on pursuing his course. Fortune at length favoured him. After capturing several armed vessels of the Algerines, and setting many English slaves at liberty, he suddenly fell in with a combined French and Venetian squadron in

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the Bay of Scanderoon. Though his own force was greatly inferior in point of numbers, he determined on giving them battle; Sir Kenelm himself setting a gallant example to his followers by bringing his own vessel alongside the flag-ship of the enemy, and fighting at close quarters. Lord Clarendon says:—"He encountered their whole fleet, killed many of their men, and sunk one of their galleasses; which, in that drowsy and inactive time, was looked upon with a general estimation, though the Crown disavowed it:" Ben Jonson thus celebrates the engagement:—

> Witness thy action done at Scanderoon,
> Upon thy birth-day, the eleventh of June.

Owing to the difficulty of fixing the precise day of Digby's birth, this indifferent couplet has given rise to far more controversy than it would otherwise have deserved. There is reason to believe that the poet is doubly at fault in his chronological data. Both Anthony Wood and Aubrey,—the latter on the authority of Ashmole and Napier,—insist that his birth took place, not on the 11th of *June*, but of *July*, and that Jonson altered the month for the sake of the rhyme. Moreover, it appears by Digby's own letter, describing the action of Scanderoon, that the battle was fought not on the 11th, but on the *sixteenth* of June. As the 16th would have suited the metre as well as the 11th, probably Jonson in this instance was really misled. As regards, however, the month in which Sir Kenelm was born, the question as to the poet's correctness is not so easy to be decided.*

The fact is somewhat remarkable, that the 11th of June should subsequently have proved the day of Digby's

* See Biog. Brit. vol. v., p. 185, second edition, where this somewhat unimportant question is more fully discussed.

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decease. Ferrar's epitaph, while it echoes the conceit of Jonson, improves it by this rather important addition to the coincidence:—

> Born on the day he died, the eleventh of June,
> And that day bravely fought at Scanderoon;
> It's rare that one and the same day should be,
> His day of birth, of death, and victory!

With the account of his famous naval success, Sir Kenelm concludes his autobiography. Had it not been for the difficulty which we find at arriving at plain facts, and the vanity and hectoring which sully its pages, it would be a valuable, as it certainly is an entertaining work. It is to be feared, however, that truth was not the golden mean in the code of Sir Kenelm's philosophy. We learn from his contemporaries that, agreeable as they admit his conversation to have been, his stories of what he had seen and heard were received with considerable caution by his auditors. We even find Henry Stubbe, the physician, styling him, without any hesitation, "the Pliny of his age for lying." * A few of the strange stories which he was in the habit of relating have been handed down to us by his contemporaries. Anthony Wood, in particular, mentions a story related by Sir Kenelm, which he says, "put men to very great wonder:"—"viz. of a city in Barbary, under the King of Tripoli, that was turned into stone in a very few hours by a petrifying vapour that fell upon the place, that is, men, beasts, trees, houses, utensils, &c.; everything remaining in the same posture, as children at their mother's breasts, &c." It is but fair to add that, although the account was certainly transmitted by him to England, Sir Kenelm was not the originator of this absurd fiction. His authority was the librarian to

* Birch, Lives of Illustrious Persons, p. 152.

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the Grand-duke at Florence, who it appears received it from the Grand-duke himself.*

A story, almost as strange, is related by the philosopher himself in his Powder of Sympathy. He had a beautiful female relation, he says, who was on the point of becoming a mother. Unfortunately she had not only fallen into the detestable fashion of wearing patches on the face, but was conspicuous for the number which she wore, and the pains which she took in the nicety of their arrangement. Sir Kenelm, it seems, had a peculiar and very proper abhorrence of this new and unbecoming mode. "Have you no apprehension," he said to the lady, in hopes of frightening her out of the impropriety, "that your child may be born with half moons upon its face; or rather, that all those black patches may assemble in one, and appear in the middle of its forehead!" His words, he says, had the desired effect. Sir Kenelm, however, asserts, that such was the power of imagination, that a female child, to which she gave birth, was actually born with a mark on its brow "as large as a crown of gold."

Lady Fanshawe, in her charming memoirs, mentions an occasion of her meeting Sir Kenelm at dinner, at the house of the Governor of Calais, when several French gentlemen were present. He took the lead in conversation, she says, and entertained them with a number of stories, far too marvellous to be true. "But," she adds, "the concluding one was that barnacles, a bird in Jersey, was first a shell-fish to appearance, and from that, sticking upon old wood, became in time a bird: after some consideration they unanimously burst out in laughter, believing it altogether false; and to say the truth, it was the only thing true that he had discoursed with them:

* See Athen. Oxon. vol. ii., p. 352; and Biog. Brit. vol. v., p. 195, second edition.

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that was his infirmity, though otherwise a person of most excellent parts and a very fine-bred gentleman."

On another occasion, at the house of a chemist in France, a question having arisen among the company respecting the dissolvent of gold, we find the chivalrous philosopher relating another of his astonishing stories. "One of the royal houses in England," he said, "having stood covered with lead for five or six ages, and being sold after that time, was found to contain three-fourths of silver in the lead:" he further said, "that a fixed salt, drawn out of a certain potter's earth at Arcueil in France, being for some time exposed to the sun-beams, became saltpetre, then vitriol, then lead, tin, copper, silver, and, at the end of fourteen months, gold; which he affirmed to have experienced himself, as well as another able naturalist." *

Let us conclude the strange story of Venetia Stanley. After her marriage, even her stern stigmatiser Aubrey admits that her conduct was irreproachable. To Sir Kenelm's uxorious admiration of her unrivalled loveliness, we owe many of the beautiful portraits which remain of her: in the picture of her, formerly at Gothurst, in Buckinghamshire, once the seat of Sir Kenelm, she was painted in a Roman habit, a serpent in one hand, and a pair of white doves resting on the other. In the picture of her at Windsor she is painted in a different dress, but with the same emblems. The doves seem to denote her innocence, and the serpent her triumph over the envenomed malignancy of her detractors. Possibly, however, they may have had reference to the text in the Scriptures,—"Be ye wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." Beneath her is a prostrate Cupid, and behind,

* Letters from Mr. Oldenberg to Mr. Boyle, dated Paris, 20th March, 1660.—*Birch, Lives of Illust. Persons*, p. 152.

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a figure of Calumny bound to the earth. These devices were doubtless invented by her eccentric husband. Notwithstanding his professed indifference to female virtue, these, and many other, incidents denote how willingly he would have been a believer in the chastity of his own wife.

By the desire of Sir Kenelm, Venetia sat on several occasions to Vandyke for her portrait. In one of these she is represented as treading on Malice and Envy, unhurt by a serpent which twines round her arm. At Althorpe there is an interesting picture of her by that great artist, taken after she was dead.

At Gothurst there were two busts of her in brass;* and Sir Kenelm had also her feet, her hands, and her face moulded in plaster.

> "Sitting and ready to be drawn,
> What mean these tiffany, silk, and lawn,
> Embroideries, feathers, fringes, lace,
> When every limb takes like a face!"

The world believed that her husband made use of the most singular expedients to increase the lustre of her charms; that he invented cosmetics to improve her complexion, and that, among other fantastic experiments, he fed her with the flesh of capons which had been fed with vipers. After her death, only a small quantity of brains having been found in her head, Sir Kenelm attributed it to her drinking viper wine; but says Aubrey, "spiteful women would say it was a viper husband who was jealous of her." Pennant tells

* The busts and portrait of Venetia Stanley, after having been preserved at Gothurst for more than two centuries, were purchased by the late Francis Mills, Esq., to whose love for literature and the arts, and to whose social virtues, the author takes this opportunity of recording his sincere and grateful testimony.

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us,* that the most northern residence of the great snail, or *pomatia*, which is of exotic origin, is in the woods in the neighbourhood of Gothurst. He adds, "tradition says it was introduced by Sir Kenelm, as a medicine for the use of his lady."

His notorious jealousy of his beautiful wife, and the application of these strange medicaments, gave rise to a report that her death had been caused by poison. It certainly seems not improbable that her dissolution was hastened by his eccentric experiments. This beautiful woman was found dead in her bed, on the 1st of May, 1633, in the thirty-third year of her age. She was discovered in the attitude of sleep, her head resting upon her hand. Her remains were interred in Christ Church, near Newgate, under a monument of black marble, which supported a bust of her in copper gilt. The tomb was completely destroyed by the great fire in 1666, and her vault was partially opened by its fall. The bust, however, escaped, and was afterwards seen by Aubrey exposed for sale in a brazier's stall. Unfortunately he neglected to purchase it, and he afterwards discovered that it had been melted down as ordinary waste metal.

Ben Jonson composed no fewer than ten poems on the death of Lady Digby. Of her descent he says:—

"I sing the just and uncontrouled descent
Of Dame Venetia Digby, styled the fair;
For mind and body the most excellent,
That ever nature, or the later Ayre
Gave two such houses as Northumberland,
And Stanley, to the which she was coheir.
Speak it, you bold Penates, you that stand
At either stem, and know the veins of good

* Journey from Chester to London, p. 452.

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"Run from your roots; tell, testify the grand
Meeting of graces, that so swelled the flood
Of virtues in her, as in short she grew
The wonder of her sex, and of your blood."

But the poet joins still higher praises,—

"She was in one a many parts of life!
A tender mother, a discreeter wife;
A solemn mistress: and so good a friend,
So charitable to religious end;
In all her petite actions so devote,
As her whole life was now become one note
Of piety and private holiness."

Jonson calls her *his muse*, and lingers on her person and character with unbounded admiration.

Sir Kenelm appears to have felt sincerely and deeply the loss of his wife. He shut himself up in Gresham College, where he amused himself with the study of chemistry, and the conversation of the professors. No less eccentric in sorrow than he had been in adversity, he allowed his beard to grow in testimony of his grief, and was constantly to be seen wandering along the courts of the College, in a long mourning cloak and a high-crowned hat. At length the breaking out of the civil troubles afforded him a long-wished-for opportunity of displaying his energy and love of action. He enlisted on the side of royalty; and, having made himself sufficiently obnoxious to the popular party, was confined in Winchester-house,*

* Winchester House, one of the most interesting and ancient dwelling-houses in London, was in the act of being demolished (1839) while these pages were being written. It stood in a street which bears its name, to the west of Bishopsgate-street. In the windows were to be seen, in stained glass, the motto of the Powletts, "*Aimez Loyaulté.*" Every one remembers the glorious defence of Basing House, from 1643 to 1645, during which its gallant lord, John, fifth Marquis of Winchester, wrote that famous motto of his family with a diamond in every

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by order of the long Parliament. Here he remained till the year 1643. Having at length obtained his release, at the intercession of his old admirer, Mary de Medicis, he retired to France, where he divided his time between his philosophical pursuits and the brilliant society of the French metropolis. About the year 1648, we find him despatched by Henrietta Maria as her envoy to the Pope. The circumstance of his being a Roman Catholic, his majestic appearance, and his great learning, occasioned his being an object of admiration with the enthusiastic Romans. His eccentricity, however, soon led him into scrapes, and the Pope even declared that he was mad. Wood tells us, that he "grew high, and huffed his Holiness;" adding, what is perhaps not exactly true, that having been trusted with some of the funds of the Catholics, he proved a very indifferent steward on the occasion. It has been asserted that, on one occasion, he flatly gave his Holiness the lie.

It would be difficult to decide at what period of his life Sir Kenelm became a Roman Catholic; or indeed whether at heart he was ever of any other religion. Later in life, his political conduct appears to have been as strange and vacillating as were his religious principles. Cromwell had no sooner assumed the Protectorate, than Sir Kenelm, notwithstanding he was under the ban of the Government, returned to England. To the astonishment of all men, Cromwell not only received him with civility, but

window. When, in 1602, William Powlett, the fourth Marquis, was reduced by his magnificent style of living to sell the family mansion, it appears to have been purchased by John Swinnerton, a rich merchant, afterwards Lord Mayor, from whom it came into the family of the present proprietor. When the author bade farewell to apartments, which had entertained Elizabeth and her courtiers, he found them the scene of busy trade, and was told that their occupants were packers!

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appears to have derived singular pleasure from his society. Unaccountable as are Sir Kenelm's actions at this, and indeed at every other period of his life, we must hesitate before we stigmatise him with the name of traitor. There is certainly no reason to suppose that his connection with Cromwell was productive of any injury to his royal master. Considering the eccentricity of his character, it is possible that, in visiting England, he was actuated quite as much by a desire to promote the interests of his Sovereign, as by a selfish expectation of advancing his own.

In 1656, the state of his health induced Sir Kenelm to pay a visit to the south of France. He passed the summer at Toulouse, and part of the following year at Montpelier. At the latter place, it was his good fortune to encounter several learned and scientific persons, who had formed themselves into a kind of academy, and to whom he read his famous discourse on the Sympathetic Powder. Part of the years 1658 and 1659 was spent in Lower Germany, where he went by the name of Count Digby; and in 1660 we again find him at Paris. At the Restoration he returned to England, and at the formation of the Royal Society was appointed one of the council. The few remaining years of his life were passed in literary and scientific pursuits. Chemistry, mathematics, and philosophy, had severally their charms for him; and from the meetings of the new society he was but rarely absent. Aubrey tells us that his residence was a house westward in the north portico of Covent Garden, where he had his laboratory, and where Anthony Wood informs us that he died.

His admiration of genius, and thirst after knowledge, induced Sir Kenelm on one occasion to pay rather an interesting visit to a brother philosopher. The account of their interview is related by Des Maizeaux in his "Life of St. Evremond." According to that writer, Sir Kenelm,

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having perused the writings of Des Cartes with great interest, conceived so strong a desire to become personally acquainted with him, that he undertook a journey to Holland expressly with that object. Having discovered the philosopher in his retirement, he engaged him in conversation, and, without revealing his name, continued to discourse with him for some time on philosophical matters. At last, Des Cartes, who was acquainted with some of Digby's writings, on a sudden remarked, inquiringly, that "it must certainly be the celebrated Sir Kenelm Digby with whom he was conversing?"—"And if you were not the celebrated Des Cartes," said the other, "I should not have quitted England on purpose to visit you."

Lord Clarendon's character of his friend is admirably drawn:—"He was a person," he says, "very eminent and notorious throughout the whole course of his life, from his cradle to his grave; and inherited a fair and plentiful fortune, notwithstanding the attainder of his father. He was a man of a very extraordinary person and presence, which drew the eyes of all men upon him, which were more fixed by a wonderful graceful behaviour, a flowing courtesy and civility, and such a volubility of language as surprised and delighted; and though in another man it might have appeared to have somewhat of affectation, it was marvellous graceful in him, and seemed natural to his size and mould of his person, to the gravity of his motion, and the tune of his voice and delivery. He had a fair reputation in arms, of which he gave an early testimony in his youth, in some encounters in Spain and Italy, and afterwards in an action in the Mediterranean Sea. In a word, he had all the advantages that nature and art, and an excellent education, could give him; which, with a great confidence and presentness of mind, buoyed him up against all those prejudices and

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disadvantages, as the attainder and execution of his father for a crime of the highest nature; his own marriage with a lady, though of an extraordinary beauty, of as extraordinary a fame; his changing and re-changing his religion; and some personal vices and licences in his life, which would have suppressed and sunk any other man, but never clouded and eclipsed him, from appearing in the best places and the best company, and with the best estimation and satisfaction."

Cowley dedicated to Sir Kenelm Digby his comedy of "Love's Riddle," composed when the poet was a Westminster scholar: he addresses him:—

> "While you, great Sir, two laurels wear, and are
> Victorious in peace as well as war;
> Learning, by right of conquest, is your own,
> And every liberal art your captive grown."

Whatever may be Sir Kenelm's merit as an author, his magnificent donation of books to the Bodleian Library at Oxford will ever procure for him the gratitude of the learned. His death took place on the 11th of June, 1665, at the age of sixty-two. He desired, by his will, to be buried in the same vault with his wife, and that no inscription should be placed on his tomb.*

* There is a view of Venetia's tomb in the "Antiquarian Repertory."

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SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

Summary of Sir John's Character—His Precocity—His Military Service under Gustavus Adolphus—His Wit and Showy Person—Costliness of his Entertainments—His Conduct as a Gambler—His Fondness for the Game of Bowls—The Goddess of his Poetry—Affray between Suckling and Sir John Digby—Suckling's Cowardice—One of his Frolics in company with D'Avenant and Jacob Young—Suckling's Merit as a Poet—His Prose—His splendid Troopers—Their dastardly Flight from the Enemy—Lampoons on the Occasion—Suckling accused of Treason—His Flight into France—Singular Circumstances attending his Death.

THE delight of the Court and the darling of the Muses, Suckling was one of the sweetest poets, the most refined gentleman, and perhaps the wildest and most reckless cavalier of the age in which he lived. Among the younger of Charles's followers there were many who, in proportion as the Puritans cropped their hair closer, and affected an increased sourness in their looks, considered it imperative on their part to add to the gaudiness of their attire, and to startle by the dissipation of their lives. Of these sprightly reprobates one of the most conspicuous was Suckling. Though his reputation as a poet has faded in the eyes of posterity, the story of his life is fortunately not without interest.

The poet was the son of Sir John Suckling, one of the principal Secretaries of State in the reign of James I., and afterwards a Privy Councillor, and Comptroller of the Household, in the reign of Charles. The father is spoken of as a person of great gravity: Aubrey, however, very slightly speaks of him as a "dull fellow;" and informs us that "the wit came by the mother."

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His gifted son, according to Lloyd, was born at Witham, in Middlesex, in April, 1613; though the writers of the "Biographia Dramatica," without quoting their authority, state that he was baptised at Twickenham, in February, 1608-9. As his death is generally reported to have taken place either in his twenty-ninth or thirtieth year, the period at which Lloyd fixes his birth is probably correct.* When only eleven years of age he was sent to the University of Cambridge, where he remained three or four years. Like most persons of a vivacious genius, he appears to have quitted the University without having taken a degree. He is said, however, to have conversed in Latin when only five years old.

Shortly after leaving Cambridge, he set out on his travels over Europe, and eventually made a campaign under the celebrated Gustavus Adolphus, during which he was present in three battles and five sieges. He returned to England with somewhat of foreign effeminacy in his manners, but with an openness of heart, a sprightliness of conversation, and, we are sorry to add, an utter recklessness of conduct, which distinguished him to the close of his short career.

His agreeable discourse, his exquisite love-poetry, and showy person, rendered him an especial favourite with the ladies of the Court. Aubrey styles him an "extraordinary and accomplished gentleman;" and adds, that "he was incomparably ready at reparteeing; and his wit was most sparkling when set upon and provoked." As long as his finances lasted, he presented a splendid figure at the Court of Charles. His entertainments were costly in the extreme. One in particular is mentioned, to which

* However, Anthony Wood states, that at the decease of his father, in March, 1627, he was nineteen, which would certainly place his birth in 1608.

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none but the young and the beautiful appear to have been invited. The last service was fantastic enough: on the covers being removed from the dishes, they were found to contain, not the delicacies of the season, but a profusion of silk stockings, gloves, and garters. When his play of "Aglaura" was acted at Court, Suckling thought proper to provide the splendid dresses of the actors out of his own purse: there was no tinsel, we are told, but all was "pure gold and silver." Such lavish expenditure must of course very soon have reduced a moderate fortune to its lowest ebb; and accordingly after a time, as we are informed, there was not a single shopkeeper who would trust him with the value of a sixpence.

Suckling was not only an inveterate gamester, but, it is to be feared, resorted to very dishonourable practices to insure success. Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, informed Pope, on the authority of Lady Dorset, that Suckling had bribed the principal card-makers at Paris to attach certain marks to their cards, which, being known only to himself, gave him, of course, a very great advantage over his victims.* Like all gamblers, he was affluent at one time and a beggar at another. He always, however, affected the most splendour when in the greatest distress; contending that it had the effect of raising his spirits.

He was a skilful player at bowls, at that time the most fashionable game in England. The great resort of the bowlers was Piccadilly Hall,† a place then far removed

* Spence's Anecdotes, p. 89.

† Lord Clarendon describes it "as a fair house for entertainment and gaming, with handsome gravel walks with shade, and where was an upper and lower bowling-green, whither very many of the nobility and gentry of the best quality resorted, both for exercise and conversation." The hall itself stood at the north-east corner of the Haymarket.

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from the bustle of the metropolis, but which has since given a name to one of our principal streets. On one occasion, we find his sisters following him to this place while he was engaged in his favourite pastime, and entreating him, with tears in their eyes, not to risk their all. In his "Session of the Poets" Suckling himself alludes to his delight in the game:—

> Suckling next was called, but did not appear;
> But straight one whispered Apollo i' the ear,
> That of all men living he cared not for 't,
> He loved not the Muses so well as his sport;
> And prized black eyes, and a lucky hit
> At bowls, above all the trophies of wit.
> And Apollo was angry, and publicly said—
> 'Twere fit that a fine were set on his head.

The goddess of his poetry was Lady Frances Cranfield, daughter of Lionel first Earl of Middlesex, and wife of Richard Sackville fifth Earl of Dorset. As she was only seventeen at the time of her marriage, it is probable that her intimacy with Suckling commenced after that event; she was, indeed, scarcely twenty-one when Suckling died. As Lady Dorset survived till 1692 (at which period she must have been in her seventy-third year), she became the contemporary of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, to whom she related some of the scandal of former times. The Duke told Pope that so vain was she of her intimacy with Suckling that, whenever he addressed any verses to her, she herself used to send them to the printer. He added, that she took a singular pride in boasting of the familiarities which had passed between them.*

Aubrey mentions a Countess of Middlesex, with whom Suckling had been in love, and on whom he had

* Spence, p. 90.

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squandered several thousand pounds. This must be a mistake. There was only one Countess of Middlesex, a contemporary of Suckling, and, unhappily, that lady was the mother of his idol. As Lady Dorset, however, afterwards became sole heiress of her brother Lionel, third Earl of Middlesex, and as her son Charles eventually united the titles of Dorset and Middlesex in his own person, this close connexion of names probably led Aubrey into the error.

Notwithstanding his having served in a campaign under the great Gustavus, Suckling appears to have been but little suited for the profession of arms. The result of a quarrel which he had with Sir John Digby, brother to Sir Kenelm, places his personal courage in a very questionable point of view. Suckling, it seems, supported by two or three friends, suddenly set upon Digby as he was leaving the theatre; a dastardly mode of revenge not unfrequently resorted to at that period. The Poet was slight in his person, while Digby was one of the most powerful men, and one of the best swordsmen, in England. The consequence was, that the latter, with only the aid of his servant, gallantly crossed swords with his assailants, and, without much difficulty, put them to a disreputable flight.

In a letter from Mr. Garrard to the Earl of Strafford, dated 10th November, 1634, the motives for Suckling's unjustifiable attack upon Digby are thus related. "I come now to a rodomontado of such a nature as is scarce credible. Sir John Suckling, a young man, son to him that was Comptroller, famous for nothing before, but that he was a great gamester, was a suitor to a daughter of Sir Henry Willoughby's in Derbyshire, heir to a thousand a year. By some friend he had in court, he got the King to write for him to Sir Henry Willoughby,

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by which means he hoped to get her; for he thought he had interest enough in the affections of the young woman, so her father's consent could be got. He spoke somewhat boldly that way, which coming to her knowledge, she entreated a young gentleman, who also was her suitor, a brother of Sir Kenelm Digby's, to draw a paper in writing which she dictated, and to get Sir John Suckling's hand unto it; therein he must disavow any interest he hath in her, either by promise or other ways. If he would undertake this, she said, it was the readiest way he could use to express his affection to her. He willingly undertakes it, gets another young man, a Digby, into his company, and having each of them a man, goes out upon this adventure, intending to come to London where he thought to find him; but meeting Suckling on the way, he saluted him, and asked him whither he was going; he said on the King's business, but would not tell him whither, though he pressed him, if not to Sir Henry Willoughby's? He then drew forth his paper and read it to him, and pressed him to underwrite it; he would not, and with oaths confirms his denial. He told him he must force him to it. He answers, nothing could force him. Then he asked him whether he had any such promise from her as he gave out: in that he said he would not satisfy him. Mr. Digby then falls upon him with a cudgel, which being a yard long, he beat out upon him almost to a handful, he never offering to draw his sword; Suckling's two men standing by and looking on. Then comes in Philip Willoughby with his man, a proper gentleman, a man held stout, and of a very fair reputation, who was assistant to this Suckling in all his wooing business. Mr. Digby presses him also to avow, by word of mouth, that Suckling had no such interest in his kinswoman as he pretended. He denies

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to do it; whereupon he struck him three or four blows on the face with his fist. They then cried out that they were the King's messengers, and that they should have some other time to speak with them. This report comes quickly to London; Sir Kenelm Digby comes to Hampton Court before the King comes up; to his friends there avows every particle of this business. Since, Suckling and Philip Willoughby are both in London, but they stir not. Also Sir Henry Willoughby and his daughter are come hither, Lawrence Whitaker being sent by the King for them. One affront he did them more, for finding them the next day after he had so used them, in a great chamber at Sir Henry Willoughby's, he asked the young gentlewoman, what she did with such baffled fellows in her company? Incredible things to be suffered by flesh and blood, but that England is the land of peace." *

The world laughed at the Poet, and the ill-natured delighted in his discomfiture. At an entertainment, given shortly afterwards by Lady Moray, he was taxed by his mistress Lady Dorset with having run away, and, we are told, "some other ladies had their flirts." His hostess perceiving his discomposure, kindly drew towards him: "Well," she said, "I am a merry wench, and will never forsake an old friend in disgrace, so come and sit down my me, Sir John." He of course obeyed her. His wit and good-humour sparkled as before, and he again became the delight of the company.†

What man is there of so little taste or imagination, with whom the romance of the past has not at times predominated over the reality of the present! Who is there that has not dreamed himself into the society of

* Strafford Letters, vol. i., p. 337.

† Aubrey's Letters of Eminent Men, vol. ii., p. 551.

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former days! There is in the retrospect of every age a kind of literary oasis, a particular knot of gifted beings, to whose eloquence it would have been rapture to listen, or in whose social mirth it would have been delight to join. To have drunk sack with Shakspeare and his brother actors; to have made a third with Ben Jonson and Drummond of Hawthornden; to have listened to the wild wit of Charles, Buckingham, Rochester, and Killegrew; to have dived into Will's and Button's; to have associated with Pope, Swift, Bolingbroke and Atterbury, or in later times with Johnson, Burke, Reynolds and Garrick; who is there that has not imagined some such intellectual treat, and perhaps improved himself by the contemplation?

There are some who will consider it an affront to such names as the above, to speak of Suckling, D'Avenant, Lovelace, and Carew. But wit will always have its charms; and, moreover, at a period when there was a more universal religious as well as political gloom than perhaps ever pervaded a country:—when the people were sad because it was the fashion, and the courtiers because trappings and revellings were in danger;—the gay meetings, the wild humour and jollity of the cavalier poets, presented a striking contrast to the moroseness of the age.

One of their frolics is related by the gossiping Aubrey. Suckling, D'Avenant, and Jacob Young, had agreed upon accompanying each other on a journey of pleasure to Bath. Having provided themselves with a handsome carriage, a good supply of books, and several packs of cards, they travelled by easy stages; passing the first night at Marlborough. While strolling on the Downs, they came upon some country girls, who were drying clothes upon bushes. Young was struck with the beauty

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of the prettiest of them, and, having found an opportunity of whispering his admiration in her ear, he persuaded her to promise to meet him at midnight. Unluckily for him, their conversation was overheard by his friends who were on the other side of the hedge, and who laid their plans accordingly.

It was their custom every night to play at cards till a late hour: this night, however, Young pretended to be fatigued, and retired early to his chamber. The landlady shortly afterwards entering the parlour with supper, Suckling and D'Avenant put on very long faces. Their poor friend, they told her, had his mad fit coming on him, and as it was very probable that about twelve he would become outrageous, they beseeched her to lock the doors of his apartment, and to have a powerful ostler in readiness to prevent him from destroying himself. About midnight, the occupants of the inn were disturbed by a violent uproar. Young, finding himself locked in, had managed to break the door open, and was proceeding down stairs in hopes of being in time for his appointment, when he was encountered by the ostler. The fellow, prepared at all hazard to prevent his egress, told him to bear God in mind and not to think of self-destruction. A good deal of bewilderment followed, which ended by the ostler actually forcing back Young into his room. In the mean time, the kind-hearted landlady, imagining him weak and dispirited, had brought a "porringer of cawdle" to comfort him: Young, however, was so exasperated at his disappointment, and at the ill-timed attention of the landlady, that he threw the porridge in her face. Suckling and D'Avenant are described as almost dying with laughter at the success of their joke.

Considering that his literary productions consist of the scattered and careless verses of a fine gentleman,

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Suckling has great merit as a poet. With the exception of the beautiful love verses of Sedley, and the fine lyrics of Waller, there are none of his school that can compete with him. He has as much wit and poetry as either Rochester, Carew, Dorset or Lansdowne, and more nature than any one of them. Though much of his Session of the Poets has lost its point with modern readers, it is still rich in wit and humour. His verses on Lady Carlisle are as smoothly versified, and have as much real beauty, as anything in the language: his ballad also on a wedding, supposed to be Lord Orrery's, has great merit:—

> "I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
> Where I the rarest things have seen, &c."

But what can exceed the description of the bride, as she is supposed to be represented by a gaping rustic to his friend?—

> "The maid, and thereby hangs a tale,
> For such a maid no Whitson-ale
> Could ever yet produce;
> No grape that's kindly ripe could be
> So round, so plump, so soft as she
> Nor half so full of juice.
>
> Her finger was so small, the ring
> Would not stay on which they did bring,
> It was too wide a peck.
> And, to say truth, for out it must,
> It looked like the great collar, just,
> About our young colt's neck.
>
> Her feet beneath her petticoat,
> Like little mice stole in and out,
> As if they feared the light.
> But oh! she dances such a way
> No sun upon an Easter day,
> Is half so fine a sight.

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He would have kissed her once or twice,
But she would not, she was so nice,
She would not do it in sight;
And then she looked as who should say,
I will do what I list to-day,
And you shall do it at night.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison,
Who sees them is undone;
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin;
Compared to that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly;
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small when she does speak,
Thoud'st swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours or better,
And are not spent a whit."

His "Dream," besides possessing considerable merit as a poem, is perhaps the origin of a conceit which has since become extremely popular. The song, "Why so pale and wan, fond lover?" is still a universal favourite. Of Suckling's prose, his "Account of Religion by Reason," addressed to Lord Dorset, is a remarkable production; proving that the most dissipated have their moments of reflection, and that the gamester, the drunkard, and the debauchee, have at least their conceptions of right and wrong. The letters, published as Suckling's, are without merit. The wit is over-strained, and the sentiment frequently unnatural.

Suckling not only accompanied his royal master in his

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expedition against the Scots, but also raised a splendid troop, at the expense of twelve thousand pounds, for the service of the Crown. His men were well armed and horsed; and, in their "white doublets, scarlet breeches, and scarlet coats, hats and feathers," appear to have been the admiration of the fair sex. Their efficiency in the field, however, seems in no degree to have corresponded with the gallantry of their appearance. In an encounter with the enemy on the English border, it was not their lace alone that was tarnished. In fact, no sooner did danger meet them face to face, than Suckling and his gaudy troopers,—at whose recent departure from London casements had been thrown open, and white handkerchiefs had waved—very unceremoniously took to their heels. It was on this occasion that his former friend, Sir John Mennes (the poetical admiral) composed his once celebrated ballad. It was adapted to a gay tune; and not only became popular with the Parliamentary party, but for many years afterwards was sung by those, who had, perhaps, never so much as heard of Suckling or his disaster. The following is another song on the same subject. It is less known, and not without merit:—*

"Sir John got on a bonny brown beast,
To Scotland for to ride-a;
A brave buff coat upon his back,
A short sword by his side-a:
Alas, young man, we Sucklings can
Pull down the Scottish pride-a.

He danced and pranced and pranked about,
Till people him espied-a;
With pye-ball'd apparel, he did so quarrel,
As none durst come him nigh-a.
But soft, Sir John, ere you come home,
You will not look so high-a.

* Vox Borealis, or the Northern Discoverie, 4to. 1641.

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Both wife and maid and widow prayed,
To the Scots he would be kind-a;
He stormed the more, and deeply swore,
They should no favour find-a.
But if you had been at Berwick and seen,
He was in another mind-a.

His men and he, in their jollity,
Did quarrel, drink, and quaff-a!
Till away he went like a Jack of Lent;
But it would have made you laugh-a,
How away they did creep like so many sheep,
And he like an Essex calf-a.

When he came to the camp he was in a damp,
To see the Scots in sight-a,
And all his brave troops, like so many droops,
They had no heart to fight-a;
And when the alarm called all to arm,
Sir John he went to ——— a.

They prayed him to mount and ride in the front,
To try his courage good-a;
He told them the Scots had dangerous plots,
As he well understood-a;
Which they denied, but he replied,
It's shame for to shed blood-a.

He did repent the money he spent,
Got by unlawful game-a,
His curled locks could endure no knocks,
Then let none go again-a;
Such a carpet knight as durst not fight,
For fear he should be slain-a."

The lampoon of Sir John Mennes commences,—

"Sir John he got on an ambling nag,
To Scotland for to go,
With a hundred horse, without remorse,
To keep ye from the foe.

No carpet knight ever went to fight,
With half so much bravado:
Had you seen but his look, you would swear on a book,
He'd conquer a whole armado," &c.

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About two years after this event, we find Suckling taking a very active part in Lord Strafford's projected escape from the Tower. Unfortunately for him, the plot was discovered by the Commons, who, after an investigation of the circumstances, voted him guilty of treason.* Suckling fled into France, in which country he survived his escape only a few days. According to Spence, who quotes Pope as his authority, his death was attended by some singular circumstances:—"Sir John Suckling," he says, "died about the beginning of the civil war. He entered warmly into the King's interests, and was sent over to the continent by him, with some letters of great importance to the Queen.† He arrived late at Calais, and in the night his servant ran away with his portmanteau, in which were his money and papers. When he was told of this in the morning, he immediately inquired which way his servant had taken; ordered his horses to be got ready instantly; and, in putting on his boots, found one of them extremely uneasy to him; but, as the horses were at the door, he leaped into his saddle, and forgot his pain. He pursued his servant so eagerly, that he overtook him two or three posts off; recovered his portmanteau, and soon after complained of a vast pain in one of his feet, and fainted away with it. When they came to pull off his boots, to fling him into bed, they found one of them full of blood. It seems, his servant, who knew his master's temper well, and was sure he would pursue him as soon as his villany should be

* Rushworth, Trial of Strafford, pp. 746—755. For Suckling's share in Strafford's projected escape from the Tower, see Maseres's Select Tracts, vol. i., p. 28.

† This is a mistake:—The Queen did not quit England till the 23rd of February, 1642, more than nine months afterwards. According to May, in his History of the Parliament, Suckling left London on the 5th of May, 1641.

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discovered, had driven a nail up into one of his boots in hopes of disabling him from pursuing him. Sir John's impetuosity made him regard the pain only just at first, and his pursuit hurried him from the thoughts of it for some time after: however, the wound was so bad, and so much inflamed, that it flung him into a violent fever, which ended his life in a very few days. This incident, strange as it may seem, might be proved from some original letters in Lord Oxford's collection."

Oldys received the same story from Lord Oxford himself. In his MS. notes on Langbaine, in the British Museum, there is the following insertion:—"Recollect where I have got down the story my Lord told me he had from Dean Chetwood, who had it from Lord Roscommon, of Sir John's being robbed of a casket of gold and jewels, when he was going to France, by his valet, who, I think, poisoned him, and so stuck the blade of a pen-knife in Sir John's boot to prevent his pursuit of him, as wounded him incurably in the heel besides. 'Tis in one of my pocket-books; white vellum cover, I think; the white journal that is not gilt." Aubrey's account differs materially from those both of Pope and Oldys: he says that Suckling, being in a most destitute condition in France, destroyed himself by taking poison: he adds, that he died "miserably with vomiting," and that he was buried in the Protestant church-yard at Paris. In how deep a mine is truth concealed! From these conflicting accounts we can glean little more than that the once brilliant Suckling died under peculiar circumstances of distress in a foreign land. His death is stated to have taken place on the 7th of May, 1641, only two days after his flight from England. Suckling sat at least on one occasion to Vandyke, and there is also a portrait of him in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

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SIR JEFFERY HUDSON.

Parentage of this Dwarf—He is presented by his Father to the Duchess of Buckingham, who commends him to the Service of Queen Henrietta—His absurd Pride—He is sent by the Queen on an Errand to Paris—His Reception by the Ladies of the French Court—He is seized by the Dunkirkers on his Return to England—Sir Jeffery's Irritability—His Challenge to Mr. Crofts, and its fatal Result—Sir Jeffery taken Prisoner, and sold as a Slave—He is implicated in the Popish Plot—His Death in Prison.

Sir Jeffery Hudson, whose name has been immortalised by the greatest writer of romance of modern times, was born in 1619, at Oakham, in Rutlandshire,—"the least man in the least county." His father was a broad-shouldered, broad-chested person of the common height. Jeffery himself was only eighteen inches high in his eighth year, and is said to have grown no taller till he was past thirty, when he shot up to be three feet nine inches. Notwithstanding his inferiority in stature, he was well proportioned and not ungraceful.

His father, who had charge of the "baiting-bulls" of George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, presented his son to the Duchess when he was in his ninth year, and about his nineteenth inch. The Duchess dressed him in satin, and had two tall men to attend him. It was on an occasion of Charles the First and Henrietta paying a visit to the Duke of Buckingham, at his seat, Burghley on the Hill, that the well-known incident occurred of the little fellow being served up at table in a cold pie. As soon as he stepped forth, the Duchess presented him to Henrietta, in whose service he ever

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afterwards remained. He was twice painted by Vandyke in attendance on the Queen.

Fuller says,—"It was not long before he was presented in a cold baked pie to King Charles and Queen Mary* at an entertainment; and ever after lived, whilst the Court lived, in great plenty therein, wanting nothing but humility, (high mind in a low body,) which made him *that he did not know himself, and would not know his father;* and which by the King's command caused justly his sound correction: he was, though a dwarf, no dastard." It was at one of the Court masques, that the King's gigantic porter drew him from his pocket, to the astonishment of the guests.

Sir Jeffery, as he grew older, forgot that it was merely his deformity which had brought him into notice, and, despising his father, the bull-baiter, began to consider himself a personage of importance. Probably he was really clever, and he was undoubtedly trustworthy. Previous to one of her accouchements, we find Henrietta despatching him to Paris for the purpose of bringing back a midwife. He was much petted by the Queen Mother of France and the ladies of her Court, who heaped presents on him to the value of 2500*l.* Unfortunately, while on his way back to England, in company with the midwife and the Queen's dancing-master, he was seized by the Dunkirkers, and stripped of all he possessed. His misfortune was celebrated by Sir William D'Avenant, in an amusing poem entitled Jeffreidos, or the Captivity of Jeffery. The scene is laid at Dunkirk, and describes a fight between the little gentleman and a ferocious turkey-cock, from whose rage Sir Jeffery is snatched by the midwife. The principal fault of the poem is its

* Henrietta Maria.

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length. The encounter between Jeffery and his feathered adversary is thus described:—

"—— Jeffery straight was thrown; whilst faint and weak,
The cruel foe assaults him with his beak.
A lady midwife now, he there by chance
Espied, that came along with him from France.
'A heart nursed up in war, that ne'er before
This time (quoth he) could bow, doth now implore;
Thou, that deliveredst hast so many, be
So kind of nature to deliver me.'
But stay! for though the learn'd chronologer
Of Dunkirk, doth confess him freed by her;
The subtler poets yet, whom we translate
In all this epic ode, do not relate
The manner how; and we are loth at all
To vary from the Dutch original."

There is in the British Museum a work of remarkably diminutive size, entitled, "The New Year's Gift, presented at Court from the Lady Parvula to the Lord Minimus, commonly called Little Jeffery." It was printed in London in 1636. After a number of indifferent jokes and some wretched pedantry, it concludes:—"In *short*, who desireth not in debt to be as *little* as may be, and what a rare temper is it in men of *descent* not to be ambitious of *greatness:* even in the *highest* matters which men attempt, how commonly the most do come *short*, and in their *greatest* business effect but *little*. And, therefore, as it was said of Scipio, that he was *nunquam minus solus quam cum solus*, never less alone than when alone; so it may be said of you, excellent abstract of greatness, that you are *nunquam minus parvus quam cum parvus*, never less little than when little. I hope you will pardon me if in my style I have used a *little* boldness and familiarity, you knowing it to be so commendable, and that it is *nimia familiaritas*, great

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boldness only, which breedeth contempt; especially since you are no stranger, but of my own country; though some, judging by your stature, have taken you to be a *low*-countryman. Many merry new years are wished unto you by, The sworn servant of your

Honour's perfections,

PARVULA."

At the time when Henrietta had so narrow an escape from the guns of the Parliamentary ships at Burlington, we find Sir Jeffery in close attendance upon her: moreover, when she subsequently quitted England to escape from the fury of the Commons, he was one of the companions of her flight. The partiality, however, of his royal mistress seems to have proved no safeguard to him against the jokes of the courtiers, and the ridicule of the royal servants. The gigantic porter was his especial abhorrence. At length, completely exasperated by the system of annoyance to which they exposed him, he seems to have determined to make an example of the next offender. His irritability proved of fatal consequences to one of his tormentors. Mr. Crofts, a young man of good family, having teased the little gentleman beyond bearing, Sir Jeffery sent him a challenge. Crofts most insultingly appeared at the place of appointment with a squirt in his hand. Sir Jeffery was so extremely enraged, that a real meeting was agreed upon, at which both parties were to appear on horseback, armed with pistols. At the first shot, this Elzevir Achilles shot his persecutor dead. He was imprisoned in consequence, but probably escaped with a short incarceration.

Soon after this he was taken prisoner by a Turkish vessel, and sold as a slave among the Moors. His captivity must have been of brief duration, for we find

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him a captain of horse in the civil wars. When the royal cause became hopeless, he again followed the Queen into France, where he remained till the Restoration. He had probably embraced the religion of his royal mistress, for in 1682, in the decline of life, he was implicated in the absurd Popish plot, and was committed to prison. He died shortly afterwards, in the sixty-third year of his age, a prisoner in the Gate-house, Westminster.* In Newgate-street, over the entrance to a small court, on the north side of the street may still be seen (1855) a small sculpture in stone on which are engraved the figures of William Evans, the King's gigantic porter, and by his side the redoubtable Sir Jeffery. There is an engraving of the sculpture in Pennant's London, and, at Hampton Court, an original picture of Sir Jeffery by Mytens.

* Fuller's Worthies, vol. ii., p. 243; Walpole's Works, vol. iii., p. 152, &c. &c.

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OLIVER CROMWELL.

CHAPTER I.

Character of Cromwell—Apartment in which he was born — His Infancy—He is snatched from his Cradle by a Monkey—Notorious for robbing Orchards — His narrow Escape from Drowning — He is visited by an Apparition—Singular Prediction of his future Greatness—Performs the Part of Tactus in the Play of the Five Senses—Attempts to degrade him as a Person of mean Birth—His supposed Relationship to Charles the First.

One of the weaknesses of human nature is a disposition to derogate from the genius and merits of a great man, according as his political principles happen to differ from our own. The virtues and capacity which were denied to the hero or the statesman in his lifetime, are too often handed down to us, discoloured by prejudice and party feeling. On the other hand, the encomiums of his worshippers are usually no less exaggerated. There is no medium between eulogium and execration; no feeling in common between the panegyrist and the detractor. The one would award a halter, the other a laurel; the one the pillory, the other a triumph.

Considering the difficulty we find in reconciling the administrative acts of Cromwell with the political creed of any particular party, and, consequently, the improbability that he should have been the idol of any one faction more than another, he has, nevertheless, had an extraordinary share of adulation as well as obloquy. And yet,

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what party is there that should naturally recognise him as their head? Not the royalist, for he overthrew monarchy; not the whig, for he perverted the representative system, governed with a standing army, and left an exhausted, where he had found an overflowing, treasury. Still less should he be a favourite with the republicans; inasmuch as he deserted the party which had exalted him, and, having thrown down the ladder by which he had mounted to power, would willingly have installed himself in that very kingly office which he himself had been among the first to declare "unnecessary, burthensome, and dangerous."

Although the portrait of Cromwell has been sketched by many a masterly hand, his true character still continues to be almost as great an enigma as it is a wonder. Who, indeed, can pretend to form a just estimate of one whose whole life was a contradiction; whose tools were often the vices and weaknesses of mankind; who assumed humility while he aimed at greatness; who eulogised liberty, yet ruled with the sword; and who fought against monarchy, yet made himself a despot? But, whether we regard him as a patriot or a tyrant, who will deny to Cromwell that almost supernatural genius which awed and still dazzles mankind? That a mere country gentleman, without wealth, eloquence, and the many accomplishments by which the world is captivated, should have destroyed an ancient monarchy, and have brought his sovereign to the scaffold; that, at a period of life when most men prepare to retire from the stage, he should have come forward and thrust aside the many great and wise men who already occupied the arena; that he should have won battle after battle, and have reduced a powerful empire by the sword; that the mere servant of the domineering Commons should have risen to be their

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master; that he should have created a peerage, and nominated parliaments, at his will; that he should have raised the national glory to a pitch of splendour unexampled in its annals; that the princes of the earth should have trembled at his name; that he should have been able to bequeath three kingdoms with his dying breath, and have insured their tranquil possession by his heir;—who is there whom even so brief a summary of genius and greatness will not strike with admiration and wonder?

Cromwell was born at Huntingdon, on the 25th of April, 1599, and was christened four days afterwards, as appears by the parish registers which are still extant, in the parish church of St. John's in that town. The site of the house in which he was born is still pointed out to strangers, but of the house itself not a vestige is to be traced. It has, indeed, been twice rebuilt since the days of Cromwell.

Had the Protector been born to a crown, doubtless many signs and wonders would have been recorded as taking place at his birth, and many stories have been handed down to us, proving the eccentric precocity of his talents. A single anecdote, and that a very idle one, is related on the authority of Dr. Scott's MSS. When a mere infant in arms, his grandfather, Sir Henry Cromwell, it is said, having sent for him to Hinchinbrooke, then the family seat of the Cromwells, a mischievous monkey entered the apartment, and, snatching up the baby, flew with him in his arms to the roof of the house. Sir Henry and the nursery-maids were of course in the utmost consternation, and feather-beds were in immediate requisition to break his fall. Fortunately, however, the monkey descended of his own accord, and restored the "fortune of England" to the terrified inmates of Hinchinbrooke.

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His schoolmasters were a Rev. Mr. Long, of Huntingdon, and afterwards a Dr. Beard of the same place, the latter of whom is described as a very severe castigator.

The enemies of Cromwell, not satisfied with maligning his character and conduct in the days of his splendour, were mean enough to rake up half-forgotten scandal, with the view of throwing obloquy even over his boyhood. They usually describe him as having been a very obstinate, mischievous, wrong-headed boy, always under the lash or in disgrace; a "robber of orchards;" a regular "*apple dragon;*" a plunderer of dove-houses, "stealing the young pigeons," says Heath, "and eating and merchandising of them." The same vindictive writer relates another trait of Cromwell's boyhood, which, however, may probably be true. He had his fits of learning, according to Heath, and would occasionally study hard for a week, though afterwards he would be idle for months. Bolingbroke, Rochester, and other gifted men, are said to have coquetted in a similar manner with their genius.

Cromwell, in his boyhood, was once in imminent danger of being drowned, having been with difficulty saved by a Mr. Johnson, a clergyman. Many years afterwards, they encountered each other in the streets of Huntingdon, when the hero of Marston Moor was at the head of his Ironsides. Cromwell recognised his benefactor, and reminded him of the circumstance. "I remember it," said the old man; "but I would rather have put you into the water, than seen you in arms against your King."

There is another story connected with the Protector's boyhood, to which the name of Clarendon adds some weight. It would appear that he was one night lying

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in bed and awake, when a gigantic figure drew the curtains of his bed, and assured him that he should one day be the greatest man in England: the phantom, however, made no allusion to his ever becoming King. Heath, in his "Flagellum," in some degree varies the relation: "'Twas at this time of his adolescency," he says, "that he dreamed, or rather a familiar instincted him, and put into his head that he should be King of England." According to this writer, the boy insisted so pertinaciously on his having seen the vision, that his schoolmaster, Dr. Beard, at the especial desire of Cromwell's father, gave him a sound flogging for his impudence and vanity. It is certain that in his days of greatness Cromwell more than once alluded to the dream of his youth. Lord Clarendon says, "it was generally spoken of, even from the beginning of the troubles, and when he was not in a posture that promised such exaltation." He adds, that when the crown was subsequently offered to Cromwell, he revolved in his mind the words of the apparition with perplexity and doubt.

This story recals another scarcely less remarkable. "It happened," says Heath, "as was then generally the custom in all great free-schools, that a play called *The Five Senses* was to be acted by the scholars of the school, and Oliver Cromwell, as a confident youth, was named to act the part of Tactus, the Sense of Feeling; in the personification of which, as he came out of the tyring-room upon the stage, his head encircled with a chaplet of laurel, he stumbled at a crown purposely laid there, which, stooping down, he took up and crowned himself therewithall, adding beyond his cue some majestical mighty words." The title of this play, which is reprinted in Dodsley's collection, is "Lingua, or the Combat of

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the Tongue and the Five Senses for Superiority." * The following scene is the one referred to by Heath.

Tactus. 'Tis wondrous rich, but sure it is not so;
Do I not sleep, and dream of this good luck?
No, I am awake and feel it now.
Whose should it be?

(*He takes up the Crown.*)

Mend. Set up a *si quis* for it.

Tactus. Mercury, all's mine own, here's none to cry half's mine.

Mend. When I am gone.

Scene 6. *A Soliloquy.*

Tactus. Tactus, thy sneezing somewhat did portend!
Was ever man so fortunate as I,
To break his shins at such a stumbling-block?
Roses and bays, back hence; this crown and robe
My brows and body circles and invests:
How gallantly it fits me! sure the slave
Measured *my* head that wrought this coronet.
They lie who say complexions cannot change,
My blood's ennobled, and I am transformed
Into the sacred temper of a king.
Methinks I hear my noble parasites
Styling me Cæsar, or great Alexander,
Licking my feet, and wondering where I got
This precious ointment. How my pace is mended!
How princely do I speak, how sharp I threaten!
Peasants, I'll curb your headstrong impudence,
And make you tremble when the lion roars;
Ye earth-bred worms! O for a looking-glass!
Poets will write whole volumes on this change.
Where's my attendants? Come hither, sirrah, quickly,
Or by the wings of Hermes—

Whether the part of Tactus was the especial choice of Cromwell, or whether it was selected for him by others,

* "Lingua; or the Combat of the Tongue and the Five Senses for Superiority. Anon. 4to. 1607." Winstanley attributes it to Anthony Brewer.—*See Biog. Dram.*, vol. iii., p. 372.

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the coincidence between this passage and the events of his after-life is equally singular. It may be remarked, as in some degree tending to corroborate the truth of the story, that the preface to the first impression of the play purports it to have been originally performed at Trinity College, Cambridge, and afterwards at the Free Grammar School, at Huntingdon.

There is no meanness to which the political bigot will not descend, and accordingly, we find numerous unworthy attempts made by Cromwell's contemporaries to degrade him as a man of mean birth. The mighty genius of this extraordinary person is so far above the mere question of ancestry, that it would be folly to dwell long on the subject. It is certain, however, that his secretary, Milton, when he speaks of him, in his Latin Panegyric, as of noble and illustrious birth, is not far from the truth. That his connections were highly respectable there can be no question. He was related to the St. Johns, Barringtons, and Hampdens, and his forefathers had been sheriffs for Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire at different periods, from the reign of Henry the Eighth. They were the possessors also of considerable landed property, and were long the masters of Hinchinbrooke. Cromwell himself tells us, in one of his speeches,—"I was by birth a gentleman, neither living in any considerable height, nor yet in obscurity;" a definition which seems exactly the truth.

There is a favourite theory of the indefatigable Noble, that a relationship existed between Charles the First and Cromwell; the mother of the Protector having been a Stuart. As Noble took considerable pains on the subject, and, indeed, felt fully satisfied of the reality of the relationship, we feel tempted to insert the following genealogical table.

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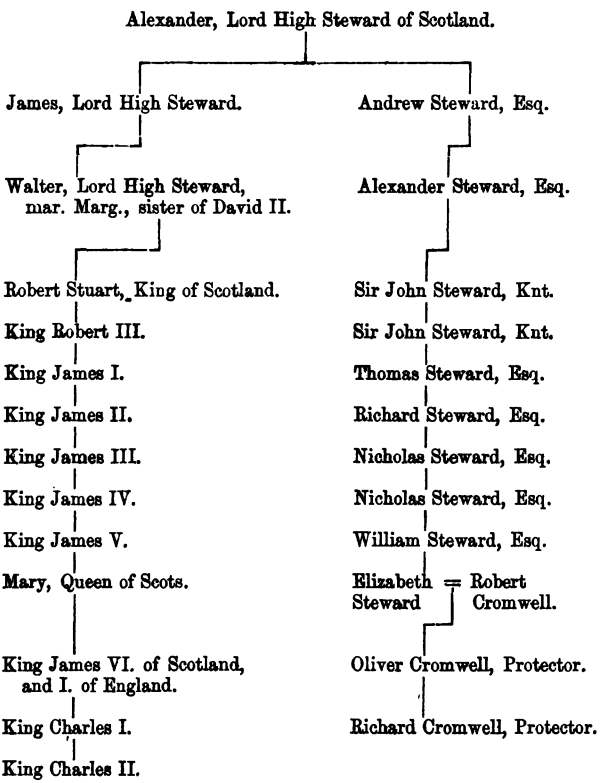

It would appear, from this table, that Charles and Cromwell were ninth cousins, once removed, and that Charles and the Protector Richard were tenth cousins. There were certainly no prejudices of consanguinity. Horace Walpole mentions as a "marriage extraordinary," that the *descendants* of Charles the First and Cromwell intermarried in the fourth degree. There may possibly have been such a marriage through the Hydes, but we

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have not been able to trace it out. The connection of Cromwell with the blood-royal is far from being a modern question of dispute. Anthony Wood says,— "His mother was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Richard Steward, Knt., whence 'twas that, when Oliver gaped after the Protectorship, it was given out by those of his party, that he was descended of the royal blood, and had right to the crown of England."

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CHAPTER II.

Refutation of Cromwell having been a Brewer—Lampoons on the Subject—His early Profligacy—He is entered at Sydney College, Cambridge—Removal to the Inns of Court—Associates with Roysterers and Drunkards—Becomes the Terror of the "Ale-Wives" of Huntingdon—His Marriage—Reformation in his Conduct—His Religious Melancholy and Fanaticism—Cromwell takes a Farm at St. Ives—Failure of his agrarian Speculations—Removes to Cambridge—Subscribes in Favour of the Republican Cause—Prevented from emigrating to America—Hampden's Foresight of his future Greatness.

THE question, whether Cromwell or his father were ever actually engaged in trade as brewers, has given rise to much more controversy than it deserves. The fact would be of little importance but for the extraordinary height to which Cromwell afterwards attained, and also as enabling us to understand the lampoons and other literary curiosities of the period. One or two of these trifles are not unamusing. By the author of "Oliver's Court," Cromwell is described,—

> "As fickler than the city ruff,
> Who changed his brewer's coat to buff;
> His dray-cart to a coach, the beast
> Into two Flanders mares at least;
> Nay, hath the art to murder kings,
> Like David, only with his slings."

The following pasquinade has more merit:—

> "A brewer may be a *burgess* grave,
> And carry the matter so fine and so brave,
> That he the better may play the knave,
> Which nobody can deny.

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A brewer may be a *parliament man*,
For there the knavery first began,
And brew most cunning plots he can,
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may put on a *Nabal* face,
And march to the wars with such a grace,
That he may get a *Captain's* place,
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may speak so wondrous well,
That he may rise (strange things to tell),
And so be made a *Colonel*,
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may make his foes to flee,
And raise his fortunes so that he
Lieutenant-General may be,
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may be all in all,
And raise his powers both great and small,
That he may be a *Lord General*,
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may be like a fox in a cub,
And teach a lecture out of a tub,
And give the wicked world a rub,
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer, by his excise and rate,
Will promise his army he knows what,
And set upon a college gate,*
Which nobody can deny.

Methinks I hear one say to me,
Pray why may not a brewer be
Lord Chancellor o' th' University?
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may be as bold as Hector,
When as he had drunk his cup of nectar:
And a brewer may be a *Lord Protector*,
Which nobody can deny.

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* This is obscure.

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Now here remains the strangest thing,
How this brewer about his liquor did bring,
To be an *Emperor* or a *King*,
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may do what he will,
And rob the Church and State, to sell
His soul unto the Devil in Hell,
Which nobody can deny."

Coke informs us, that when his father was once asked whether he was acquainted with the Protector,—"Yes," he said, "and his father too, when he kept his brew-house in Huntingdon." That Robert Cromwell, the father, purchased the brewery is undoubted, but that he was ever engaged in the trade appears to be at least doubtful. That his illustrious son never carried on the business is admitted even by his arch-maligner Heath.

If we were to credit the contemporaries, or rather the enemies of Cromwell, the early period of his life was passed in idleness and profligate society. Dugdale says, —"In his youth he was for some time bred up in Cambridge, where he made no great proficiency in any kind of learning; but then and afterwards, sorting himself with drinking companions, and the ruder sort of people, (being of a rough and blustering disposition,) he had the name of a Roysterer amongst most that knew him." According to Sir Philip Warwick, "the first years of his manhood were spent in a dissolute course of life, in good fellowship and gaming." And Wood tells us, "that his father dying whilst he was at Cambridge, he was taken home, and sent to Lincoln's Inn to study the common law, but making nothing of it, he was sent for home by his mother, became a debauchee, and a boisterous and rude fellow."

On the 23rd of April, 1616, the day on which Shake-

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speare breathed his last, Cromwell, at the age of seventeen, was entered at Sydney Sussex College, Cambridge.* According to Hume, "his genius was found little fitted for the calm and elegant occupations of learning, and consequently he made small proficiencies in his studies." Dugdale also tells us, in less graceful language, that at Cambridge, Cromwell was far "more famous for foot-ball, cricket, cudgelling, and wrestling, than for study." He remained at the University about a year.

From Cambridge, Cromwell is said to have removed to one of the Inns of Court in London. According to Anthony Wood and Noble, he was entered in Lincoln's Inn, but neither on the books of that, nor of any other of the Inns of Court, does there appear any trace of his name. According to that most bigoted of all bigoted scribblers, Heath, the future Protector was at this period a frequenter of taverns and the companion of drunkards; and, moreover, when after a residence of two or three years in London, he returned to his widowed mother, it was as a finished and roistering profligate. According to the further accounts of Heath, Cromwell's subsequent conduct, on his return to his native place, was no less discreditable than it had been in London. He describes him as quarrelling in ale-houses; as having been a terror to the "ale-wives" of Huntingdon; playing at quarter-staff with "tinkers, pedlars, and the like;" and, moreover, "seizing upon all women he met in his way on the road, and perforce ravishing a kiss."

* Some zealous royalist has inserted in the College Register, between Cromwell's name and the next entry, the following words:—*Hic fuit grandis ille impostor, carnifex perditissimus, qui, pientissimo rege Carolo I. nefariâ cæde sublato, ipsum usurpavit thronum; et tria regna, per v. ferme annorum spatium, sub Protectoris nomine, indomitâ tyrannide vexavit.*

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That these charges against Cromwell, if not totally untrue, are at least grossly exaggerated, there cannot be the slightest question. That in early life he was fond of playing at quarter-staff, and that he may have been led into one or two venial frolics, is not impossible. But even had he been guilty of still graver delinquencies, who is there so bigoted as not to make allowances for the effervescence of youthful spirits; or what Christian is there who will not give him the greater credit for the victory which he subsequently obtained over his affections, and the sincere contrition which he both felt and expressed?

On the 22nd of August, 1620, at the age of twenty-one, Cromwell united himself to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Bouchier, Knight, of Essex.* They were married in St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, the same interesting edifice which contains the bones of his future Latin secretary, the illustrious Milton. The following entries, recording these two memorable events, appear in the parish books:—

"Oliver Cromwell to Elizabeth Bouchier."

"John Milton, gentleman, consumption, chancel."

It was about the period of his marriage, that Cromwell is stated to have become an altered man, and to have reflected on his former transgressions with deep remorse. The change appears at first to have plunged him into a deep religious melancholy. His physician, Dr. Simcott, informed Sir Philip Warwick, that "his patient was a most splenetic man, and had fancies about the cross which stood in the town; and that he had been called up

* Her name was a respectable one, and her fortune considerable; but it would seem she was in no way related to the Earls of Essex of the same name.

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to him at midnight and such unseasonable hours, very many times, upon a strong fancy which made him believe he was then dying."

Cromwell was now residing on a farm which he had taken at St. Ives; where, according to Heath, he was so entirely absorbed in heavenly concerns, that his earthly ones prospered but indifferently. He is said to have engaged his household so many hours in morning prayer, that it was usually nine o'clock before his labourers went to their work; and even then, perceiving how little their master concerned himself with his temporal interests, instead of performing their task, they contented themselves with turning up a furrow or two, and then passed the greater part of the remainder of the day in playing at cards. That his worldly interests suffered, is the best proof of Cromwell's sincerity. He had at this time a chapel behind his house at St. Ives, in which he frequently held forth in person to a congregation of enthusiasts whose religious convictions coincided with his own.

Although he had now become a Separatist, we find Cromwell still entrusted with the common parochial offices, and occasionally attending the parish church. Secession had not then been carried to its extreme length, and accordingly, for some time after his having adopted the principles of the Puritans, we find him still living on friendly terms with some of the most eminent divines of the Church of England. Cromwell is said to have been long remembered by the congregation of St. Ives, from his wearing a piece of red flannel round his neck to protect him from the atmosphere. He was subject to inflammation of the trachea, and it was, probably, the dampness of the country around, as much as the failure of his agrarian speculations, which eventually drove him from the neighbourhood. During his residence at St.

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Ives, he is said to have made every possible exertion to defray the debts which he had contracted before his marriage. Heath, who has either the folly or the want of candour to question the genuineness of his conversion, nevertheless relates an anecdote which reflects indirectly much credit on Cromwell's delicate scruples of conscience. "Having," says Heath, "some years before won 30*l.* of one Mr. Catton, at play, meeting him accidentally, he desired him to come home with him and receive the money, telling him that he had got it by *indirect and unlawful means*, and that it would be a sin in him to detain it any longer; and did really pay the gentleman the said 30*l.* back again." If we omit the words "indirect and unlawful," the anecdote is probably not entirely untrue.

Whatever his youthful delinquencies may have been, that Cromwell subsequently reverted with deep regret to certain incidents in his early career, there can be little question. In 1638 he writes to his relation Mrs. St. John: —"One beam in a dark place hath exceeding much refreshment in it; blessed be His name for shining upon so dark a heart as mine. You know what my manner of life hath been! Oh! I lived in and loved darkness, and hated the light. I was a chief, the chief of sinners. This is true: I hated godliness, yet God had mercy on me. Oh, the richness of his mercy! praise him for me; pray for me, that he who hath begun a good work would perfect it to the day of Christ."

According to Dugdale, Cromwell, on leaving his farm at St. Ives, retired to some "*mean lodgings*" at Cambridge. This is far from being a solitary insinuation of Cromwell's poverty. There is something especially paltry in attacking a great genius, and such a genius too, merely because he was *poor*. But, in fact, there is no proof that

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Cromwell ever was in such distress. It was shortly, indeed, after leaving St. Ives that his maternal uncle, Sir Thomas Steward, bequeathed him a large property in the neighbourhood of Ely; and, moreover, we find him contributing, about this time, so liberal a donation as 500*l.* towards quelling the Irish insurrection, besides another sum of 100*l.* in support of the republican cause.

The fact is well known that Cromwell was once on the point of quitting England for ever. To the non-conformist, the enemy of control, and the discontented of all classes, America, at this period, offered a vast field of unrestraint, and no indifferent means of subsistence. Many Puritans, and others, had already flocked there; and it was undoubtedly the policy of Charles to encourage such migration. The story is well known that at one time the government detained eight ships in the river, on board of which were Sir Arthur Hazelrig, Rich, Hampden, Pym, and Oliver Cromwell! Although the truth of this story is more than questionable, yet there can be no doubt of Cromwell having at least on one occasion contemplated quitting England for ever. In 1641, when the grand remonstrance of the Commons against the general grievances of the nation was carried at three o'clock in the morning by a majority of only nine, we find Cromwell, on the House breaking up, confiding to Falkland what had previously been his intentions. If that "remonstrance had not passed," he said, "he would have sold all he had the next morning, and never have seen England more;" and he added, "he knew many other honest men of the same resolution."*

Cromwell must have possessed considerable claims on the suffrages of his fellow-townsmen, since we find him

* Cromwelliana, p. 2.

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the representative of his native town in Parliament at the age of twenty-nine. He was returned as member for Huntingdon in 1628, and again for Cambridge in 1640. It was undoubtedly owing to the influence of Hampden that he was elected for the latter place. That celebrated patriot had early entertained a high opinion of Cromwell's talents. One day, meeting Lord Digby going down the Parliament stairs,—"Pray," said his Lordship, "who is that sloven, for I see he is on our side by his speaking so warmly to-day?" "That sloven," said Hampden, "whom you see before us, who hath no ornament in his speech: that sloven, I say, if we should ever come to a breach with the King, which God forbid! in such a case, I say, that sloven will be the greatest man in England."

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CHAPTER III.

Cromwell's Indifference as to Dress—Rudeness of his Manners—His personal Infirmities caricatured—He is the first to take up Arms against the King—His Regiment of *Ironsides*—Their Discipline and good Conduct—Cromwell beloved by the common Soldiers—His first Military Exploit—Battle of Marston Moor—Cromwell's Narrow Escape from being killed—The second Engagement at Newbury—Cromwell's Personal Encounter with a Cavalier Officer—Anecdote of Fairfax at the Battle of Naseby—Cromwell's rapid Successes—Accused of Cowardice by his Enemies.

In the early part of his career, Cromwell had been careless in his dress, and dirty even in appearance. As he increased in power, however, he probably considered, like Napoleon, that external appearances have their influence over the minds of men, and consequently grew more nice in his person as he advanced in greatness. Sir Philip Warwick, who had frequent opportunities of observing him, has bequeathed to us two very dissimilar portraits of him, sketched at different periods of his career. "The first time," he says, "that ever I took notice of him, was in the beginning of the Parliament held in 1640, when I vainly thought myself a courtly young gentleman, for we courtiers valued ourselves much upon our good clothes. I came one morning into the house well clad, and perceived a gentleman speaking whom I knew not, very ordinarily apparelled, for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor: his linen was plain, and not very clean; and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar: his hat was without a

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hatband; his stature was of a good size; his sword stuck close to his side; his countenance swollen and reddish; his voice sharp and untunable, and his eloquence full of fervour."

Some twelve years afterwards, Sir Philip Warwick thus varies his description:—"I lived to see this very gentleman," he says, "whom out of no ill will to him I thus describe, by multiplied good successes, and by real but usurped power, having had a better tailor and more converse among good company, in my own age, when for six weeks together I was in his Serjeant's hands a prisoner and daily waited at Whitehall, appear of a great and majestic deportment and comely presence." Dr. South, in his description of Cromwell, agrees with Sir Philip Warwick:—"Who," he says, "that had beheld such a bankrupt beggarly fellow as Cromwell first entering the Parliament House, with a thread-bare torn cloak, and a greasy hat, and perhaps neither of them paid for, could have suspected that, in the course of a few years, he should, by the murder of one King and the banishment of another, ascend the throne, be invested in the royal robes, and want nothing of the state of a King but the changing of his hat into a crown." Later in life, his toilet altered much for the better. In 1653, on an occasion of his dining in state with the Lord Mayor of London, after he had become Protector, we find him magnificently arrayed in "a musk-colour suit and coat richly embroidered with gold."

His manners, at an early period of his political career, seem to have been as rude as his appearance. Lord Clarendon tells us, in his Life of Himself, that, in 1640, "being one of the same committee with him, Cromwell flew into a violent rage, reproached the chairman, threatened the witnesses, and behaved altogether with the

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greatest indecency and rudeness. At last," he adds, "his carriage grew so tempestuous, that the chairman was obliged to reprehend him, and threatened to complain to the House if he persisted in such behaviour." Higgons informs us, in his Short View of English History, that, as early as 1641, before Cromwell was known to fame, Sir Bevil Granville, a Member of Parliament, had conceived such an aversion to him, that he always carefully avoided sitting near him in the House. When asked the reason by his friends, he could hardly account for it, he said, but he had a foreboding that "that ill-looking fellow would kill the King." *

Undoubtedly, at the commencement of his career the appearance of Cromwell must have been far from prepossessing. His frame was robust and ungainly, and impressed the by-stander with the idea of clumsiness and vulgarity. He was of an ungracious aspect; his complexion was muddy, and of a sallow hue, his eyebrows large and bushy, and his nose of a bright red. "Cromwell," says Samuel Butler, "wants neither wardrobe nor armour; his face is natural buff, and his skin may furnish him with a rusty coat of mail."

> "In Cromwell art and nature strive
> Which should the ugliest thing contrive;
> First nature forms an ill-shaped lump;
> And art, to show how good wits jump,
> Adds to his monstrous shape and size
> All sorts and kinds of villainies;
> So that he was by art and nature,
> An ugly, vile, and monstrous creature." †

Thus, we perceive, that not even personal infirmities were sacred from the stupid and brutal malignity that

* Morgan's Phœnix Britannicus, p. 187.
† Butler's Remains, p. 252.

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followed this illustrious man. Even the "ruby nose" of the Protector was productive at the time of much doggrel nonsense and low buffoonery. The "blazing of his beacon nose,"—the "glow-worm glistening in his beak,"—and similar instances of abuse, occur frequently in the pages of the royalist scribblers. This prominent feature in his face was even made to personify the Protector himself, and, accordingly, we find persons, instead of asking how Cromwell was, inquiring after his nose. "Thanks to Cromwell's nose," was a frequent expression; and again, the "Ruby Nose drew his dagger in the house;"—"thanks to the devil first, and next, to Nol Cromwell's nose,"—and "Nose-Almighty made answer," &c. Cleavland says, in his character of a London Diurnal, "This Cromwell should be a bird of prey by his bloody beak." Even the high-minded Marquis of Montrose could condescend to such indifferent ribaldry. Soon after the execution of Charles, we find Montrose asking a new comer to the Hague, "how Oliver's nose did?" "Oliver," says Walker, in his History of Independency, "is a bird of prey, as you may know by his bloody beak." We have seen, however, that Cromwell improved in person as he rose in greatness. The habit of commanding, and of being obeyed, unconsciously induces a dignity of manners even in the least gifted, and sometimes elevates the physiognomy as well as the demeanour. Of this, Cromwell, though a remarkable, is not a solitary instance. In the last years of his life there was much of courtliness in his address, and something commanding and not unkingly in his appearance.

The circumstance is worthy of remark, that Cromwell was one of the first persons who appeared in open arms against his sovereign. His first step was to transmit a supply of arms and ammunition to his native county.

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He shortly afterwards followed in person, and, among the clowns and idlers in the neighbourhood of Huntingdon, laid the foundation of that famous regiment which afterwards bore the proud name of Cromwell's Ironsides. Instead of joining the parliamentary forces with a clownish and undisciplined force, as did half the discontented country gentlemen, he lost no pains in instructing his followers in military tactics; while at the same time he carefully instilled into them that intense religious enthusiasm, which, combined with their efficiency as soldiers, rendered them invincible. He accustomed them to clean their horses, to keep their accoutrements bright, and to pass the night on the ground. Not content with their mere soldier-like appearance, we find him on one occasion resorting to the following characteristic expedient, in order to try their nerves and accustom them to sudden surprise. During one of their musters, he posted in the immediate neighbourhood an ambuscade of twelve men, who at a particular moment rushed forward as if they had been the enemy. It seems that about twenty of his followers rode off as fast as their horses could carry them. Cromwell gave them no other chance of retrieving their lost reputations, but forthwith supplied their places with other recruits.

Within the space of twelve months he had raised a body of two thousand men, whose sobriety and good conduct were as remarkable as their military efficiency.* For an oath, a private was fined twelve pence, and if drunk was set in the stocks. "Cromwell," says Sir

* "As for Colonel Cromwell, he hath 2000 brave men, well disciplined; no man swears, but he pays his twelve pence; if he be drunk he is set in the stocks or worse; if one calls the other roundhead, he is cashiered: insomuch that the countries where they come leap for joy of them, and come in and join them."—*Cromwelliana*, p. 5.

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Richard Baker, in his Chronicle, "kept the armies under him in so exact a discipline, that they rather seemed a body of well governed citizens than soldiers: swearing, profaneness, drunkenness, murder, rapine, uncleanliness, the common vices of other soldiers, were not to be found among his." Cromwell possessed the peculiar art of winning the confidence and affection of his soldiers, and of devoting them to his personal interests. Even when his command comprehended the large forces of the Commonwealth, he sedulously acquainted himself with the names and characters of the private men; he joined with them familiarly in discourse, and sometimes even called them into bed with him, in order to insure greater secrecy to their conversation. He affected to each a strong interest in his individual welfare, encouraging intimacy, we are told, by occasionally clapping them on the shoulder, or playfully boxing their ears. "He was a strong man," said one of his contemporaries, "in the dark perils of war: in the high places of the field, hope shone on him like a pillar of fire, when it had gone out in all the others."

Cromwell, in after years, often reverted, with much pride, to the policy which he had adopted at the commencement of the civil troubles. In his conference with the Parliament, on being offered the title of King, occurs the following curious passage;—"I did labour," he says, "as well as I could, to discharge my trust, and God blessed me, as it pleased him. I had a very worthy friend then, and he was a very noble person, and I know his memory is very grateful to you all; Mr. John Hampden was the person. At my first going out into this engagement, I saw our men were beaten on every hand. I did indeed; and desired him that he would make some additions to my Lord of Essex's army, of some new regi-

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ments. And I told him it would be serviceable to him in bringing such men in as I thought had a spirit, that would do something in the work. *Your troops, said I, are most of them old decayed serving-men, and tapsters, and such kind of fellows; and their troops are gentlemen's younger sons, and persons of good quality. And do you think that the mean spirits of such mean and base fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen that have honour, and courage, and resolution in them? You must get men of a spirit—and take it not ill what I say—of a spirit that is likely to go on as far as gentlemen will go, or else I am sure you will be beaten still.* I told him so; he was a wise and worthy person, and he did think that I talked a good notion but an impracticable one. I told him, I could do somewhat in it: and accordingly raised such men as had the fear of God before them, and made some conscience of what they did. And from that day forward, they were never beaten; but wherever they were engaged against the enemy, they beat continually." This passage is obviously curious on more than one account; but Cromwell had no very high opinion of the vulgar. On the occasion of his setting out on his expedition into Scotland, while followed by the acclamations of the assembled populace, Lambert expressing his gratification that the nation were so evidently on their side—"Do not trust them," said Cromwell; "these very persons would shout as much if we were going to be hanged."

At the time when Cromwell raised his celebrated troop, he had attained to his forty-third year. It took but eleven years more to exalt "the sloven" to the summit of human greatness.

His first exploit with his newly-raised troop was to seize the royal magazine in the castle of Cambridge. The victory of Gainsborough followed in July, 1643;

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and, shortly afterwards, the fights at Winsley Field and Horncastle. After taking Stamford and Burleigh-house, he again marched to Cambridge, where he wrung large sums of money, besides their valuable plate, from the University. From thence he proceeded to Peterborough and Ely. At the latter place he entered the Cathedral during the performance of divine service; and, drawing his sword, gave orders to his cuirassiers to drive the "malignants" out of the edifice.

At the battle of Marston Moor, which was fought on the 2nd of July, 1644, he behaved with distinguished gallantry. It was on this occasion that, from their invincible bravery, his troopers obtained the well-known name of Ironsides. At the first play of the artillery, their leader had a narrow escape from a cannon-ball, which almost grazed his head. Those who were near him imagined, for the moment, that he had been killed: instantly, however, recovering his self-possession, he remarked smilingly that "a miss was as good as a mile."

The second engagement at Newbury took place on the 27th of October, 1644, and on the 14th of June, 1645, was fought the battle of Naseby, in which Cromwell was second in command under Fairfax. His conduct and success in this important action raised him highly in the estimation of the Parliament. Heath relates an incident that occurred during the action, which, as it contains no especial abuse of the hero of the day, may possibly be true. "A commander of the King's," he says, "knowing Cromwell, advanced smartly from the head of his troops to exchange a bullet singly with him, and was with the like gallantry encountered by him; both sides forbearing to come in, till their pistols being discharged, the cavalier, with a slanting back blow of a broad-sword, luckily cut

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the riband which tied his morion, and with a draw threw it off his head; and now, ready to repeat his stroke, his party came in and rescued him, and one of them alighting threw up his head-piece into his saddle, which Oliver hastily catching, as being affrighted with the chance, clapped it the wrong way on his head, and so fought with it the rest of the day."

It was at Naseby that Fairfax, having killed an ensign with his own hand, and possessed himself of his colours, intrusted them to a private soldier till after the close of the engagement. The man subsequently boasting to his comrade, that he had himself won them;—"Let him retain the honour," said Fairfax: "I have to-day acquired enough beside."

Dryden, alluding to the rapid successes of Cromwell at this period, addresses him in the following verse:

> Swift and resistless through the land he passed,
> Like the bold Greek that did the East subdue;
> And made to battles such heroic haste,
> As if on wings of victory he flew.

The fact is certainly somewhat startling that such a man as Cromwell should have been accused of cowardice; and yet Heath, on this occasion, is not a solitary maligner. Lord Hollis, in his Memoirs,* not only charges him with being deficient in courage, but asserts that, on one of the days of the King's trial, the soldiers reproached him with his weakness. His lordship mentions two contemporaries of Cromwell, Major-general Crawford and Colonel Dalbier, who, he says, were not only persuaded of his cowardice, but accused him of it openly and almost to his face. In alluding to this passage in Lord Hollis's Memoirs, Horace Walpole,

* Maseres's Tracts, vol. i., p. 89.

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in his peculiar style, observes,—"From the extreme good sense of his lordship's speeches and letters, one should not have expected that weak attempt to blast Cromwell for a coward. How a judicatory in the Temple of Fame would laugh at such witnesses as Major-general Crawford and a Colonel Dalbier! Cæsar and Cromwell are not amenable to a commission of oyer and terminer."

Lord Hollis, singularly enough, places the scene of Cromwell's timidity at Marston Moor, the loss of which battle was especially attributed by the royalists to the gallantry and generalship of their arch-enemy. Nevertheless, Lord Hollis is not alone in making the imputation; inasmuch as about three weeks after the fight, we find Principal Baillie writing as follows:—"Sheldon Crawford, who had a regiment of dragoons, upon his oath assures me, that at the beginning of the fight Cromwell got a little wound on the neck which made him retire, so that he was not so much as present at the service; but his troopers were led on by David Leslie." There may possibly have occurred some circumstance during the fight which originated these absurd charges, but the whole tenor of Cromwell's military career compels us to reject them as evidence. We must remember that Hollis, though once a friend, was now his avowed enemy, and that Baillie, being a Presbyterian, could have borne but little good will to a zealous Independent. The informants of both were probably the same.

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CHAPTER IV.

Cromwell appointed to the Command in Ireland — He departs from Whitehall with a splendid Cavalcade—Massacres at Drogheda and Wexford—Instances of Cromwell's merciless Disposition — Battle of Dunbar—Treatment of the Prisoners—Scotland indebted to Cromwell for the Introduction of Newspapers—He is attacked by a dangerous Illness—Endeavours to shoot his officers in his Delirium —Battle of Worcester—Cromwell's Election—Marked Alteration in his Behaviour.

When, in 1649, the state of affairs in Ireland rendered it imperative on the Parliament to send her boldest citizen to reduce that country to obedience, Cromwell was selected for this important duty. Accordingly, three Puritan ministers having previously invoked a blessing on his banners, and he himself having expounded the Scriptures to his surrounding friends,* he entered his coach and six, and, followed by his body-guard, drove from Whitehall amidst the cheers of the populace.

His departure, and the stateliness of his cavalcade, are announced in the Moderate Intelligencer, July 10, 1649: "This evening, about five of the clock, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland began his journey, by the way of Windsor and so to Bristol. He went forth in that state and equipage as the like hath hardly been seen; himself in a coach with six gallant Flanders mares, whitish grey, divers coaches accompanying him, and very many great

* A short time before his departure, we find him publicly preaching for three hours in the pulpit of the chapel at Whitehall. There were few of the churches or chapels in London, in which, at this period, either Cromwell or one of his officers did not occasionally preach.

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officers of the army: his life-guard consisting of eighty gallant men, the meanest whereof, a commander or esquire, in stately habit, with trumpets sounding almost to the shaking of Charing Cross, had it been now standing: of his life-guard many are Colonels, and, believe it, it's such a guard as is hardly to be paralleled in the world." He arrived at Dublin on the 15th of August, and subsequently quitted that city, at the head of ten thousand men, on the last day of the month, with the intention of laying siege to Drogheda.

At the sieges, both of Drogheda and Wexford, Cromwell exacted a fearful retribution. Of the terrible slaughter which took place after the fall of the former city, his own despatches,—in which he styles it "the righteous judgment of God,"—afford us the most graphic description: "I *forbade* my soldiers," he says, "to spare any that were in arms in the town, and I think that night they put to the sword about two thousand men." And again he writes: "I believe all the friars were knocked on the head promiscuously but two, the one of which was Father Peter Taaf, brother to the Lord Taaf, whom the soldiers took the next day and made an end of. The other was taken in the round tower." Of the garrison of Drogheda, only one individual escaped.—"During five days," says Lingard, "the streets of Drogheda ran with blood; revenge and fanaticism stimulated the passions of the soldiers; from the garrison they turned their swords against the inhabitants, and one thousand unresisting victims were immolated together within the walls of the great church, whither they had fled for protection." The picture, terrible as it is, scarcely appears to be exaggerated.

Cromwell by nature was certainly not of a blood-thirsty disposition. That he derived, therefore, any barbarous

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satisfaction in the cruelties which he authorised, we cannot believe. Urged on by his fanatical advisers, to whose counsels it would have been dangerous to have turned a deaf ear: presumptuously believing himself to be an instrument of vengeance in the hands of Heaven; determined to strike terror into the hearts of the Irish, and to ensure a rapidity of success whatever might be the cost; and, moreover, as he more than once expresses himself to the Parliament, convinced that one or two such terrible examples would in the end "save much effusion of blood;"—those,—and probably other motives of expediency,—were probably the true causes of that merciless career of bloodshed which has thrown so much obloquy, whether deservedly or not, on his name.

In the month of June, 1660, having gone far by his successes to subjugate Ireland, Cromwell, at the express wish of the Parliament, returned to London. He was received by the populace with the greatest enthusiasm; a large number of the officers of the army hastened to do him honour by meeting him on Hounslow Heath; and at Hyde Park he was met by the Lord Mayor and the train-bands of the city of London, by whom he was conducted in triumph to his apartments in St. James's Palace.

Cromwell had been allowed but a short time for rest, when his services were again required by the state. The Scots having invited Charles II. to resume the ancient sovereignty of the Stuarts, and also having raised an army of 36,000 men for the purpose of invading England, Cromwell was invited by the Parliament to assume the command of the army which was preparing to oppose them. His successes against the Scots, if not so rapid, were at least as eminent as against the Irish. The battle of Dunbar was fought on the 3rd of September, 1650, and on the same day of that month, in the following

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year, was gained the "crowning victory" of Worcester. Previous to the last-named action, Cromwell had been extremely submissive in his letters and despatches to the Parliament. Henceforth, however, it is asserted that his elation knew no bounds, and certainly the despatches in which he announces his successes to the Speaker, Lenthall, are couched in no very submissive terms. It is even stated that it was with some difficulty he could be dissuaded from knighting the principal commanders on the field. Ludlow tells us that his behaviour altered from this period, and that the change was marked and commented on by all about him.

It is singular that Scotland should have been indebted to its arch-enemy Cromwell for the introduction of newspapers. His army, like that of Charles, carried with it its own printer, who was constantly employed in publishing its proceedings, and, of course, in enhancing its successes.

It may be remarked, that while on his northern expedition Cromwell was attacked by an illness which very nearly proved fatal to him. The disorder, which was an ague, continued nearly three months, by which time such was the effect of its ravages, that, in May, 1651, he was compelled to apply to the Parliament for permission to return. The council sent two physicians to attend their sick champion. According to Aubrey, "he pistolled one or two of his commanders, who came to visit him in his delirium." To Bradshaw, Cromwell writes, 24th March, 1651:—"Indeed, my lord, your service needs not me. I am a poor creature, and have been a dry bone, and am still an unprofitable servant to my Master and to you."

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CHAPTER V.

Cromwell's personal Exertions to insure the Execution of Charles—Forces Ingoldesby to sign the King's Death-warrant—His indecent Behaviour in the Court of Wards—Visits the King's dead Body—Anecdotes—Cromwell's love of Buffoonery—His Practice of flinging Cushions at his Friends—Curious Scene at a Banquet at Whitehall—Cromwell's strange Conduct at State Conferences—Encourages Practical Jokes among his Soldiers—Thrown from his Coach-box in Hyde Park—Lampoons on the Subject—His practice of being carried in a Sedan Chair.

THAT Cromwell sat as a judge at the trial of Charles the First, and that he also signed the death-warrant of the ill-fated King, is sufficiently notorious. In addition however to these facts, it has been insisted that he exerted himself personally, and in the most active manner, to ensure the execution of Charles. Among other similar evidence to this effect, that of Wayte, one of the King's judges, must be received with considerable caution. "Cromwell," says Wayte, "went to the House: they were labouring to get hands for his execution at the door. I refused, and went into the House: saith Cromwell, 'those that are gone in shall set their hands; I will have their hands now.'" * Another instance that has been adduced, is the means by which he is said to have obtained the signature of Colonel Ingoldesby, on an occasion of the Colonel entering the Painted Chamber, while Cromwell, and some of the most daring of his party were assembled in consultation. They consisted of such

* Trials of the Regicides, p. 168.

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persons as had either already signed, or were hesitating whether they should affix their signatures to that memorable instrument. "As soon," says Lord Clarendon, "as Cromwell's eyes were on him, he ran to him, and, taking him by the hand, drew him by force to the table; and said, 'though he had escaped him all the while before, he should now sign that paper as well as they;' which he, seeing what it was, refused with great passion, saying, he knew nothing of the business, and offered to go away. But Cromwell and others held him by violence, and Cromwell, with loud laughter, taking his hand in his, and putting the pen between his fingers, with his own hand writ Richard Ingoldesby, he making all the resistance he could." The following is a fac-simile of Ingoldesby's signature, as it appeared in the death-warrant of Charles, and, certainly, from the singular legibility of the characters, there seems no reason to believe that it could have been forcibly obtained.

There is a curious passage in the declaration of Colonel Huncks, in the Trials of the Regicides, which, however, must be received with no less caution than the evidence of Wayte. According to Huncks, on the morning of the King's execution, he happened to enter Ireton's chamber, in which he discovered Colonel Harrison and Ireton in bed together. There were also in the apartment, Cromwell, Colonel Hacker, Colonel Thayer, and Axtell. The warrant for the King's execution having been produced, Hacker commenced reading it, when Cromwell, address-

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ing himself to Huncks, desired him, by virtue of that warrant, to draw up the order to the executioner. Huncks positively refusing, some angry words were the consequence. "Cromwell," he adds, "would have no delay. There was a little table that stood by the door, and pen, ink, and paper being there, Cromwell stepped and writ. I conceive he wrote that which he would have had me to write. As soon as be had done writing, he gives the pen over to Hacker. Hacker stoops and did write. I cannot say what he writ. Away goes Cromwell and then Axtell. We all went out; afterwards they went into another room; immediately the King came out, and was murdered." *

If we are to credit but a very small portion of the statements of his contemporaries, the behaviour of Cromwell, during the closing scenes of Charles's life was, to say the least, strange if not indecent. Although, in the House of Commons, he had professed himself solely instigated by "Providence and necessity," and had lamented, with an unbecoming hypocrisy, the miserable condition of his sovereign, it is insisted that, among his own friends in the Court of Wards, he indecently "laughed, smiled and jeered;" adding;—"I would cut off Charles's head even with the crown on it." The fact of his having jocularly smeared the face of Henry Marten with the pen with which he had immediately before signed the King's death-warrant, and of Marten retorting the miserable jest, is well known.† After the decapitation

* See Trial of the Regicides, pp. 183, 184, 219.

† There is another story, but of more questionable authority, that after the King's death, a lady sending to him to beg a lock of the deceased king's hair,—"No," said Cromwell; "for I swore to him when living that not a hair of his head should perish."—*Biog. Brit. Kippis*, vol. v., p. 526. See also the evidence of Ewer at the trial of Henry Marten, Pennington, and others.—*Trial of the Regicides*, p. 242.

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of Charles, he is said to have paid a visit to the corpse, and, putting his finger to the neck, to have made some remarks on the soundness of the body and the promise which it presented of longevity. According to another account, on entering the chamber he found the coffin closed, and being unable to raise the lid with his staff, he took the sword of one Bowtell, a private soldier, who was standing by, and opened it with the hilt. "Bowtell asking him what government they should have now, he said the same that then was." *

Like every other act of Cromwell's life, his levity on the solemn occasion of the execution of his sovereign had doubtless its origin in motives of deep and hidden policy. Not improbably he hoped, by divesting the action of some of its fearful solemnity, to reconcile his friends more readily to act their parts in the tragedy. That, in his heart, he conscientiously believed he was performing a wise and necessary act;—that he felt, in its full force, the awful responsibility he was incurring;—it is impossible, from our knowledge of his character, to doubt. Sir Purbeck Temple happened to be in the Painted Chamber on the first day of the King's trial, when the news was brought that his Majesty was landing at Sir Robert Cotton's stairs. "Cromwell," he says, "ran to the window to look at him, as he came up the garden, and returned *as white as the wall.*" †

One of the most singular features of Cromwell's character was his real love of buffoonery and of practical jocularity. One of his fancies, which he appears to have practised long after he had become Protector, was to fling cushions and napkins at his friends; a frolic in which he frequently indulged when in an excellent

* Dr. Hutton's MSS. Noble, vol. i., p. 118.

† Trial of the Regicides, p. 242.

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humour, and which he liked to have retorted by any favoured individual. One of these persons was Mrs. Waller, the mother of the poet, and a relation of the Protector and of Hampden. In her widowhood she frequently entertained Cromwell at her house at Beaconsfield; and though (notwithstanding her republican connexions) she was a staunch royalist, she seems always to have been both loved and respected by the great Protector. Sometimes she would tax him frankly with being a usurper, and warn him of the end which he must expect. Thereupon, the Protector, we are told, "used merrily *to throw a napkin* at her in return, and said he would not enter into further disputes with his aunt; for so he used to call her, though not quite so nearly related." *

Even during the discussion of the most serious and important business, these pleasantries were unhesitatingly practised. At the great meeting which was convened at the death of Charles, to deliberate on the form of government which it was most expedient to substitute for monarchy,—"Cromwell," says Ludlow, "having learned what he could of the principles and inclinations of those present at the conference, took up a cushion and flung it at my head, and then ran down the stairs; but I overtook him with another, which made him hasten down faster than he desired." Even in such triflings as these, there was probably some latent policy. Hume says,—"Amidst all the unguarded play and buffoonery of this singular personage, he took the opportunity of remarking the character, designs, and weaknesses of men; and he would sometimes push them, by an indulgence in wine, to open to him the most secret recesses of their bosom."

* Life of Waller, p. 4.

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In a curious, though not very trustworthy, pamphlet, entitled "The Court and Kitchen of Mrs. Joan Cromwell," there is a strange, but probably not altogether untrue, account of his conduct at one of the public entertainments at his court. While the sweetmeats were being served, a lady who had been admitted as a spectator, requested Colonel Pride, one of the guests at the same table with Cromwell, to present her with some candied apricots. The gallant Colonel, we are told, "instantly threw into her apron a conserve of wet sweetmeat with both his hands, on which, as if it had been a sign, Oliver catches up his napkin and throws it at Pride, he at him again, while all at the table were engaged at the scuffle: the noise whereof made the members rise before the sweetmeats were set down, and believing dinner was done, go to this pastime of gambols, and be spectators of his Highness's frolics." Similar frolics are recorded to have taken place at the marriages of his daughters, Mrs. Claypole and Mrs. Rich.

History too often condemns, as beneath its dignity, much of what is most agreeable and improving. There is sometimes more to be learnt in the private history even of one of society's degraded out-casts, than in half the falsified pages of the prejudiced historiographer. Moreover, it is in anecdotes of private life that the true motives and springs of action are very often discoverable. Those important state conferences, of which the historian affords but dry details, appear in a very different light, when described by a contemporary and a bystander. Whitelock, who was admitted to the Protector's most secret councils, agreeably introduces us into the arcana. "We would be shut up," he says, "three or four hours together in private discourse, and none were admitted to come in to him. He would sometimes be very cheerful

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with us, and, laying aside his greatness, he would be exceeding familiar with us, and by way of diversion would make verses, and every one must try his fancy; he commonly called for tobacco, pipes, and a candle, and would now and then take tobacco himself. Then he would fall again to his serious and great business, and advise with us in those affairs; and this he did often with us, and our counsel was accepted and followed by him, in most of his greatest affairs."

His frolics and familiarity were not confined to his private friends. Bates tells us,—"he would often make feasts for his inferior officers; and whilst they were feeding, before they had satisfied their hunger, cause the drums to beat, and let in the private soldiers to fall on, and snatch away the half-eaten dishes. The robust and sturdy soldiers he loved to divert with violent and hazardous exercises; as by making them sometimes throw a burning coal into one another's boots, or *cushions* at one another's heads." This familiar intercourse with his humblest followers naturally led to their regarding him as their friend. Whitelock tells us that on one occasion Cromwell and Ireton, having honoured him with a visit, were returning home from his house in the evening, when their coach was stopped, and forcibly examined by the guard. They both gave their names; but the officer on duty not only refused to credit their statement, but even threatened to carry them to the guard-room. Ireton showed a little anger, but "Cromwell," we are told, "was cheerful with the soldiers, and gave them twenty shillings, and commended them and their captain for doing their duty."

It must have been highly entertaining to have seen the "Fortune of England" driving his own coach and six in Hyde Park, attended by a regiment of guards.

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Ludlow says,—"The Duke of Holstein made him a present of a set of grey Friesland coach horses; with which, taking the air in the Park, attended only with his Secretary, Thurloe, and guard of Janizaries, he would needs take the place of the coachman, not doubting but the three pair of horses he was about to drive, would prove as tame as the three nations which were ridden by him; and, therefore, not content with their ordinary pace, he lashed them very furiously. But they, unaccustomed to such a rough drive, ran away in a rage, and stopped not till they had thrown him out of the box, with which fall his pistol fired in his pocket, though without any hurt to himself. Heath, who repeats the story in his "Flagellum" without any material difference, also places the scene in Hyde Park. "The generous horses," he says, "no sooner heard the lash of the whip, but away they ran, with Thurloe sitting trembling inside for fear of his own neck, over hill and dale, and at last threw down the inexpert Governor from the box into the traces." This singular accident nearly cost him his life. In his fall, his legs became entangled in the harness, and for several seconds he remained suspended from the pole of the carriage. Thurloe, in great trepidation, threw himself from the door of the vehicle, but fortunately escaped with only some slight bruises.

This, on a first cursory perusal, would appear to have been one of Cromwell's unaccountable *frolics:* his physician, Bates, however, attributes it to a very different cause. The Protector, it appears, was much troubled with stone and gravel, for which maladies he had been prescribed diuretic liquors, and had been recommended to hasten their effect by using jolting exercise. It was, therefore, his custom, when on horseback, to ride at a rapid pace; and, when taking the air in his coach, to

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select the driving-box, as producing the more violent motion. In his "Chronicle of the Civil Wars," Heath likens Cromwell and Thurloe to Mephistophiles and Dr. Faustus:—"Cromwell," he says, "like Phaeton, fell from his chariot." Many pasquinades were, of course, written on the subject. The following verse, which concludes an amusing song of the period, has some slight merit:—

> Every day and hour hath shown us his power,
> And now he has shown us his art;
> His first reproach was a fall from a coach,
> His next will be from a cart.

The accident took place in July, 1654. Peck, in his Life of Cromwell, quotes an Elegy from Dr. Nalson's MS. Collections,—"On the Lord Protector's being thrown from his coach box." It is, however, of scarcely sufficient merit to be transcribed. In the records of the period, we more than once find the Protector taking the air in St. James's Park in a sedan chair.

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CHAPTER VI.

Installation of the Protector — His Views of Aggrandisement — His general Unpopularity—Ceremonies which attended his Installation —Dines in State with the Citizens of London—Takes Possession of the royal Palaces — Notices of his Removal to Whitehall — Tables provided for his Household—Aspires to the title of King —Consults with his Friends on the Subject—Refuses the Title— His Second Inauguration—Gloom of his Court—Affects greater Magnificence — His Entertainments at Whitehall — Discourages the Visits of the Queen of Sweden—His frequent and prodigal Feasts.

On the 16th of December 1653, Cromwell was solemnly installed Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland. His elevation to this high office seems to have been regarded by the great majority of the people of England with indifference, and by many with suspicion and fear: the shrewd enthusiast, Hugh Peters, had long since predicted that Cromwell would make himself king.

Monsieur de Bordeaux thus writes to the minister de Brienne, on the 29th December, 1653:—"The day on which Cromwell was declared Protector the cannon of the Tower were fired, the soldiers made a *feu de joie*, and bonfires were to be seen before the public buildings, but *the people gave no sign of approbation*." * Again, says the writer of an intercepted letter from Paris, dated 22nd December, 1653:—"We have but little of news, the town being full of discourse of his Highness the Lord

* Von Raumer, History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, vol. ii., p. 387.

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Protector, who, I fear, hath lost much of the affections of the people, since he took the government upon himself; for it was observed, that at the proclaiming of him both at Temple Bar, Cheapside, the New Exchange and Old, except the soldiers, and not all of them, there were not any that so much as shouted, but, on the contrary, *publicly laughed and derided him*, without being taken notice of." *

The ceremony of installation took place in Westminster Hall. After a "seeking of the Lord," the Protector, about one o'clock in the afternoon, issued from his apartments at Whitehall, and entered his coach of state. He was surrounded by his body-guard, and attended, in their several coaches, by the two Lords Commissioners of the Privy Seal, the Barons of the Exchequer, the Judges in their robes, the Council of the Commonwealth; the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, and the Recorder of London, in their scarlet gowns; and the chief officers of the army. Lastly came the Protector, habited in a black suit and cloak, with long boots, and a broad band of gold round his hat. King Street, through which the procession passed, was lined on each side with soldiers. In the hall was spread a splendid carpet, on which was a chair of state. Standing on the left side of it, between the two Lords Commissioners, Cromwell remained uncovered till the articles, by which he bound himself to govern the three kingdoms, had been read, when, raising up his eyes and his right hand to heaven, he solemnly accepted and subscribed them in the face of the court. He then covered himself and sat down in the chair of state; the great officers of the Commonwealth, who were ranged on each side of him, covering them-

* Thurloe, vol. i., p. 641.

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selves at the same time. The ceremony concluded with the Lords Commissioners delivering to him the Great Seal, and the Lord Mayor presenting him with the sword and cap of maintenance, all which he immediately returned to them. The court then rose, and the Protector, preceded by the Lord Mayor carrying the sword, returned to Whitehall. The procession again assembled in the Banqueting House, and, after listening to an exhortation delivered by Lockyer, they dispersed to their own homes.

The formalities, usual at the commencement of a new reign, were resorted to at the Installation of the Protector. All patents and commissions were renewed; he received the congratulations of foreign Ambassadors, in the Banqueting House at Whitehall, seated on a magnificent chair of state; and it was made high treason to compass the life or government of the Protector. He also took possession of the palaces of Whitehall, Hampton Court, and Windsor, which were severally fitted up with great magnificence for his reception.

A few weeks after his elevation, we find the Protector entertained by the citizens of London with all the honours which, for centuries, they had been accustomed to pay to their sovereigns on their accession. Monsieur de Bordeaux writes to de Brienne, 23rd of February, 1654:— "On his solemn entry into the city he was received like a King: the Mayor went before him with the sword in his hand, about him nothing but officers who do not trouble themselves much as to fineness of apparel; behind him the Members of the Council in state coaches, furnished by certain lords. The concourse of people was great; wheresoever Cromwell came a great silence; the greater part did not even move their hats. At the Guildhall was a great feast prepared for him, and at the table

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sat the Mayor, the Councillors, the Deputies of the army, as well as Cromwell's son and son-in-law. Towards the foreign Ambassadors the Protector deports himself as a king, for the power of kings is not greater than his." Again, de Bordeaux writes a few weeks afterwards:—"Some say he will assume the title and prerogatives of a Roman emperor. In order to strengthen his party he deals out promises to all parties. It is here, however, as everywhere else; no government was or is right in the people's eyes, and Cromwell, once their idol, is now the object of their blame, perhaps their hate." *

The contemporary notices of the removal of the Protector to the stately apartments of Whitehall are not without interest:—"April 13, 1654. This day the bedchamber, and the rest of the lodgings and rooms appointed for the Lord Protector in Whitehall, were prepared for his Highness to remove from the Cockpit on the morrow."—"His Highness, the Lord Protector, with his lady and family, this day (April 14) dined at Whitehall, whither his Highness and family are removed, and did this night lie there, and do there continue."—"April 15. His Highness went this day to Hampton Court, and returned again at night."†

The event is thus announced in the Weekly Intelligencer:—"The Privy Lodgings for his Highness the Lord Protector in Whitehall are now in readiness, as also the lodgings for his Lady Protectress; and likewise the privy kitchen, and other kitchens, butteries, and offices: and it is conceived the whole family will be settled there before Easter.

* Von Raumer, History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, vol. ii., pp. 387, 388.

† Several Proceedings in State Affairs, April 13th to 20th, 1654.

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"The tables for diet prepared are these:—

A table for his Highness.
A table for the Protectress.
A table for Chaplains and Strangers.
A table for the Steward and Gentlemen.
A table for the Gentlemen.
A table for coachmen, grooms, and other domestic servants.
A table for Inferiors, or sub-servants.*"

It is singular that the only attempt in which this extraordinary man is known to have been defeated, was in his endeavour to obtain the empty title of King. That he was eager in the pursuit seems to be as undoubted, as that he was confident of success: Welwood even asserts, that a crown was actually manufactured by the goldsmiths and delivered at Whitehall. Long before the question of elevating Cromwell to the throne of the Plantagenets became a subject of discussion by the legislature, the people of England appear to have entertained a very strong suspicion that this was the real object of his ambition. The Commonwealth was only in its first year, when a pamphlet was seized at Coventry, entitled "The Character of King Cromwell;" in the House of Commons we find Henry Martyn playfully but significantly addressing him as "Your Majesty;" and again, M. de Croullé writes to Cardinal Mazarine, on the 14th of June, 1651:—"According to the belief of many persons, Cromwell is carrying his ideas beyond what would be warranted by the most reckless ambition." The question of raising Cromwell to the throne seems to have been first introduced in Parliament by Colonel Jephson, and was not unfavourably received by the House. Cromwell afterwards inquired of this person how he could be induced to propose such a

* Weekly Intelligencer, March 14th to 21st, 1654.

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measure? Jephson replied artfully,—"As long as I have the honour to sit in Parliament, I must follow the dictates of my own conscience, whatever offence I may be so unfortunate as to give you." Cromwell gave him a playful blow on the shoulder. "Get thee gone," he said;—"get thee gone for a mad fellow, as thou art."

Eventually a bill was formally introduced into Parliament by Alderman Pack, one of the city members, for conferring on the Protector the solemn title of King. There was at first considerable agitation in the House: the motion was opposed by a number of persons of various interests, and Pack was violently forced to the bar. After a discussion, however, which took place a few days afterwards, the bill was carried, and, in April, 1657, a committee was appointed to propose it to the Protector, and, in the event of his declining the honour, to reason with him on his scruples.

It was not till the last moment, that Cromwell seems to have made up his mind to reject the coveted honour. Many motives probably influenced his decision: the principal one, however, seems to have been the indignant opposition which he was certain to meet with from the army, whom he himself had taught to detest the name of King. Moreover, his Major-generals were furiously opposed to his elevation; his own connexions threatened to desert him; and rumours were afloat that his assassination would be the certain consequence. It was a popular saying at the time, that if the nation *must* return to monarchy, it were better to recall the rightful heir. Why then, it will be asked, did he risk the chance of defeat by permitting the question to be submitted in Parliament; for that it had his sanction there can be no doubt? To this we can only oppose the presumed fact,

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that Cromwell himself was in doubt till the last moment. It may also have been the case that he was not unwilling to have the credit of rejecting the proffered dignity; or possibly, by familiarising the minds of men to the question, he hoped to carry the point in the event of a future and more favourable opportunity presenting itself.

Certain it is, that the discussion of the subject in Parliament originated with the Protector himself; and, moreover, that he had sifted the opinions of several influential persons, long before the question was canvassed by the legislature. Among these persons were Whitelock; Dr. Browning, Bishop of Exeter; and the Marquis of Hertford. When Whitelock,—after having brought forward every argument he could think of, to induce him to resist the dangerous temptation,—at length left him, it was with the conviction that he had produced the effect he desired on the mind of the Protector. Cromwell, however, never again received him on the same terms of intimacy, and shortly afterwards, by conferring on him an honourable appointment, found means to remove him out of the way. Whitelock tells us that the Protector's nearest relations, and especially his daughter, Mrs. Claypole, admitted to him that this was the true secret of his unwelcome advancement. When Cromwell put the question to the Bishop of Exeter:—"My advice," replied the prelate, "must be in the words of the gospel;—'Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's.'" The account of his discussion with the Marquis of Hertford is equally curious, but the details are too lengthy for insertion.*

Among others whom he also consulted at this important crisis, were Lord Broghill, Thurloe, and Pierrepoint.

* See Hearne's Appendix to the Chronicon de Dunstable, vol. ii., p. 832.

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Calamy, an eminent city divine, was also pressed for his advice. The latter replied warmly, that the measure was no less illegal than it was impracticable. "But pray," said Cromwell, "how impracticable?"—"Why," returned Calamy, "'tis against the voice of the nation; there will be nine in ten against you."—"But what," said the Protector, "if I should disarm the nine, and put the sword in the tenth man's hand: would not that do the business?"

Another circumstance which seems to have determined Cromwell in rejecting the crown was the uncompromising opposition of his near connexions, Fleetwood and Desborough, of whom the one had married his daughter, the other his sister. Cromwell on one occasion invited himself to dine at the house of the latter, for the express purpose, it would seem, of gleaning the private opinions of his powerful relatives on this important subject. Proceeding with his usual caution, he commenced, we are told, to "droll with them about monarchy, and said it was but a feather in a man's cap; and therefore wondered that men would not please children, and permit them to enjoy their rattle." Both Fleetwood and Desborough, however, were far too bigoted republicans to connive at his ambitious views, and, accordingly, Cromwell, finding he could make no impression on them, contented himself with styling them "a couple of precise scrupulous fellows," and took his leave. The day before the offer of the crown was actually made to him by the Parliament, we find him taking an opportunity of walking with them in St. James's Park, and again entering upon the subject. After many arguments on both sides, Fleetwood and Desborough, convinced, from the tenor of his conversation, that he had already made up his mind on the subject, formally tendered him their commissions. They were resolved, they

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said, never to serve a King: they foresaw the evils which would follow his elevation, and, though they certainly would not bear arms against him, yet they must hereafter decline carrying them in his service.*

There were no doubt many military officers of rank, who would have followed the example of these unbending republicans. Indeed Colonel Mason actually presented a petition at the bar of the House of Commons, signed by about thirty officers of the army, in which these sturdy veterans solemnly protested against a re-establishment of that monarchy, for the subversion of which they had so often shed their blood; and implored the House to remain steadfast to the "old cause." Colonel Pride, it is even said, told Cromwell to his face, that if he accepted the crown he would shoot him with his own hand.

Cromwell having reluctantly refused the crown, it was determined that he should be again installed in the Protectorship. The ceremony took place in Westminster Hall, on the 26th of June, 1657, with increased magnificence. On the former occasion he had worn a simple dress of black velvet, but we now find him clad in robes of purple lined with ermine, and with the sceptre in his hand; the heralds proclaiming him, by sound of trumpet, Protector of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Hollis, Whitelock, Ludlow, and Warwick, alike bear testimony, that Cromwell affected magnificence as he increased in years. They allude, however, rather to the obsequious respect which he exacted from foreigners, as well as from his own people, than to the mere outward trappings of state. It is probable, however, that he would have no less affected the latter, but for the jealousy which it would have excited in the minds of the repub-

* Burnet, vol. i., p. 128.

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licans. He took a pride in the splendid apartments of Windsor and Whitehall; his feasts very nearly approached magnificence; he increased the officers of his household, and also established a guard of halberdiers, clad in handsome though modest attire. Sir Gilbert Pickering was appointed his Lord Chamberlain, and Claypole, his son-in-law, Master of the Horse. The following passage in the "Select Proceedings in State Affairs," April 27 to May 4, 1654, will afford a tolerable notion of one of the Protector's entertainments, as well as of the peculiar manners of the period.

"April 27. The Lord Ambassadors of the United Provinces this day dined with his Highness the Lord Protector at Whitehall, and the Lords of the Council, with some Colonels and other gentlemen, at two tables in the same room; and the Lords Ambassadors, the Lord President, and the Lord Lisle, at the same table with his Highness; and twenty gentlemen were taken into his Highness's life-guard of foot (the whole number is to be threescore), who carried up the meat, and many gentlemen attended; and after dinner there was a banquet. The coats of the guards are grey cloth, with black velvet collars, and silver lace and trimming.—Monday, May 1, was more observed by people going a maying than for divers years past, and indeed much sin committed by wicked meetings, with fiddlers, drunkenness, ribaldry, and the like. Great resort came to Hyde Park, many hundreds of rich coaches, and gallants in attire, but most shameful powdered hair; men painted and spotted women, some men played with a silver ball, and some took other recreation." *

It must be admitted that there was everywhere observ-

* Cromwelliana, p. 140.

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able at the Court of the Protector a special respect for decency and decorum. When Whitelock communicated to Cromwell that the famous Christina, Queen of Sweden, proposed to pay him a visit, he gave it no encouragement. —"He feared," he said, "that the morals of others might be prejudiced by her example." And yet we are assured that such was his admiration of her talents that her picture used to hang in his bed-chamber; and it was even said laughingly, that the Protectress was jealous. Cromwell certainly presented the eccentric Queen with his own likeness, on which occasion, Andrew Marvell addressed a copy of Latin verses to her, commencing,—

Bellipotens virgo ! septem regina Trionum !
Christina ! Arctoi lucida stella poli ! *

Cromwell had taken much pleasure in the conversation of Graef Hannibal Sesthead, a Danish nobleman; but when told that his morality was more than questionable, he declined to have any further communication with him.†

Though extremely abstemious in his own diet, his public entertainments were frequent and prodigal. Every Monday he kept an open table for such officers of his army as had attained the rank of captain, besides a smaller table, every day of the week, for those officers who had come accidentally to court. "With these," says Heath, "he seemed to disport himself, taking off his drink freely, and opening himself every way to the most free familiarity." His entertainments certainly, if not remarkable for their elegance, were on the largest and most hospitable scale. The Parliament was occasionally invited to dine with him in a body. Burton inserts, in his Parliamentary Diary, 18 February, 1657,

* Peck's Life of Cromwell, p. 182. † Whitelock, pp. 599, 627.

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—"Mr. Speaker acquainted the House, that his Highness hath invited all the members of this House to dine with his Highness on Friday next, being the day of public thanksgiving, in the Banqueting House at Whitehall." Heath also mentions the Parliament being "gaudily entertained" by him in the Banqueting House in 1656: it seems, that they had previously heard a sermon in St. Margaret's church, Westminster.

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CHAPTER VII.

De Grammont's Visit to the Court of Cromwell—Respect paid by Foreign Ambassadors to the Protector's Daughters—Cromwell's Love of Hunting—His Intrigues with the Duchess of Lauderdale and Mrs. Lambert — Tact with which he ingratiated himself with others—Anecdotes—Cromwell's Want of Literary Taste and Information—Unsteadiness of his Religious Principles —His Hatred of a Commonwealth — His Views regarding an Established Church—Thought to be the Messiah by the Jews—Feared and respected by Foreign Powers — Mazarine's dread of him—Subserviency of the French and Spanish Monarchs—Anecdotes.

VOLTAIRE speaks of *la sombre administration de Cromwell*, and the same epithet may be applied to his court. To the fastidious eye of de Grammont, it certainly presented but few charms. "Cromwell," says Count Hamilton, "was at his highest pitch of glory when he was seen by the Chevalier de Grammont; but the Chevalier did not see any appearance of a court. One part of the nobility proscribed, the other removed from employments, an affectation of purity of manners, instead of the luxury which the pomp of courts displays; all taken together presented nothing but sad and serious objects in the finest city in the world." Noble tells us that, after Cromwell became Protector, his daughters chiefly resided in apartments in the different royal palaces. Marked attention was paid to them by foreign princes and states; so much so that we are told "that their ambassadors constantly paid their compliments to these ladies, both when they came into, or left the kingdom."

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From such scattered notices we must form our own opinion of the interior of the Protectorate court.

Cromwell was fond of hunting, and, when residing at Hampton Court, frequently followed the diversion, attended by his guards. Occasionally he used to present a buck to the country people who flocked to gaze upon him, with the addition of some money to spend in drink. Whitelock mentions an occasion of the Protector hunting with the Swedish Ambassador at Hampton Court, in 1656.

Another of his tastes was music, of which Heath informs us that he was not only a passionate admirer, but that he maintained several eminent performers in his establishment. Antony Wood, in his Life of Himself, mentions an instance of Cromwell's love of the art, which nevertheless says but little for his ear. It was related to the antiquary, by one James Quin, a student of Christ Church:—"Quin's voice," he says, "was bass, and he had a great command of it. 'Twas very strong and exceedingly trousling, but he wanted skill and could scarce sing in concert. He had been turned out of his student's place by the visitors; but being well acquainted with some great men of those times that loved music, they introduced him into the company of Oliver Cromwell, the Protector, who loved a good voice and instrumental music well. He heard him sing with very great delight, *liquored him with sack*, and in conclusion said,—'Mr. Quin, you have done very well, what shall I do for you?' To which Quin made answer with great compliments, of which he had command with a great grace, that 'your Highness would be pleased to restore me to my student's place;' which he did accordingly, and so kept it to his dying day." In the Mercurius Politicus (No. 350), we find a further instance of the Protector's

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taste for music. Having regaled the House of Commons with "a most princely entertainment, and attended two sermons at St. Margaret's, Westminster, his Highness, after dinner, withdrew to the Cockpit, and there entertained them with rare music, both of instruments and voices, till the evening."

It has been asserted that, notwithstanding his professed sanctity, the charms of female beauty, on more than one occasion, tempted the Protector to outstep the bounds of virtue. The beautiful, witty, eccentric Lady Dysart, afterwards Duchess of Lauderdale, is supposed not only to have been greatly admired by him, but also to have conferred on him her favours. It has even been asserted that she made a boast to her husband, after he had been taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester, that she saved him from the block by submitting to the familiarities of Cromwell. Bishop Burnet says, that "he was certainly fond of her, and his intrigues with her were not a little taken notice of." Their intimacy subsequently gave so much offence to the Puritans, that the Protector was compelled to relinquish his visits.

Another reputed mistress of the Protector was Mrs. Lambert; the wife of his puritanical friend.* Heath

* In a ludicrous sermon, supposed to be "held forth" by Cromwell, he is made to allude to his unsaintly peccadillos, and to Mrs. Lambert in particular, as follows:—"When I lay before Pembroke Castle, my landlady where I quartered, who had once been a Malignant, and then but newly crept into the state of grace; she, I say, had a good soul within her; she was brim-full of the Spirit, and yet she was very handsome, which is strange, for seldom we find a perfection without an imperfection. Commonly, women that are fair without, are either false or foul within; but to me she was neither. And yet I do not speak this to condemn beauty, for it is of singular comfort and good use, and those that be fair may be true and good. But this is *secundum majus et minus*, as the logicians cant: some are better than other some; that is the English of the Latin; and indeed I have found great difference in women. Then again, when I

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says, "The voice of the people was, that she was more familiar with him than the honour of her sex would allow, and that she had some extraordinary kindnesses for him which she had not for her husband." It was said of the Protector, with some humour, that though a great saint he was but a frail vessel. Mrs. Lambert was particularly famous for her godliness, even among the Puritans with whom she lived, and is usually described by them as having been constantly occupied either in praying or singing psalms.

Another instance of the Protector's frailty is confidently related by Gregorio Leti, in his "Life of Cromwell." According to this writer, Cromwell, under promise of marriage, had obtained the affections of a young female at Paris, and became the father of her illegitimate child: as Cromwell, however, never set foot in France, the story requires no further refutation. It may be mentioned, as a singular instance of literary mendacity, that Leti even describes the manner of Cromwell's entertainment by the French Court, and also the details of an imaginary interview he is said to have had with Richelieu.*

came into Yorkshire, I met Mrs. Lambert, the espoused of that honourable and valiant saint, Mr. G. Lambert. She, I say, is a woman, not very fair I confess, but of as large a soul, and as full of the Spirit, as any I ever yet met with. I profess I never knew a woman more endowed with those heavenly blessings of love, meekness, gentleness, patience, and long-suffering, nay, even with all things that may speak her every way deserving the name of a saint: and yet, I say, she was not very beautiful or comely, for she is something foggy and sun-burnt, which is strange in that cold country. But what nature had denied her of ornament without, I found she had within her soul, a devout sweet soul; and God knows, I loved her for it."

* There exist some well-known volumes, entitled "The Life and entertaining Adventures of Mr. Cleveland, Natural Son of Oliver Cromwell." It need scarcely be remarked, that such a person never

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When it suited his purpose, no one knew better than Cromwell how to ingratiate himself with either friend or foe. James the Second tells us, in his Memoirs, that when he fell into the hands of the Parliament at the surrender of Oxford, Cromwell was the only officer present who knelt to him in paying his respects. The gossiping Dr. King relates an amusing anecdote of his studied politeness. When Hillesdon House, near Buckingham, was taken by Cromwell, Sir William Smyth, the governor, stipulated that himself and his garrison should march out with their arms, baggage, &c. As they were passing through the gate, one of the parliamentary soldiers snatched Sir William's hat from his head. The cavalier instantly complained to Cromwell of the fellow's insolence, and the breach of the capitulation. "Sir," said Cromwell, "if you can point out the man, or I can discover him, I promise you he shall not go unpunished. In the mean time (taking off a new beaver hat from his own head), be pleased to accept this instead of your own."

But the civility which he once showed to his uncle and godfather, Sir Oliver Cromwell, a staunch and worthy royalist, terminated somewhat differently. His quarters being in the neighbourhood of Hinchinbrooke, the republican colonel thought proper to pay the old cavalier a visit, accompanied by a strong body of horse. According to Sir Philip Warwick, he at first treated his uncle with great respect: requesting his blessing, and refusing, during the few hours he remained, to keep on his hat in Sir Oliver's presence. The visit ended, however, by his disarming the old gentleman, and carrying away all the plate in the house for the use of the Parliament.

seems to have existed; indeed, the work is altogether a mere tissue of impudence, falsehood, and dulness.

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The Protector, it is said, was an excellent physiognomist, and was seldom deceived in an opinion which he had thus formed.*

Vast as were his natural powers, Cromwell's literary attainments would appear to have been far from considerable. The composition, both of his speeches and letters, is very common-place, and as regards wit, science, learning, and the fine arts, he seems to have possessed as little knowledge as appreciation or taste. Probably he was aware of the good policy of enlisting genius on his side, for Milton, Marvell, and Waller were retained near his person. Whitelock tells us that the Protector sometimes amused himself with making verses. The careless trifles of such a man would have been invaluable to posterity, and we should probably admire him the more, were we certain that he loved the Muses.

Waller's noble Ode to Cromwell is unquestionably the finest panegyrical poem in our language. The indecent haste with which, after the Restoration, Waller eulogised Charles the Second in his wretched verses on "His Majesty's happy Return," is well known. When asked by Charles how it happened to be so inferior to his ode to the Protector, "Your Majesty is aware," he said, "that poets deal best in fiction." The reply is one of the happiest specimens of ready and genuine wit in our language.

According to Burnet, Cromwell was totally ignorant of any foreign language with the exception of a little Latin which he had gleaned in his boyhood, and which he spoke "vitiously and scantily." Waller, however, who was frequently in his society, gives him credit for being "very well read in the Greek and Latin story." This passage is brought forward by the sturdy Harris,

* Carrington, Life and Death of Cromwell, p. 45.

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as a proof of Cromwell's taste for polite literature. He quotes, moreover, the following extract from the Life of Dr. Manton as further authority for his belief in Cromwell's scholarship. "When Cromwell took on him the Protectorship in 1653, the very morning the ceremony was to be performed, a messenger came to Dr. Manton, to acquaint him that he must immediately come to Whitehall. The doctor asked him the occasion, he told him he should know that when he came there. The Protector himself, without any previous notice, told him what he was to do,—*i. e.*, to pray upon that occasion. The doctor laboured all he could to be excused, and told him it was a work of that nature which required some time to consider and prepare for it. The Protector replied, that he knew he was not at a loss to perform the service he expected from him, and opening his study-door, he put him in with his hand, and bid him consider there, which was not above half an hour. The doctor employed that time in looking over his books, which he said was a noble collection." * Even supposing this story to be true, the fact of a man possessing a good library, though it may be regarded as a proof of his taste, affords no direct evidence of his scholarship. Carrington says justly, in his "Life and Death of Oliver Cromwell," that his "greatest delight was to read men rather than books."

Much has been said respecting Cromwell's sincerity in his religious professions; respecting the secret worship

* Thomas Manton, D.D., a Presbyterian Divine and Rector of Covent Garden. Baxter says of Manton, in his Life of Himself, "He was a man of great learning, judgment, and integrity, and an excellent, most laborious, unwearied preacher, and of moderate principles." He was certainly a "laborious preacher;" for he composed no less than 190 sermons on the 119th Psalm, and Archbishop Usher used to style him a *voluminous* one. He was a moderate politician and a good man. See Granger, vol. v., p. 59.—Manton died 18th of October, 1677.

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of his heart, and the form of Church government which, had it lain in his power, he would willingly have preferred. That he was unfixed in his religious views, and that, for political purposes, he occasionally assumed a degree of sanctity which he did not feel, is not unprobable; but that he was ever the sceptic he has been represented, we believe to be utterly false. There can be no question that the repentance of his youth was a real reformation. Still less reason is there to doubt that he died an enthusiast, for the professions of a death-bed are solemn evidence.

So far at least we have an insight into the secrets of his heart. Nevertheless the world will probably ever question whether Cromwell was, in fact, the sincere Christian which he is said to have been by his friends, or whether he was not the accomplished hypocrite in which light he is painted by his enemies. Even more charitable persons will be inclined to doubt at what particular period he was a dissenter, or at what period a devotee. If we are to believe the former, "his rude cant and spiritual simplicity were downright affectation;" if the latter, he was a pious and consistent Puritan to the last moment of his life.

According to Archbishop Tillotson, who married his niece, "his enthusiasm *at last* got the better of his hypocrisy, and he believed himself to be the instrument of God, in the great actions of his power, for the reformation of the world." That Cromwell was actuated through life by deep devotional feelings; that, in the earlier period of his career, he enthusiastically adopted the faith and discipline of the Puritans; that his fanaticism became sobered by his intercourse with the world, and by an extensive intercourse with the good and wise of other sects; that he had the wisdom to perceive that the rigid

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morality and conventional cant of the Puritanical party was incompatible with human nature, and must consequently be merely ephemeral; and, lastly, that he felt the necessity of reorganizing an established church, whether Puritanical or not; these we imagine to comprehend a true summary of Cromwell's religious motives and actions; nor were they unlikely to have induced those charges of versatility, and even of infidelity, of which he has been accused.*

It is highly to the credit of Cromwell that, though himself almost bigotedly wedded to certain spiritual views, he was nevertheless the advocate of religious toleration. He was civil and obliging to men of all sects and all persuasions. He attached to himself Sir Kenelm Digby, though a Roman Catholic; and Brownrig, Bishop of Exeter, he ever treated with confidence, kindness, and respect. On Archbishop Usher he conferred a pension, and buried him when he was dead.† He certainly was no

* The following anecdotes have been related as evidences of gross hypocrisy on the part of Cromwell. They must be received, however, with considerable caution. It used to be related by Waller, the poet, that "in the midst of their discourse a servant has come in to tell them such and such attended: upon which Cromwell would rise and stop them, talking at the door, where Waller could hear them say: 'the Lord will reveal, the Lord will help,' and several such expressions; which, when he returned to Mr. Waller, he excused, saying, 'Cousin Waller, I must talk to these men after their own way;' and would then go on where they left off. This created in Mr. Waller an opinion that he secretly despised those whom he seemed to court."—*Life of Waller*, p. 30. Oliver St. John also related a story, that Cromwell being one day carousing with a party of friends, was told that a person waited to see him on business. He was employed at the time in searching for the cork of a bottle of champagne.—"Tell him," he said, "that we are in search of the holy spirit."

† "The late Archbishop of Armagh dying about a fortnight ago at Ryegate, his Highness was nobly pleased this day, out of an honourable respect to the memory of so pious and learned a champion of the

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leveller, and is said to have hated a Commonwealth so thoroughly, that had he succeeded in obtaining the crown, it was conjectured Episcopacy would have been re-established. He once said to Sir Philip Warwick and Sir Thomas Chichely, in the House of Commons, "I can tell you, Sirs, what I would *not* have, but I cannot what I would."

So wonderful was his career, and so much did his extraordinary rise impress itself on the minds of men, that a noted Rabbi, Jacob Ben Azabel, was actually despatched to England, in order to institute an investigation, whether he was of Jewish descent, and, if so, whether he were not the Messiah. The object of his mission, however, was discovered by the "saints," and Cromwell was compelled to send the Rabbi and his followers out of the kingdom.* It may be mentioned, that one Dawbeny, in a work published in 1659, draws a solemn and absurd parallel between the Protector and Moses.

It was no idle boast of Cromwell, that he would make the name of an Englishman as much reverenced and feared as had ever been that of the Roman of old. The Spaniard forgot his pride in his subserviency; the French King styled him "cousin," and the crafty Mazarine submitted to his insolence and trembled at his name. It

Protestant cause, to sign a warrant directed to the Lords of the Treasury, for the sum of 200*l.* to bear the charges of his funeral, which sum is to be paid to Nicholas Bernard, Doctor of Divinity, who is to see the disbursing of the money. It is conceived he will be interred in Westminster Abbey."—*Mercurius Politicus*, March 27 to April 3, 1656. The remains of this amiable prelate were conveyed from Ryegate to St. George's Church, Southwark, and thence to Somerset House, where they were met by the friends of the deceased. They were eventually interred in Westminster Abbey.

* Raguenet's History of Oliver Cromwell.

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was said in France that the Cardinal was in less fear of the devil than of Oliver Cromwell; and yet, when the great Protector was no more, Mazarine is said to have spoken of him as a "fortunate fool." It would seem, however, by the following passage, that the Cardinal had dared to use the expression even in the life-time of the Protector. In a letter from the Marquis of Ormond, dated 28th February, 1656, he writes,—"Cromwell hears that the French Cardinal, in some discourse, hath called him a successful fool, which provoked him to passion, and a retort that Mazarine was a juggling knave; this is spoke seriously."

In Holland a medal was struck, which probably still exists in some of the Dutch cabinets, in which the bust and titles of Cromwell are represented on one side, and on the other Britannia. Cromwell thrusting his head into her lap, has a part of his person uncovered, which the Spanish ambassador is stooping to kiss, but is kept back by the French ambassador holding him by the arm. On the medal are inscribed the words, "*Retire toi, l'honneur appartient au Roi mon maître;*" "Stand back, that honour belongs to the King, my master."

Portugal and Denmark were both treated with great haughtiness by the Protector, and Holland stood in no less awe of his power. Some years after the Restoration, Charles the Second is said to have reminded Borel, the Dutch Ambassador, of the treatment he had experienced in Holland during his exile. According to Burnet, Borel replied innocently: "*Ha! sire, c'etoit une autre chose; Cromwell etoit un grand homme, et il se faisoit craindre et par terre et par mer.*" The story, however, has reasonably been doubted.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Vigilance of Cromwell, and his extraordinary Means of acquiring Information—He despatches Thurloe on a mysterious Errand—Informed of all the Secrets of the Court of Charles the Second—Expends large Sums in obtaining secret intelligence—His System of employing Spies—He discovers the Projects of Lord Orrery—His singular Interview with that Nobleman—He ascertains that the Marquis of Ormond is in London—His liberal Treatment of the Marquis—Anecdote illustrating the cautious Policy of the Protector.

In reviewing the policy of the Protector, few circumstances appear more striking than the extraordinary means by which he made himself master of the secrets of others, and the happy mystery in which he contrived to involve his own. Even his principal confidant, Thurloe, was never enlightened more than was absolutely necessary. Thurloe, on one occasion, received directions from him to repair at a certain hour to Gray's Inn, where he was told he would be met by a stranger, whose person Cromwell minutely described. No words were to be exchanged between them; but Thurloe was to deliver to the stranger an order for no less a sum than thirty thousand pounds, payable to the bearer at Genoa. Thurloe did as he was desired, but never, to his dying day, discovered either the secret history of his mission, nor the name of the person whom he had so mysteriously encountered.

There was no secret in the little court of Charles the Second which was not immediately known to Cromwell.

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He once gave permission to a nobleman to travel on the Continent, on condition that he should not see the exiled King. On his return, he inquired of the nobleman if he had obeyed his injunctions, to which the other answered in the affirmative. "It is true," said Cromwell, "that you did not *see* him, for to keep your word with me, you agreed to meet in the dark, and the candles were put out for that purpose." He then related to him the particulars of what had taken place at the interview.*

It was one of Cromwell's maxims that no cost should be spared in obtaining information, and accordingly we find it computed that he spent no less than 60,000*l.* a-year in carrying on this particular branch of policy. Hume says that "postmasters, both at home and abroad, were in his pay; carriers were searched or bribed; secretaries and clerks were corrupted; the greatest zealots in all parties were often those who conveyed private information to him; and nothing could escape his vigilant inquiry." The secret of his civilities to the Jews consisted, it would seem, in the private and important intelligence which they were enabled to afford him. "Lord Broghill" (says his chaplain and biographer, Morrice) "could never find out who were Cromwell's spies, till by accident he saw one, who was a Jew, and who came to Cromwell to give intelligence of the Dutch East India fleet. The manner was thus: whilst Lord Broghill was walking with Cromwell in a chamber hung with arras, he saw a fellow peeping in through the hangings, the ugliest ill-looking fellow that ever he had seen. His Lordship happening to espy him first, immediately drew his sword, and was running at him, supposing it to be some rogue who was come to do mischief. Cromwell

* Welwood, p. 111.

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seeing my lord draw his sword with such a fury, in a terrible fright asked him what he meant? His Lordship told him he saw somebody look into his chamber like a rogue. Upon which Cromwell followed him to the chamber door, and looking over Lord Broghill's shoulders saw who it was, and cried out, '*my Lord, a friend!*' and then desired his Lordship to walk in again, and he would come to him presently. Lord Broghill left them alone together in the outward room, and in a little while Cromwell, having despatched his spy, came to my Lord and told him, he would only write a line or two, and then would return to his Lordship. Accordingly, after he had done his business, he returned, and my Lord asked him if he might know who that fellow was, who had been with him? Cromwell answered that he was one to whom he gave a 1000*l.* per annum for intelligence, and that he was a Jew who had now brought him word of the Dutch fleet coming up the channel, which would be a great prize. Therefore, upon this intelligence, he had sent orders to Vice-Admiral Blake to set upon them; which he did, and brought a vast treasure to Cromwell."

Although the facts are somewhat differently related, this is probably the same incident which is recorded by Burnet. "The Earl of Orrery told me," says the Bishop, "that he was once walking with him in one of the galleries of Whitehall, when a man almost in rags came in view: he presently dismissed Lord Orrery and carried that man into his closet, who brought him an account of a great sum of money that the Spaniards were sending over to pay their army in Flanders, but in a Dutch man of war; and he told him the places of the ship in which the money was lodged. Cromwell sent an express immediately to Smith, afterwards Sir Jeremy Smith, who lay in the Downs, telling him that within a day or

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two such a Dutch ship would pass the Channel, whom he must visit for the Spanish money, which was contraband goods, we being then at war with Spain." Smith, it appears, fell in with the vessel and demanded to search it, to which the Dutch captain naturally demurred. Smith told him that he had set an hour-glass, and if, before the sand had run out, he did not submit to the investigation, he would enforce it by his guns. "The Dutchman," says Burnet, "submitted, and the money was found."—"The Jews," adds the Bishop, "were sure and good spies for him," especially in his relations with Spain and Portugal.

The accuracy of Cromwell's information, and especially his intimate acquaintance with the most secret intrigues of the French court, are amusingly illustrated by an anecdote of Welwood. By an article in the treaty between England and France, it had been stipulated that, on Dunkirk being taken from the Spaniards, it should immediately be delivered over to the English. During the period that the town was being invested, the Protector sent unexpectedly for the French ambassador to Whitehall. On his coming into his presence, Cromwell publicly charged the court of Versailles with a design of breaking their faith, insisting that they had sent secret instructions to their general to keep possession of the town, in the event of its being yielded up by the Spaniards. The ambassador denying all knowledge of the matter, Cromwell drew from his pocket a copy of the private instructions in question, desiring him immediately to communicate with Mazarine, and to let him know that his treachery had been discovered:—"Tell him," he said, "that I am not to be imposed upon, and that if he does not deliver up the keys of the town of Dunkirk, within an hour after it shall be taken, I will come in

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person and demand them at the gates of Paris." There are said to have been only four persons who were privy to the existence of these private orders. These were the Queen-mother, Mazarine, Marshal Turenne, and a Secretary, whose name has not yet transpired. The Cardinal at first supposed that the Queen might have blabbed the secret to some of her ladies: after the death of the Secretary, however, it was discovered that for several years past he had kept up a secret correspondence with Cromwell.*

The Earl of Orrery, then Lord Broghill, was once on his way to the Continent to join the Court of the exiled King, when, in passing through London, a gentleman called on him on the part of Cromwell, (then only Lord

* This anecdote Harris plainly terms a "falsehood," and in order to substantiate the truth of his assertion, quotes the following passage, in a letter from Lockhart to Thurloe, written the day previous to the delivery of Dunkirk to the English :—"To-morrow, before five of the clock at night, his Highness's forces under my command will be possessed of Dunkirk. I have a great many disputes with the Cardinal about several things. I have agreed he shall have all the cannon in the town, that have the arms of France upon them : but some things, concerning shipping in the harbour, and the quartering the French guards, and lodging the chief officers of the army, is yet in controversy : nevertheless, I must say, I find him willing to hear reason ; and though the generality of court and arms are even mad to see themselves part with what they call *un si bon morceau*, or so delicate a bit, yet he is still constant to his promises, and seems to be as glad in the general, notwithstanding our differences in little particulars, to give this place to his Highness, as I can be to receive it. The King is also exceeding obliging and civil, and hath more true worth in him than I could have imagined." There is nothing, after all, in this extract which can justify the strong epithet which Harris applies to Dr. Welwood's statement. It certainly shows that, when it came to the point, Mazarine was true to his promises ; but there is nothing to prove that he had not previously attempted to make a dupe of Cromwell. It is but fair to add, however, that Welwood's anecdote has been elsewhere called in question on more reasonable grounds.—*See Biog. Brit., Kippis*, vol. iv., p. 508.

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General,) requesting to know at what hour it would be convenient for his Lordship to receive a visit from the General. Lord Orrery had obtained permission to travel, on the plea that ill health required him to visit the German baths; while, in fact, his real object was to obtain the King's authority to raise a royalist force in Ireland in order to levy war against the Parliament. Not having had any previous acquaintance with Cromwell, he was not a little surprised and disconcerted at the message. He told the gentleman, however, to present his duty to the General, adding that he could not think of giving him the trouble of coming to his lodgings, but would wait on him himself at any hour he might appoint. While he was still musing on the strangeness of the circumstance, Cromwell himself entered the room. After some common-place civilities, he proceeded to explain the object of his visit. Expressing a great kindness and regard for Lord Orrery, he assured him that the interest which he took in his welfare was the sole motive for his thus intruding himself. His Lordship's designs, he said, were known to the Council of State: they were fully aware that, instead of proceeding to Spa for his recovery from the gout, he was on his way to the King for the purpose of obtaining a commission to raise men in Ireland, and exciting an insurrection in that country. Cromwell was proceeding in this strain when Lord Orrery interrupted him. He assured him that he had never for a moment entertained so wild a project; and, moreover, that he was incapable of playing such a part. Cromwell, however, told him, that he could even show him copies of his own letters in evidence of the fact; and indeed, that so clear were the proofs, that the Council had actually given orders for his being arrested and sent to the Tower. He had interposed, he said, and not

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without difficulty had obtained permission to confer in the first instance with his Lordship, with a view of endeavouring to avert him from his design.

Lord Orrery, perceiving his secret had been discovered, very prudently thanked the General for his kindness, and requested his advice. Cromwell told him that his former services for the King in Ireland were well known to the Council; adding, that if he would change sides, and join the projected expedition against that country, he should have a general officer's command; moreover, he assured him that no oaths or engagements should be pressed upon him, and that he should only be required to fight against the native Irish. Lord Orrery requested a short time for deliberation: Cromwell, however, plainly told him that he must make up his mind at the moment, it being the determination of the Council to send him to the Tower, should he evince the least hesitation in accepting their offers. On this, Lord Orrery closed with the strange overture, and eventually became a firm adherent, and even a personal friend of the Protector.*

The system of obtaining secret intelligence, which was practised by the Protector, is agreeably illustrated by the following anecdote from Budgell's Memoirs of the Boyles. One day, when in an excellent humour, the Protector intimated, in a significant manner, to Lord Orrery, that an old friend of his had just arrived in London. Lord Orrery desiring to know who his Highness meant, Cromwell, to his great surprise, named the Marquis of Ormond, who, in consequence of his well-known hostility to the existing Government, ran considerable risk of losing his head, should his visit happen to transpire. Lord Orrery protesting that he was

* Orrery's State Letters; Morrice's Life, vol. i., p. 17.

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entirely ignorant of the fact,—"I know that, well enough," said the Protector: "however, if you have a mind to preserve your old acquaintance, let him know that I am not ignorant either where he is, or what he is doing." He then named the place where the Marquis lodged; on which Lord Orrery, of course, lost no time in making his friend aware of his danger. Ormond, finding himself discovered, instantly left London, and returned to the King.—"Soon after," writes Budgell, "Cromwell, being informed that the Lady Ormond was engaged in several practices against the Government, and corresponded with her husband for the better accomplishment of them, had resolved to use her with great severity; and told the Lord Broghill with a frown, the first time he saw him,—'You have passed your word for the quiet behaviour of a fine person; the Lady Ormond is in a conspiracy with her husband against me; though, at your request, I permitted her to stay in London, and allow her £2000 per annum: I find she is an ungrateful woman, and shall use her accordingly.' Lord Broghill, who saw the Protector was thoroughly provoked, but knew that a soft answer usually appeased him, told him in the most submissive manner, that he was sorry the Lady Ormond had given his Highness any reason to be displeased with her, but humbly desired to know what ground he had for suspecting her. 'Enough,' says Cromwell. 'I have letters under her own hand which were taken out of her cabinet;' and then throwing him a letter, bid him read it. He had no sooner perused it, than he assured the Protector with a smile, that what he had read was not the hand of Lady Ormond, but of Lady Isabella Thynne,* between whom and the Marquis

* Isabella, daughter of the unfortunate Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, and wife of Sir James Thynne, of Longleat. She was at Oxford at the

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of Ormond there had been some intrigues. Cromwell hastily asked him how he could prove that: Lord Broghill answered, very easily; and showed him some other letters from the Lady Isabella, of whom he told two or three stories, so pleasant, as made Cromwell lose all his resentment in a hearty laugh." Morrice, in his Memoirs of Lord Orrery, records the same story, and adds, that Lord Orrery "convinced Cromwell so fully, that his anger was turned in a merry drollery, and the Lady Ormond had her estate and liberty continued to her." We have the authority of Lord Clarendon, that it was Sir Richard Willis, who informed Cromwell of the Marquis of Ormond being in London.

According to Welwood, Cromwell one night walked into Thurloe's office, for the purpose of discussing some very secret and important business. They had conversed together for some time, when Cromwell suddenly perceived a clerk asleep at his desk. It happened to be Mr. Morland (afterwards Sir Samuel Morland), the famous mechanist, and not unknown as a statesman. Cromwell, it is affirmed, drew his dagger, and would have despatched him on the spot, had not Thurloe, with some difficulty, prevented him. He assured him that his intended victim was certainly sound asleep, since, to his own knowledge, he had been sitting up during two consecutive nights.

time of its surrender; and, according to Aubrey, with her friend, Mrs. Fanshawe, used to attend the chapel of his college "half-dressed, like angels."—"Our grove," he says, "was the Daphne for the ladies and their gallants to walk in, and many times my Lady Isabella Thynne would make her entries with a theorbo or lute played before her. She was most beautiful, most humble, most charitable, but she could not subdue one thing."—*Letters of Eminent Men.*

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CHAPTER IX.

Death and Burial of the Protector's Mother—Distressing State of Cromwell's Mind at the Close of his Career—Reflections on his ephemeral Greatness—His Dread of Assassination—His Custom of wearing Secret Armour—Conspiracies against his Life—Syndercome's plot and untimely Fate—Reward offered by Charles II. to whoever should take away the Life of the Usurper—Letter from the Duke of York on the Subject—The Pamphlet of "Killing no Murder"—Sickness of the Protector—He removes from Hampton Court to Whitehall—His fanatical Enthusiasm—His last Moments—His Death—The fearful Storm which attended it—Blasphemous Language of his Panegyrists.

On the 16th of November, 1654, died Elizabeth Cromwell, the mother of one of the most extraordinary men that the world has ever produced. How singular must have been the feelings of that woman! She seems to have loved him with a motherly affection; indeed, we are told that such were her constant fears lest he should fall by the hand of an assassin, that she was never satisfied unless she beheld him at least twice a day. According to Heath, she never heard the sound of a pistol without exclaiming, "My son is shot." Her parting scene with her illustrious son is thus described by Thurloe, who writes on the 17th November:—"My Lord Protector's mother, of ninety-four years old, died last night. A little before her death she gave my Lord her blessing, in these words: 'The Lord cause his face to shine upon you; and comfort you in all your adversities; and enable you to do great things for the glory of your most High God, and to be a relief unto His people. My dear son,

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I leave my heart with thee. A good night!'" She shared with her son, though unwillingly, it would seem, the splendours of Whitehall, and was subsequently interred by him in the vault of the Kings of England in Henry the Seventh's Chapel. At the Restoration, her remains were dug up, and on the 12th of September, 1661, to the disgrace of those who committed the outrage, were, with the remains of other Cromwellians, flung into a pit dug in St. Margaret's church-yard, Westminster.

It is curious to surmise what would have been the probable fate of the Protector, had he survived his elevation a few years longer. Hume says, "All his arts and policy were exhausted; and having so often by fraud and false pretences, deceived every party, and, almost every individual, he could no longer hope, by repeating the same professions, to meet with equal confidence and regard." Undoubtedly his Government had become weaker, and even the powers of his mind appear to have been impaired.

At the close of his career, sorrows and apprehensions embittered the life of the Protector. He was constantly harassed by the discovery of projected insurrections and intended assassinations; he was deeply involved in debt, and afflicted with a painful and dangerous disease; many of his friends had proved treacherous; he was hated by the Levellers and Millennarians as much as he was feared by the Royalists; while both parties were ready to seize the first opportunity of hurling him from that height of power, which they believed he had most nefariously usurped. Moreover, the loss of his beloved daughter, Mrs. Claypole, who died under peculiarly painful circumstances, filled his soul with the deepest affliction.

The terrors of assassination appear to have been constantly present in his thoughts. It would seem that,

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from the time he had been installed as Protector, he had been in the habit, not only of carrying loaded pistols, but of wearing a coat of mail beneath his clothes.* But, at the close of life, his precautions exceeded even his terrors. He surrounded himself with a guard of an hundred and fifty men, whom he carefully selected from different regiments, and whose fidelity he purchased by giving them the pay and appointments of officers. "He took particular notice," says Coke, "of the carriage, manners, habit, and language of all strangers, especially if they seemed joyful. He never stirred about without strong guards, wearing armour under his clothes, and offensive arms too; never came back the common road, or the same way he went, and always passing with great speed; had many locks and keys for the doors of his houses; seldom slept above three nights in the same chamber, nor in any which had not two or three back-doors, and guards in all of them." These circumstances are repeated by other writers. Heath says, in his "Flagellum,"—"He began to dread every person or strange face he saw. It was his constant custom to shift and change his lodging, to which he passed through twenty different locks, and out of which he had four or five ways to avoid pursuit: when he went between Whitehall and Hampton Court, it was by private and back ways, but never the same way backward and forward: he was always in a hurry, his guards behind and before riding a full gallop, and the coach always filled, especially the boot, with armed persons, he himself being furnished with private weapons; and was now of more difficult access to all persons." Even the signature of the Protector, for some time previous to his death, exhibits in a forcible

* Welwood, p. 109.

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manner the tremulousness of his hand; presenting a remarkable contrast to the free and bold characters affixed to the death-warrant of Charles.

As early as February, 1656, the Marquis of Ormond writes,—"Cromwell is at this time very ill of the stone, besides great disorders in his mind, and full of fears. The grandees and courtiers have much animosity and discontent, and, it is said, are parting the bear's skin before he be dead, and two or three pretenders to the succession." He adds, in the same letter, "He hath certainly notice given him of a design upon his person. Some say he was to be poisoned, others stabbed: but, sure it is that he doth really apprehend it, and endeavours to secure himself by strong guards: and whereas those that waited on his person formerly had only swords by their sides, they now have pistols also, and so attend him at meals and other times."

On the 13th of March, 1656, Ormond again reverts to the uneasiness of the Protector:—"Some say he is many times like one distracted; and in those fits he will run round about the house and into the garden, or else ride out with very little company, which he never doth when composed and free from disorder. Friday last a friend met him in St. James's Park with only one man with him, and in a distempered carriage. If any people offered to deliver him petitions or the like, he refused, and told them he had other things to think of. Fleetwood was in the Park at the same time, but walked at a distance, not daring to approach him in his passion, which, they say, was occasioned by some carriage of Lambert's. This you may give credit to." * Such—according to Ormond and his cavalier friends—was the miserable condition of

* Carte's Collection of Orig. Letters, vol. ii., pp. 80—90.

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the mighty Usurper! With the prospect of death, and under the pressure of misfortunes, how different, they argued, had been the demeanour of their royal and persecuted master! Cromwell, they said, though exalted to the pinnacle of human greatness, and with every wish of his heart crowned with success, was nevertheless timorous, wretched, and distrustful. Charles, on the contrary, at once the Christian and the gentleman, though hurled from his throne, deprived of his inheritance, and separated from his children and his friends;—though insulted by a rabble, and dragged to an ignominious death;—had nevertheless displayed as much calmness and dignity before an earthly tribunal, as he anticipated with hope and humility his resurrection to a heavenly one.

It was certainly on no slight grounds that the Protector dreaded the stroke of the assassin. "The Cavaliers," says Mrs. Hutchinson, in her Memoirs, "had not patience to stay till things ripened of themselves, but were every day forming designs, and plotting for the murder of Cromwell and other insurrections; which being contrived in drink, and managed by false and cowardly fellows, were still revealed to Cromwell, who had most excellent intelligence of all things that past, even in the King's closet."

To the Royalist, as well as to the Republican, Cromwell's delinquencies appeared so palpable and heinous, that to have stabbed him to the heart would probably have been regarded as a mere question of interference with the hangman, and been hailed not only as a just, but as an honourable deed. By the Royalist he was regarded as a mere upstart; the murderer of one Sovereign, and a rebel to another; one who, without claim, right, or title, had possessed himself of an hereditary throne; who, by some circumstances as provoking as

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they were inconceivable, had driven their royal master and an ancient nobility into poverty and exile; and who, accordingly, in the event of any great political change, would, as a matter of course, expiate his crimes on the ladder at Tyburn.

The Republicans and fanatics, moreover, were no less exasperated against Cromwell. They had wrestled and fought in support of the "good cause;" they had trodden monarchy under their feet; they had flattered themselves with fond visions of a perfect Government; and already the political paradise was opening to their view; when suddenly they beheld one of their own homely sect—one of their most frenzied preachers—standing between them and the light; investing himself with the royal trappings which were their abhorrence, and with more than the regal power in opposition to which they had so often shed their blood. Of that once formidable puritanical party, whose fanaticism had won for them battle after battle, and who had scrupled not to send their Sovereign to the block, there remained but a small, though still dangerous, remnant. The hypocrites of the party had of course hastened to worship the rising men; and many others Cromwell had either fascinated by his eloquence or dazzled by his splendour. The deep fanaticism, however, with which Cromwell had himself inoculated the army, still pervaded its ranks; and among the Fifth-monarchy men, and other wild enthusiasts, of whom it was principally composed, there were only too many Feltons, who were ready to join in any wild plot against the life and government of the man whom they naturally regarded as their arch-deceiver.

Against such formidable adversaries Cromwell could alone present his own searching and wonderful genius, and the command of money, by which he was able to

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purchase intelligence of the conspiracies of his foes. Scarcely a month passed, but plots were discovered and stifled in their birth. The story of some of these projected assassinations is not without interest. "Lord Broghill," says his chaplain, Morrice, "observed that Cromwell, some time before his death, grew melancholy and pensive, and afraid of everybody. At one particular time, when his lordship was riding with Cromwell in his coach, from Westminster to Whitehall, it happened the crowd of people was so great that the coach could not go forward, and the place was so narrow that all the halberdiers were either before the coach or behind it, none of them having room to stand by the side. While they were in this posture, Lord Broghill observed the door of a cobbler's stall to open and shut a little, and at every opening of it his lordship saw something bright, like a drawn sword or a pistol. Upon which my lord drew out his sword with the scabbard on it, and struck upon the stall, asking who was there. This was no sooner done, but a tall man burst out with a sword by his side, and Cromwell was so much frightened that he called his guard to seize him; but the man got away in the crowd. My lord thought him to be an officer in the army of Ireland, whom he remembered Cromwell had disgusted; and his lordship apprehended he lay there in wait to kill him. Upon this Cromwell forbore to come any more that way, but in a little time after sickened and died."

One Syndercome appears to have been particularly active in hatching plots against the life and government of the protector, but fortunately they had been invariably thwarted. At last, by means of bribing one of the body-guard, he obtained access to the chapel at Whitehall, beneath the floor of which he contrived to deposit a quantity

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of gunpowder and other combustible matter. His intention was to have set fire to the palace, in the confusion consequent on which, his accomplices were either to have forced Cromwell into the flames or to have slaughtered him in his attempt to escape. The soldier, however, revealed the conspiracy, and Syndercome was arrested and tried for high treason. The evidence was complete and convincing; and yet such were the doubts in the minds of the jury as to the legitimacy of Cromwell's right to the supreme power, that it was with some difficulty a verdict could be obtained against the prisoner. On the day appointed for his execution, Syndercome was found dead in his bed. That the suddenness of his death should have attached some suspicion to the government was not unnatural. There can be little doubt, however, that he died by his own hands: Cromwell was certainly no secret assassin. The other conspirators were either never discovered, or the Protector considered it more politic to hush up the affair.

According to Bishop Burnet, one Stoupe having by some means obtained intimation of Syndercome's design, had immediately repaired to Whitehall, in hopes of obtaining an interview with the Protector, and privately forewarning him of his danger. "Cromwell," says Burnet, "being then at council, he sent him a note, letting him know that he had a business of great consequence to lay before him. Cromwell was then upon a matter that did so entirely possess him, that he, fancying it was only some piece of foreign intelligence, sent Thurloe to know what it might be. Stoupe was troubled at this, but could not refuse to show him his letter. Thurloe made no great matter of it: he said they had many such advertisements sent them, which signified nothing, but to make the world think the Protector was in danger of

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his life: and the looking too much after these things had an appearance of fear, which did ill become so great a man: 'if we find no such person,' he said, 'how we shall be laughed at.' And Thurloe did not think fit to make any search, or any further inquiry into it; nor did he so much as acquaint Cromwell with it." When the fact, that so important a secret had been kept from his knowledge subsequently transpired, the Protector is said to have been so extremely angry as to threaten to dismiss Thurloe from his service. According to Burnet, however, "he was so much in all Cromwell's secrets, that it would have been unsafe to disgrace without destroying him; and this, it seems, Cromwell could not resolve on." *

The fact is perhaps not generally known, that a proclamation, dated Paris, 3rd of May, 1654, was actually issued by Charles the Second, in which he promised an annuity of five hundred pounds to any person soever, and that person's heirs,—as well as knighthood to such person and his heirs for ever, and other advantages,—who should take away the life of the Protector. This remarkable instrument commences as follows:—"Charles the Second, by the grace of God, &c. &c.—Whereas it is apparent to all rational and unbiassed men throughout the world, that *a certain mechanic fellow, by name Oliver Cromwell*, hath, by most wicked and accursed ways and means, against all laws, both divine and human (taking opportunity through the late sad and unnatural wars in our kingdoms), most tyrannically and traitorously usurped the supreme power over our said kingdoms, to the enslaving and ruining the persons and estates of the good people, our free subjects therein, after he had most

* See Letter on the Publication of Thurloe's State Papers, London, 1742; also Burnet's History of his Own Time, Oxford, vol. i., p. 145.

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inhumanly and barbarously butchered our dear father of sacred memory, his just and lawful sovereign: These are therefore in our name to give free leave and liberty to any man whomsoever, within any of our three kingdoms, by pistol, sword, or poison, or by any other way or means whatsoever, to destroy the life of the said Oliver Cromwell; wherein they will do an act acceptable to God and good men, by cutting off so detestable a villain from the face of the earth," &c. &c. *

In addition to this document, there is extant a letter in cypher, addressed by the Duke of York to his brother Charles, dated 14th of May, 1655, in which the projected assassination of Cromwell forms the principal topic. It submits for the consideration of Charles, the offer of four Roman Catholics, who, on certain stated conditions, had sworn to assassinate the Protector. The Duke speaks of the conspiracy as "better laid, and resolved on, than any he has known of the kind." † The very idea of secret assassination is naturally revolting and horrifying to the mind. There were, however, excuses both for Charles and his brother. Cromwell, by the fundamental laws of his country, had doubtless forfeited his life; and, moreover, it must be remembered that by the royal brothers he was regarded as the deliberate murderer of their father. Such persons as Ormond and Clarendon would never have consented to the issue of such a proclamation, had it not appeared to them both justifiable as well as expedient.

It was not till a somewhat later period, that there appeared the famous pamphlet, entitled "Killing no Murder," in which, in the most powerful language, the writer advocated the legality of assassinating the Usurper.

* Thurloe, vol. ii., p. 248. † Thurloe, vol. ii., p. 666.

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Spirited and argumentative, this singular production not only created an extraordinary sensation throughout England, but also increased to a painful degree the apprehensions of the Protector. It was originally published in 1657, under the name of William Allen, but its real author was Colonel Silas Titus, a man of note in his time, and Groom of the Bed-chamber to Charles the Second. Though somewhat weakened by the fashionable pedantry of the day, the language is forcible and frequently eloquent. The following passage, with which Titus concludes his address, issuing as it did so shortly after the discovery of the dangerous conspiracy of the "brave Syndercome," may well have struck awe into the mind of the Protector:—"There is a great roll behind, even of those that are in his own muster-rolls, who are ambitious of the name of the deliverers of their country; and they know what the action is that will purchase it. His bed, his table, is not secure; and he stands in need of other guards to defend him against his own. Death and destruction pursue him wherever he goes; they follow him everywhere like his fellow-travellers, and at last they will come upon him like armed men. Darkness is hid in his secret places; a fire not blown shall consume him; it shall go ill with him that is left in his tabernacle. He shall flee from the iron weapon, and a bow of steel shall strike him through; because he hath oppressed and forsaken the poor; because he hath violently taken away the house which he builded not. We may be confident, and so may he, that ere long all this shall be accomplished. For the triumphing of the wicked is short, and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment. Though his excellency mount up to the heavens, and his head reacheth unto the clouds, yet he shall perish. They that have seen him shall say,—Where is he?"

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According to Anthony Wood, the pamphlet was privately printed and sold for five shillings, whereas had it been licensed, and treated of any other subject, it might have been purchased for sixpence. Cromwell took great pains to discover the writer. He escaped his vengeance, however, and the name of the author remained a secret till after the Restoration.

The publication of this memorable work; the death of his old friend the Earl of Warwick; the loss of his amiable and beloved daughter; the excruciating disease under which he himself laboured; and the increasing rumours of conspiracies and assassination, appear to have banished all hope of future happiness and tranquillity from the mind of the Protector. During the short interval which elapsed between the death of Mrs. Claypole and his own dissolution, his thoughts are said to have been divided between affliction for her loss and the fear of imaginary dangers. Mrs. Claypole had been a staunch royalist, and, in her moments of delirium, is said to have inveighed against him for the blood he had spilt. From the hour of her death he shunned all society, and was neither seen to smile, nor apparently to take the least interest in passing events. If we are to credit the exaggerated statements of his enemies, his once resolute soul had become a prey to the workings of a distempered conscience, and to the terror with which he anticipated his own approaching dissolution.

It was only a few days after the death of Mrs. Claypole, that the state of the Protector's health became so serious as to alarm his physicians. The entries in Whitelock's Diary at this period are curious:

"*August* 17. News of the death of Lady Elizabeth Claypole yesterday at Hampton Court. Her death did much grieve her father.

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"*August* 26. The Protector, being sick at Hampton Court, as some thought of an ague, I went there to visit him, and was kindly entertained by him at dinner. He discoursed privately with me about his great businesses.

"*September* 3. This day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the Protector died at Whitehall."

According to Ludlow, a humour in his foot had for some time prevented the Protector from taking his usual exercise; and, in attempting to remedy the disease, his medical attendants had driven it to his heart. According to other and more trustworthy accounts, his illness commenced with a slow fever which shortly afterwards changed into a tertian ague. For a week no danger was apprehended. At the end of that time, however, his physicians coming to wait on him after dinner, one of them, after feeling his pulse, remarked that it intermitted. The patient, suddenly apprised of his danger, is said to have turned pale and to have fallen into a cold perspiration. Feeling himself fainting he desired that he might be carried to bed. Apparently his strength of mind returned in the course of the evening, for being by this time fully aware of his danger, he caused himself to be supported by pillows, and went through the ceremony of making his will. He then sent for his Bible, which he requested one of the by-standers to read to him. The passage which seemed to give him the most comfort was in the fourth chapter of the Epistle to the Philippians, vers. 11, 12, and 13.

His fever increasing, the Protector, at his own request, was removed from Hampton Court to Whitehall. Although attempts were made to conceal his danger from the knowledge of the public, the fact had now become generally known, and accordingly long fasts were held and prayers offered up for his recovery. So con-

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fident were the fanatic preachers that he would be ultimately restored to health, that, even when he was at the very point of death, they returned thanks to the Almighty for having listened to their prayers: "God," they said, "had declared *He shall recover.*" For a short time, their imaginary revelations from heaven produced a similar sanguine conviction on the mind of Cromwell. His physicians, however, knew better; nor could they conceal their uneasiness from their patient. One of them coming early one morning into his chamber, the Protector asked him why he looked so sad. The other replying, that the importance of his office was sufficient to cause anxiety, "You physicians," he said, "think I shall die: I tell you I shall not die this bout, I am sure of it." The bystanders being requested to retire, holding his wife's hand in his own, he again reverted to the subject:—"Don't think that I am mad," he said; "I speak the words of truth upon surer grounds than your Galen or Hippocrates furnish you with. God Almighty himself hath given that answer, not to my prayers alone, but also to the prayers of those who entertain a stricter commerce and greater interest with him. Go on cheerfully, banishing all sadness from your looks, and deal with me as you would do with a serving-man. Ye may have a skill in the nature of things, yet nature can do more than all physicians put together, and God is far more above nature." Such is the curious account of his physician Bates, whose testimony is supported by other evidence. Fleetwood, the Protector's son-in-law, writes to Henry Cromwell: "His Highness hath made very great discoveries of the Lord to him in his sickness, and hath had some assurances of his being restored and made further serviceable in this work."

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Notwithstanding the illusion which he entertained that he should recover, he appears, during his illness, to have been constantly and earnestly engaged in prayer. To Godwin, a popular preacher, he put a remarkable question: Was it possible, he said, that a person, who had once been in a state of grace, could fall again from it and suffer the reprobation of the damned? On being assured that such was impossible, "Then I am safe," he exclaimed, "for I am sure that once I was in a state of grace."

The following account bequeathed to us by Major Butler, who attended the Protector in his last moments, will be read with interest: Cromwell, it seems, had at length become convinced that his recovery was hopeless. "After his return to Whitehall, his sickness increasing upon him, he was observed to be in a very spiritual frame of heart, and full of holy expressions, catched up by one or other fearing God that were present, as a hungry man doth meat. A little whereof it was my comfort to meet with, the very night before the Lord took him to his everlasting rest, which were to this purpose following: viz. 'Truly God is good, indeed he is, he will not,'——there his speech failed him, but as I apprehended it was, 'he will not leave me.' This saying, that God was good, he frequently used all along, and would speak it with much cheerfulness and fervour of spirit in the midst of his pain. Again he said, 'I would be willing to live to be further serviceable to God and his people, but my work is done; yet God will be with his people.' He was very restless most part of the night, speaking often to himself. And there being something to drink offered him, he was desired to take the same, and endeavour to sleep: unto which he answered, 'It is not my design to drink or to sleep, but my desire is to

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make what haste I can to be gone.' Afterwards, towards morning, using divers holy expressions, implying much inward consolation and peace, among the rest, he spake some exceeding self-debasing words, annihilating and judging himself: and truly it was observed, that a public spirit to God's cause did breathe in him (as in his life-time) so now to the very last." The assertion that Cromwell, at the close of life, reviewed his past career with terror, appears to be without foundation. Ludlow tells us that he expressed no kind of remorse on his death-bed, but rather exhibited a strange fear lest the world should throw obloquy on his name.

The great Protector breathed his last on the 3rd of September, 1658, about four o'clock in the afternoon,* at the age of fifty-nine years and about four months. Whatever may have been the feelings of others, there can be no doubt that his loss was deeply lamented by his own family. When the sobs of his children reached the ears of Sterry, a silly, fanatic preacher,—"Weep not," he said, "but rather rejoice; for he, who was your protector here, will prove a far more powerful protector now that he sits with Christ at the right hand of the Father."

* The night before he died he is said to have breathed the following prayer:—"O Lord, I am a miserable creature, yet I am in covenant with thee through grace: and I may, I will come unto thee for thy people. Lord, thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do some good, and thee service: and many of them had too high a value of me, though others would be glad of my fall. But, Lord, however thou disposest of me, do good to them. Give consistence of judgment, one heart, and mutual love unto them. Let the name of Christ be glorious throughout the world. Teach those who look with much affection to thy Instrument to depend more upon thee. Pardon such as delight to trample upon the ashes of a worm; for they are thy people too. And pardon the folly of this short prayer, even for Jesus Christ His sake."—*Perfect Politicians*, p. 338; *Peck's Life of Cromwell*, p. 130.

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About a week after Cromwell's death, Bishop Tillotson, hearing accidentally that the household of the new Protector were maintaining a solemn fast, sauntered out of curiosity into the presence-chamber at Whitehall. Seated on one side of the table were Richard Cromwell and the rest of the Protectoral family, and on the other were six of the most popular Puritan preachers. "He heard," says Bishop Burnet, "a great deal of strange stuff, enough to disgust a man for ever of that enthusiastic boldness. God was, as it were, reproached with Cromwell's services, and challenged for taking him away so soon. Goodwin, who had pretended to assure them in a prayer that he was not to die, which was but a very few minutes before he expired, had now the impudence to say to God,—'Thou hast deceived us, and we were deceived.'" The impious adulation of Carrington is even more offensive. "He died," says Carrington, "in a bed of bucklers, and on a pillow of caskets; and though the wreaths of the imperial laurel which environed his head did wither at the groans of his agony, it was only to make place for a richer diadem, which was prepared for him in heaven." * Richard Cromwell was doubtless compelled to play his part on the occasion; otherwise he had little taste for such blasphemous buffoonery.

That Cromwell made his will at Hampton Court, is certain from the united evidence of several writers; and yet, after his death, the instrument was nowhere to be found. It was whispered at the time that, having nominated Fleetwood his heir and successor, one of his daughters, from selfish motives, had thought proper to commit it to the flames. According to Bates, it was missing

* Life and Death of Oliver Cromwell, p. 227.

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before the death of the Protector, who caused a search to be made for it in his closet and elsewhere, but to no purpose. "It was thought," says Bates, "that he had either burnt it himself or that it had been stolen by others." Whether the Protector in that document had nominated his successor, of course cannot now be ascertained. In his last extremity, when paroxysm was succeeding paroxysm, and when it was but too evident that his hours were numbered, the council of state waited at his bed-side, and endeavoured to elicit from him the name of the individual whom he would wish to fill his place. Apparently he was too exhausted to make any reply. Some one, however, inquiring whether he intended it should be his son Richard, he either replied in the affirmative, or at all events showed sufficient signs of approbation to justify the measures which were subsequently taken by the council.

The fearful tempest which howled around the death-bed of the Usurper, was listened to with superstitious awe by those who were aware of his great extremity. By his frenzied worshippers it was regarded as a supernatural and divine attestation of his extraordinary powers,—a symbol that a master-spirit was being snatched from the earth. His enemies of course interpreted it differently. They even heard the voices of demons in the roaring of the hurricane, and believed that, amidst the clashing of the elements, their arch-enemy had been whirled away by a spirit scarcely more dreaded or accursed than himself. Of the violence of the storm we have many records. Ships were dashed against the shore; houses were torn from their foundations; trees were uprooted in vast numbers, and especially in St. James's Park, close to the apartments where the Protector lay expiring. To this circumstance

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Waller alludes in the opening of his fine monody on the death of Cromwell:—

"We must resign! Heaven his great soul doth claim,
In storms as loud as his immortal fame.
His dying groans; his last breath shakes our isle,
And trees uncut fall for his funeral pile;
About his palace their broad roots are tost
Into the air. So Romulus was lost!
And Rome in such a tempest lost her king,
And from obeying, fell to worshiping."

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CHAPTER X.

Cromwell's "fortunate Day"—Magnificent Ceremony of his lying in State—His splendid Funeral—His body exhumed and exposed at Tyburn—Other Accounts of the Disposal of his Remains—The Body of Charles supposed to have been substituted for that of Cromwell—Barkstead's singular Narrative—Descendants of the Protector—Reflections on his Character and Conduct.

THE 3rd of September had always been regarded by Cromwell as his "fortunate day." On the two successive anniversaries of that day he had gained his famous victories of Dunbar and Worcester; and yet subsequently on that very day, agreeably with a strange prophecy of Colonel Lindsey, the Protector breathed his last.*

The funeral of the late Protector, as well as the ceremony of lying in state, were conducted with a pomp and magnificence which have rarely been exceeded. According to Heath, the two pageants cost the enormous sum of sixty thousand pounds,† more than double what had ever

* In a curious pamphlet, printed in 1679, and entitled "Day-fatality, or some Observations of Days Lucky and Unlucky," several similar evidences are carefully brought together. "On the 6th of April," says the writer, "Alexander the Great was born: upon the same day he conquered Darius, won a great victory at sea, and died the same day. Neither was this day less fortunate to his father, Philip; for on the same day he took Potidea; Parmenio, his general, gave a great overthrow to the Illyrians; and his horse was victor at the Olympic games. Upon the 30th of September Pompey the Great was born; upon that day he triumphed for his Asian conquest; and on that day died." There are numberless other instances from which the author deduces his fantastic theory.

† Walker, in his History of Independency (part iv., p. 32), places the expenses at twenty-nine thousand pounds.

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been expended on the obsequies of any of our legitimate sovereigns. Noble, however, reduces the real expenditure to twenty-eight thousand pounds.

The ceremony of lying in state took place in the great hall at Somerset House. On the 26th of September, about ten at night, the coffin, attended by the private domestics of the late Protector, was conveyed thither in a mourning coach. A few days afterwards, the public were admitted to the memorable sight. Passing through three rooms, covered with black and lined with soldiers, they were introduced into the principal apartment. The ceiling, as well as the walls of this room, were hung with black velvet, ornamented with escutcheons. About five hundred candles threw a brilliant light over the trappings of woe. Under a black canopy, was placed a coach covered with crimson velvet, on which lay a waxen image of the deceased, with a sceptre in one hand and a globe in the other. The effigy was clad in robes of purple and crimson velvet, ornamented with ermine and lace of gold. A cap of purple velvet and ermine covered the head. On a high stool of gold tissue lay an imperial crown, and near it a suit of complete armour. At the feet of the figure was to be seen the crest of the deceased. The gorgeous pageant was surrounded by railings hung with crimson velvet, with which costly material the floor was also carpeted. At each corner of the rails stood upright pillars, on the summits of which were lions and dragons, holding streamers in their paws. Banners, on which were the armorial bearings of the Protector, were affixed on each side of the bed, around which stood the attendants bareheaded.

After a few weeks the aspect of the ceremony was somewhat altered. The effigy was removed to another and not less splendid apartment, where, instead of being

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placed in a recumbent posture as before, it was made to stand on a raised dais, under a canopy of state. With the exception of the cap being exchanged for a crown, the figure was robed as before, and the ornaments and devices were nearly the same. The Protector, in this stage of his apotheosis, was intended to be represented as in a state of glory; the light having been so concen trated as to form a celestial halo round his effigy. Ludlow informs us that: "This folly and profusion so far provoked the people, that in the night they threw dirt on the escutcheon that was placed over the great gate of Somerset House."

From the day of the Protector's death to that of his public interment, nearly twelve weeks were allowed to elapse. We learn, however, both from Bates and Carrington, that, owing to natural causes, it had been found necessary to inhume his remains, long previous to the public performance of his obsequies. The 23rd of November was appointed for the funeral. On that day, the streets between Somerset House and Westminster Abbey were railed in and strewed with gravel, and on each side of them were a line of soldiers, in red coats and black buttons, with their colours enclosed in cypress. The procession having been formed, the waxen effigy was carried by two gentlemen, who had belonged to the household of the late Protector, to an open hearse or chariot, which had been constructed for its reception. The figure was still habited in the robes of royalty, with a crown on its head, and the globe and sceptre in its hands. The hearse, which was adorned with plumes and escutcheons, was drawn by six horses in trappings of black velvet. A gentleman of the bedchamber took his seat at the head of the effigy, and another at the feet. A velvet pall, extending over the carriage, was borne by

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several persons of distinction. The procession to the Abbey, as far as we can glean from the relations of Heath, Carrington, and other contemporary writers, appears to have been in the following order:—

A Knight Marshal and his Deputy.
Thirteen men to clear the way.
The poor men of Westminster, in mourning gowns and hoods, marching two and two.
The Servants of Persons of Rank attending the Funeral.
The Servants of the late Protector.
His Bargemen and Watermen.
The Officers and Servants of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London.
The Servants of the Ambassadors and foreign Ministers.
The Poor Knights of Windsor in gowns and hoods.
The Clerks, Secretaries, and other Officers of the War-Office, Admiralty, Treasury, Navy Office, and Exchequer.
The Officers in command of the Fleet.
The Officers in command of the Army.
The Commissioners of the Excise, of the Army, and the Navy.
The Commissioners for the approbation of Preachers.
The Officers, Messengers, and Clerks of the Privy Council, and of the two Houses of Parliament.
The Physicians of the Household.
The Chief Officers of the Army.
The Officers and Aldermen of the City of London.
The Masters in Chancery, and the Protector's Council at Law.
The Judges of the Admiralty, the Masters of Requests, and the Judges in Wales.
The Barons of the Exchequer, the Judges of both Benches, and the Lord Mayor of London.
The Relatives of the Protector, and the Members of the House of Commons.
The Ambassadors and Ministers of Foreign Courts.
The Ambassador from Holland, his train borne by four Gentlemen.
The Ambassador from Portugal, his train borne by four Knights of the Cross.
The French Ambassador, his train borne by four Gentlemen.
The Commissioners of the Great Seal.
The Commissioners of the Treasury.
The Members of the Privy Council.

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The Chief Mourner.
The Members of the House of Lords in deep mourning, accompanied by drums and trumpets; each attended by an assistant bearing his standard, and having his horse of state covered with black velvet, a gentleman leading him, and two grooms following behind.
The Hearse,
having on each side six banner-rolls borne by Gentlemen.
The Armour of the late Protector, borne by eight Officers of the Army, and attended by a Herald and a Gentleman on each side.
Garter King of Arms, attended on each side by a Gentleman bareheaded.
The horse of honour, in trappings of crimson velvet, adorned with plumes of white, red, and yellow, and led by the Master of the Horse.
The guard of Halberdiers.
The Warders of the Tower.

The procession having stopped at the west entrance to the Abbey, the effigy was carried by ten gentlemen, under a canopy of state, to the eastern end of the pile, where a magnificent couch of wax had been prepared for its reception. Here, surrounded with plumes, escutcheons, banners, gilded armour, and other splendid devices,—the whole enclosed by gilt railings and curiously wrought pillars,—the effigy remained till the Restoration. It must have been a strange fancy which could decorate the grave of the Puritan with such idle paraphernalia. The dress of the figure itself could hardly have been exceeded by the fantastic trappings of an Elizabethan fop. "The shirt of fine Holland laced,"—"the doublet and breeches of Spanish fashion with great skirts,"—"the silk-stockings, shoe-strings, and gaiters suitable,"—"the black Spanish leather-shoes,"—"the surcoat of purple velvet, richly laced with gold lace,"—"the rich crown,"—"the stones of various colours,"—"the cordings and bosses of purple and gold,"—"the bands

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and ruffs of best Holland,"—and "the royal robe of purple velvet,"—are all minutely described by contemporary writers, and must have presented a striking contrast to the substantial and time-honoured monuments which frowned on them around. In the cloistered gloom of night, imagination might almost picture to itself a Henry or an Edward rising from his marble tomb, and opening his iron arms to grapple with the intruder.

The disgraceful treatment, to which the remains of the Protector were subjected after the Restoration, is well known. On the 8th of December, 1660, a vote passed the House of Commons, that the bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw, should be taken up, and exposed on the common gallows. In Henry the Seventh's chapel, underneath the spot where the tomb of the Duke of Buckingham now stands, the Serjeant of the House discovered a magnificent coffin, with a copper plate, double gilt, affixed to it, on which were inscribed the name and honours of the Protector. The inscription ran,—

"Oliverius Protector Reipublicæ, Angliæ, Scotiæ, et Hiberniæ, Natus 25° Aprilis, Anno 1599°. Inauguratus 16° Decembris 1653; Mortuus 3^{tio} Septembris, Anno 1658°, hic situs est."

The bodies of Cromwell and Ireton were accordingly exhumed on the 26th of January, 1661, and on the 28th were carried in separate carts to the Red Lion Inn, Holborn. The following day, the anniversary of the death of King Charles, they were borne on sledges to Tyburn, and, after hanging there till sunset, were cut down and beheaded. Their bodies were flung into a hole at the foot of the gallows, and their heads, having been fixed upon poles, were placed on the roof of Westminster Hall. The body of Bradshaw suffered the same

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fate, but owing to its decomposed state it had been found necessary to remove it at once to Tyburn. According to a bystander, the corpse of the Protector was wrapped in green cerecloth, and was "very fresh embalmed."

Such is the common, and undoubtedly the true relation, of the disposal of Cromwell's remains. His admirers, however, indignant that so gross an insult should have been offered to his memory, invented all kinds of stories to get rid of the stain. By some it was insisted that the corpse of the great Protector had been buried in the sand at Whitehall; by others that it had been sunk in the Thames. But a far more remarkable version of the story was current at the period. Cromwell, it was asserted, foreseeing that the restoration of monarchy was inevitable, and that consequently every kind of insult would probably be offered to his remains, had desired, in his last moments, that his body should be privately interred on the field of Naseby, and that the remains of Charles the First should be transferred to the vacant coffin. Had there been any truth in this story, it was of course the body of Charles, and not that of Cromwell, which was subsequently gibbeted at Tyburn. Among others, however, who insisted on its truth, was one Barkstead, a son of the regicide, who openly declared, in the coffee-houses of London, that he himself had been present, when a boy, at the interment of Cromwell's body in Naseby-field. It was buried at midnight, he said, in a grave about nine feet deep; and, by the express injunction of Cromwell, in that part of the field where the battle had been most fiercely contested. Barkstead himself put forth an advertisement that he frequented "Richard's Coffee House within Temple Bar," where, if required, he was ready to assert personally what he had

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so publicly averred. The story is undoubtedly altogether a fiction; and yet, had it been true, how noble a subject would it not have afforded to the poet and the painter. The body of the great Usurper borne in stealth and darkness to the grave,—smuggled into the very ground, over which, amidst all the circumstances of pomp and pride, he had so lately trod and triumphed,—the quiet contrast to the tumult of battle,—and the grief of the solitary mourners,—we almost regret that, by invalidating the truth of the relation, we should involve the destruction of so striking a moral.*

This account of Barkstead's, which was printed in the Gentleman's Magazine about a century since, seems to have been borrowed from a MS. in Lord Oxford's collection, which has since found its way into the Harleian Miscellany. According to the writer of this MS., the features of the corpse which was gibbeted at Tyburn actually bore a close resemblance to those of the unfornate Charles. "Some," he says, "whose curiosity had brought them nearer to the tree, observed with horror the remains of a countenance they little had expected there: on tying on the cord there was a strong seam about the neck, by which the head had been, as was supposed, immediately after the decollation fastened again to the body." The whole story is evidently a fiction. Had any evidence, however, been required to the contrary, the fact of the discovery of King Charles's coffin at Windsor, in 1813; the likeness which the features of the corpse it contained presented to the beautiful portraits of Charles by Vandyke; and also the anatomical evidence adduced that the head had been severed from

* It may be remarked, that the report of the substitution of Cromwell's body for that of his royal victim, is dwelt upon by Soubière, in his "Voyage into England," published shortly after the Restoration.

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the body by a heavy blow and a very sharp instrument,* would alone have been sufficient to prove the absurdity of the story, and the audacity of the invention.

Numerous as was the issue of the Usurper, and of his children, he has left not a single descendant who bears his name. The last male representative of the Protector was a Mr. Oliver Cromwell, who died during the present century without leaving an heir. With the annexed genealogical table,—deducing the descent of the Cromwells from the father of Oliver to the last male descendant of their line,—we will conclude our memoir of the great Protector.

* See *ante*, vol. i., p. 475, &c.

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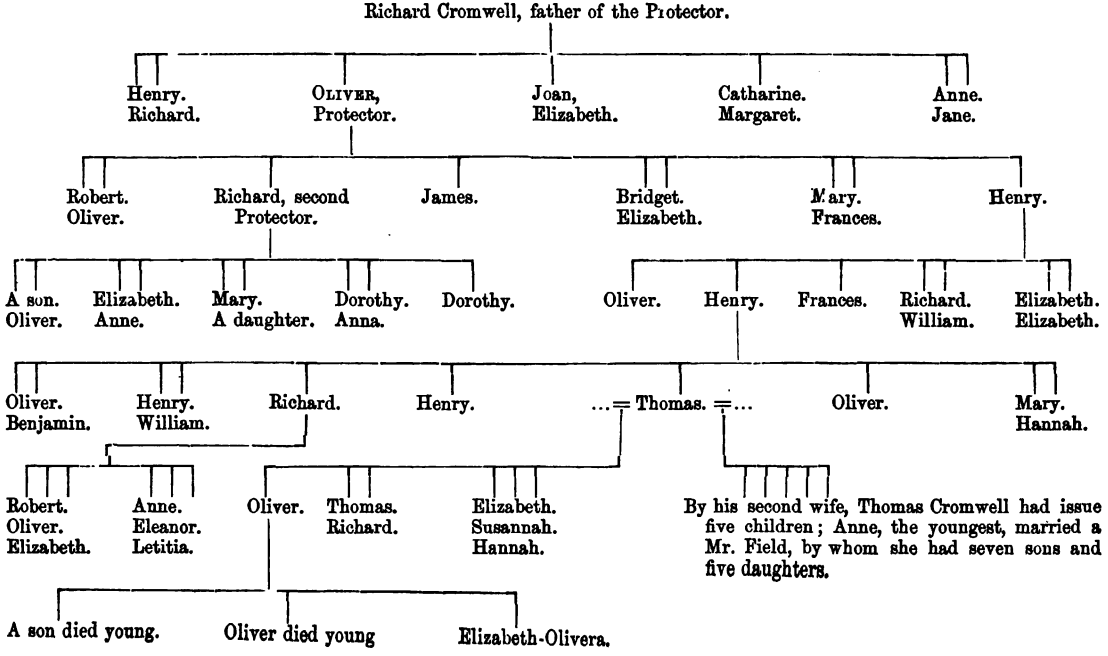

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ELIZABETH CROMWELL,

WIFE OF THE PROTECTOR.

Abuse heaped on her by the Cavaliers—Her Lineage—Introduced to Charles I. at Hampton Court—Her Want of Beauty—Her Thriftiness—Behaviour at her Elevation—Pasquinades of the Period—Her Character, and Want of Influence with the Protector—Her Flight at the Restoration—Endeavours to secrete Pictures and other Valuables belonging to the Royal Family—Her Residences and Death.

THE abuse which was heaped on her dreaded husband was naturally shared by his homely lady. The Cavaliers not only styled her contemptuously "Joan," but even accused her of every manner of vice, among which drunkenness and adultery were the most prominent. The charges, as far as we have been able to discover, were the mere malignant inventions of a discomfited party.

The Protectress was daughter of Sir James Bourchier, Knight, of Felsted in Essex. Harris speaks of the Bourchiers as "an ancient family;" but Noble, who was better informed, is of a different opinion. It was only in 1610, he tells us, that Sir James obtained a grant of arms; and he adds, that the only occasion when the arms of the Bourchiers were quartered with those of the Protector was at his funeral, when they appeared on the escutcheons. There exists some doubt as to the exact year in which the Protectress was born; however, as she was married on the 22nd of August, 1620, when Cromwell was only twenty-one, we may form a tolerable conjecture as to her age. She is known to have been

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introduced to Charles the First, at the time that the unfortunate monarch was a prisoner at Hampton Court, and when he was on good terms with her husband. Ashburnham, taking her by the hand, presented her to the King, by whom, together with the ladies of Ireton and Whalley, she was afterwards entertained.

In person, the Protectress is said to have been exceedingly plain, in allusion to which Cowley, in his "Cutter of Colman Street," puts the following passage into the mouth of Cutter:—"He [Worm] would have been my lady Protectress's poet: he writ once a copy in praise of her beauty; but her Highness gave for it but an old half-crown piece in gold, which she had hoarded up before these troubles, and that discouraged him from any further applications to Court." She is said to have had a defect in one of her eyes; and, as even Waller neglected to celebrate her beauty, we consider there can be little question as to her want of comeliness.

The passage we have just quoted from Cowley contains a double satire. The hoarding of the half-crown piece has evidently reference to her supposed thriftiness. "She very frugally housewifed it," says Heath, "and would nicely and finically tax the expensive unthriftiness (as she said) of the *other woman* [Henrietta Maria] who lived there before her."

A rather curious pamphlet, entitled "The Court and Kitchen of Mrs. Joan Cromwell," has been already quoted in the Memoir of the Protector. This work would appear to have been the production of some disappointed denizen of the royal kitchen, who, mingling the decline of cookery with the decline of the empire, sighs over the economy of the Protectoral entertainments, compared with former banquets and past magnificence. Altogether, the work comprises little more than an insignificant and

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scurrilous attack on the private character and household dispensation of the Protectress, against whom the author apparently bears a strong personal pique. It is consequently valuable in no other light than as a literary curiosity. "If anything," says the writer, "could be observable by her for state and charge, it was the keeping of a coach, the driver of which served her for caterer, for butler, for serving-man, and for gentleman usher, when she was to appear in any public place. And this coach was bought at the second hand out of a great number, which then lay by the walls, while their honourable owners went on foot."

The abuse is shortly afterwards repeated. "Much ado had she at first to raise her mind and deportment to this sovereign grandeur; and very difficult it was for her to lay aside those impertinent meannesses of her private fortune; like the bride-cat, by Venus's favour metamorphosed into a comely virgin, that could not forbear catching at mice, she could not comport with her present condition, nor forget the common converse and affairs of life. But like some kitchen-maid, preferred by the lust of some rich and noble dotard, was ashamed of her sudden and gaudy bravery, and for a while skulked up and down the house, till the fawning observance and reverences of her slaves had raised her to a confidence, not long after sublimed into an impudence." Her behaviour, however, on her elevation is somewhat differently represented by Ludlow. The republican, who knew her personally and well, informs us that when her husband changed his residence from the cock-pit at Whitehall to the royal palace, she was at first anything but gratified with the splendid change in her domestic arrangements. That malignant writer, Heath, on the contrary, asserts that "she was trained up and made the waiting woman

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of Cromwell's providence, and lady rampant of his successful greatness, which she personated afterwards as imperiously as himself."

In a scurrilous pasquinade of the period, entitled "The Cuckoo's Nest at Westminster," there is introduced the following ludicrous dialogue between the Protectress and Lady Fairfax.

"*Queen Fairfax.*—'Pray, Mrs. Cromwell, tell not me of gowns or lace, nor no such toys! tell me of crowns, sceptres, kingdoms, royal robes; and if my Tom but recovers and thrives in his enterprise, I will not say pish, to be Queen of England. I misdoubt nothing, if we can but keep the wicked from fetching Nebuchadnezzar from grass in the Isle of White. Well, well, my Tom is worth a thousand of him, and has a more kingly countenance. He has such an innocent face and a harmless look, as if he were born to be an emperor over the saints.'

"*Mrs. Cromwell.*—'And is not Noll Cromwell's wife as likely a woman to be Queen of England as you? Yes, I warrant you is she: and that you shall know if my husband were but once come out of Wales. It is he that hath done the work; the conquest belongs to him. Besides, your husband is counted a fool, and wants wit to reign: every boy scoffs at him. My Noll has a head-piece, a face of brass full of majesty, and a nose will light a whole kingdom to walk after him. I say he will grace a crown, being naturally adorned with diamonds and rubies already: and for myself, though I say it, I have a person as fit for a queen as another.'

"*Queen Fairfax.*—'Thou a Queen! Thou a Queen! ud's foot, minion, hold your clack from prating treason against me, or I will make Mrs. Parliament lay her ten commandments upon thee. Thou a Queen! A brewer's

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wife a Queen! That kingdom must needs be full of drunkards when the King is a brewer. My Tom is nobly descended, and no base mechanic.'

"*Mrs. Cromwell.*—'Mechanic! Mechanic in thy face. Thou call me mechanic! I am no more a mechanic than thyself. Marry come up, Mother Damnable, Joan Ugly; must you be a Queen! Yes you shall: Queen of Puddledock or Billingsgate; that is fittest for thee. My Noll has won the kingdom, and he shall wear it in despight of such a trollop as thou art. Marry, come up here, Mrs. Wagtail!'

"*Enter a servant running.*

"*Servant.*—'O, madam, cease your contention and provide for your safeties. Both your husbands are killed, and all their forces put to the sword; all the people crying like mad, Long live King Charles!'"

This broadside was printed in 1648, some years previous to Cromwell's inauguration in the Protectorship. Its principal value consists in exhibiting how early and how generally the Usurper's views of personal aggrandisement were seen through by his contemporaries. In his estimate of Lady Fairfax's character the writer is entirely mistaken.

The two charges, of intemperance and a love of intrigue, which have been brought against the Protectress, rest almost entirely on the authority of an indecent and scurrilous pamphlet, entitled "News from the New Exchange." Its venomous absurdities are unworthy of notice, and, moreover, the details are too indelicate for insertion.

The Protectress may have had her petty meanness as well as private virtues, but otherwise there seem to have been no marked features in her character, nothing in fact which raised her above any ordinary woman. Lilburne

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evidently implies that she possessed a certain influence over her husband, since he accuses her of having disposed of military appointments during his generalship. "It has been asserted," says Granger, "that she was as deeply interested herself in steering the *helm*, as she had often done in turning the *spit;* and that she was as constant a spur to her husband in the career of his ambition, as she had been to her servants in their culinary employments." All that we know, however, of the life and character of the Protectress would tend to exonerate her from these charges. She seems to have laudably confined herself to the details of domestic life, nor is there any authenticated instance of her having exercised the slightest political influence over her husband. Cromwell was of too stern a nature to allow himself to be influenced by women, and too cautious to entrust them with his secrets. He appears, therefore, to have been by no means forward in making her a sharer in his power; and, moreover, we find that not one of her relations was a partaker of her greatness. Cromwell's behaviour to her appears to have been rather that of a man who respects his wife as the mother of his children, than for any mental or personal qualifications of her own.

The fact is undoubted, that she endeavoured to persuade her husband to recall the young King. As most of her offspring were royalists, and as children are more frequently biassed by the example and opinions of the mother, she was probably but little gratified with the usurpation of her husband. What we really know of the Protectress inclines us to take part with her panegyrists. She has, at least, the negative praise of not having outstepped the modesty of her sex, by obtruding her name unnecessarily on the public.

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Only one of her letters is said to be extant. It was found among Milton's State Papers, and is addressed to the Protector. It is merely the affectionate epistle of an homely wife to her absent husband, and is scarcely worth transcribing. The orthography is wretched, even for the period in which it was written. We must not omit to mention, as a favourable trait in her character, that the Protectress maintained, at her own expense, six daughters of clergymen, whom she constantly employed at needlework in her own apartments.

After the abdication of her son Richard, when the Cromwells had ceased to retain the least influence in affairs of state, the army paid her the compliment of considering her wants, and compelled the Parliament to settle on her a suitable maintenance. The Restoration, however, following shortly afterwards, she found it necessary to seek safety in flight, and, with this view, collected a large quantity of valuables, several of them belonging to the royal family, with the intention of getting them conveyed out of the kingdom. Her design, however, becoming known to the council of state, she was obliged to depart without even such insignificant remains of her former greatness.

The seizure of these articles is thus announced in the journals of the period. "Whitehall, May 12, 1660. Information being given that there were several of his Majesty's goods at a fruiterer's warehouse near the Three Cranes, in Thames Street, London, which were there kept as the goods of Mrs. Eliz. Cromwell, wife to Oliver Cromwell, deceased, sometimes called Protector, and it being not very improbable that the said Mrs. Cromwell might convey away some such goods, the Council ordered persons to view the same." *

* Parliamentary Intelligencer, May 7 to 14.

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"May 16, 1660. Amongst the goods that were pretended to be Mrs. Cromwell's, at the fruiterer's warehouse, are discovered some pictures and other things belonging to his Majesty: the remainder lay attached in the custody of Lieut.-Col. Cox." *

Granger was assured that, after the downfall of her family, the Protectress resided for some time in Switzerland: the fact however, is unsupported by other evidence. She certainly retired for a short period into Wales, where she remained till the excitement incident on the Restoration had in some degree subsided. She then removed to the house of her son-in-law, Claypole, at Norborough in Lincolnshire, where she remained till her death, on the 8th of October, 1672. She was probably upwards of seventy when she died. Her remains were interred at Norborough.

* Mercurius Publicus, May 10 to 17.

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RICHARD CROMWELL.

Character of Richard—His Love of Field Sports—His Attachment to the Pleasures of the Table—Opposed to the Measures of his Father—Intercedes for the King's Life—His Marriage—Lives in Retirement at Hursley—Initiated in State Affairs—Succeeds his Father—His brief Government and Abdication—In Danger of being Arrested for Debt—Lives Abroad under a feigned Name—His singular Interview with the Prince de Conti — Anecdotes — Richard's Personal Appearance—His Death and Burial.

Richard Cromwell has generally been described as either a philosopher or a fool. In all probability he was neither one nor the other. Without enterprise or ambition, he seems to have accepted sovereignty, partly from the temptation of its glitter, and partly because it was thrust upon him. He was so far a philosopher, that he enjoyed it as long as it was agreeable, and discarded it as soon as it became burdensome.

In all the relations of private life, the younger Protector was unquestionably estimable and charming. Attached to domestic pleasures and country pursuits; joyous, social, and kind-hearted; carrying a delightful freshness of feeling to extreme old age; he gained the love and respect of his own circle of friends, and by his quiet virtues, and the strange vicissitude of his fortune, has excited the interest, and obtained the respect, of posterity.

Richard Cromwell, the third son of the Protector, was born at Huntingdon on the 4th of October, 1626. Of his two elder brothers, Robert, the first-born, died when a child, and Oliver, the second brother, was killed in an

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engagement with the Scots, at the commencement of the civil wars.

Richard was for some time at school at Felsted, in Essex, where he was immediately under the eye of his maternal relations. On the 27th of May, 1647, he was admitted a student of Lincoln's Inn, where he remained about two years. During this period, it is evident that he preferred the pleasures of the table to the dry details of the law. While his father was reducing kingdoms and wading through blood, Richard was either quietly enjoying the sports of the field, or secluded in his peaceful chambers, in the society of men of pleasure like himself. "During the civil war," says Neve, "he was bred in the country, and led a life that delighted much in hunting and other rural sports." *

Richard Cromwell was at heart a confirmed royalist, and was strongly opposed to the measures of his father. He believed they would end in infamy and disgrace; and it is even asserted that he gave credit to an idle prophecy that his father would be hanged. He was a friend of the Cavaliers, and lost no opportunity of assisting those who had suffered in the royal cause. Even after the execution of the King, he used to broach the Cavalier toast, *the health of our landlord.* When the sentence was passed on Charles, he is said to have fallen on his knees before his father, and to have implored him in a passion of grief to save the life of the King.

On the 1st of May, 1649, he married Dorothy, daughter of Richard Maijor, Esq., of Hursley, in Hampshire, with whom he received a considerable fortune. Of this lady little is known. Oliver, however, seems to have been extremely fond of his daughter-in-law. In his letters to

* Lives of Illustrious Persons who died in 1712, vol. ii., p. 286.

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her father, which are still extant, he frequently mentions her with affection, and desires him in a playful manner to scold *Doll*, for not having written to him more frequently. There is no evidence of her having, on more than on one occasion, been at court, during the usurpation of her father-in-law; and even then, from a comparison of dates, it must have been but for a short period. At the time of her husband's resignation of the Protectorship she was resident at Whitehall, and is said to have been much affected with their change of fortune. She died on the 5th of January, 1676, in the forty-ninth year of her age, and was buried in the chancel of Hursley church. Her conduct was probably irreproachable, inasmuch as it has escaped even the aspersions of political malignancy.

From the period of his marriage to that of the elevation of his father to the Protectorship, Richard principally resided in retirement at Hursley. He was much attached to the pleasures of the field, and continued to keep a pack of harriers even in his old age. The elder Protector appears to have entertained something like contempt for his indolent and unambitious son, and in his letters to Mr. Maijor frequently complains of his idleness. The world, however, must judge between the wisdom of the two. The one was provoking the hatred of a nation: the other was contenting himself with the love of his neighbours. In one of his letters to Mr. Maijor, the Protector alludes, though not harshly, to his son having exceeded his income. Richard was never a good manager, and his hospitality seems to have been unusually expensive.

Whether it was that Cromwell was unwilling to alarm the republicans, or whether it was his policy to flatter others with the prospect of succession, certain it is that he was at first quite as desirous of keeping his son from

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court as the latter was willing to remain away. When the Protector, however, had become more settled in his despotism, we find him sending for his son to Whitehall, and endeavouring to initiate him into the affairs of government. Accordingly, in 1654, Richard was returned to Parliament both for Monmouth and Southampton; in 1655 he was made first lord of trade and navigation; and in 1656 was returned for the county of Hants and the University of Cambridge.

In 1657, on the Protector resigning the Chancellorship of Oxford, the University created Richard a Master of Arts, and elected him their Chancellor. He was installed with great state at Whitehall, and shortly afterwards was sworn a privy councillor, appointed a colonel in the army, and placed at the head of the new House of Lords, with the title of the right honourable the Lord Richard, eldest son of his serene highness the Lord Protector.

However displeasing to him may have been his father's usurpation, he rejected not the means of aggrandisement when offered to himself. The story of his government, which lasted but seven months and twenty-eight days, may be chronicled in a few words. Mankind had long anticipated that the death of Cromwell would entail the entire annihilation of that extraordinary fabric of which he was the sole architect. They beheld, therefore, with extreme astonishment the peaceable advancement of his inoffensive son. Partly owing to the terror attached to his father's name, and partly to the various political cabals into which the country was divided, not a hand was raised to oppose his elevation. The council admitted his claims; condolences were addressed to him by foreign princes; and the most fulsome addresses poured in from the people.

The necessity of obtaining supplies rendered it im-

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perative on Richard to call a parliament. He met it on the 27th of January, 1659, with the same state and solemnity which had been used by his father. His speech on the occcasion was pertinent in matter, and clear and almost elegant in language. It was much commended at the time, and bore a favourable comparison with that of the Keeper of the Great Seal, Commissioner Fiennes, who spoke after him. Of his father, Richard spoke with pride and affection. "He died," he says, "full of days spent in sore and great travail. Yet his eyes were not waxed dim, neither was his natural strength abated. As it was said of Moses, he was serviceable to the last. As to these nations, he left them in great honour abroad, and in full peace at home; all England, Scotland, and Ireland dwelling safely; every man under his vine and under his fig-tree, from Dan even to Beersheba. He is gone to rest, and we are entered into his labours. And if the Lord hath still a blessing for these lands, as I trust he hath, as our peace hath been lengthened out to this day, so shall we go on to reap the fruit and gather the harvest of what his late Highness hath sown and laid the foundation." There are scriptural allusions, throughout the whole speech, which bear the evident stamp of Puritanism: considering, however, the character of the assembly which he addressed, they were rendered not only politic but necessary.

According to Neal, in his "History of the Puritans," though Richard Cromwell had little taste for the fashionable cant of the period, yet he was a person who feared God and respected His word. A story, however, related by Ludlow, appears to have rendered him anything but popular with the Puritans. He had shown much favour to the Royalists, a circumstance naturally murmured at by the opposite faction. One of the zealots publicly

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accusing him of the partiality,—"Would you have me," he said, "prefer none but the godly? here is Dick Ingoldesby, who can neither pray nor preach, and yet I will trust him before you all."

For a short period the situation of the new Protector was all smiles and prosperity. His troubles, however, were fast approaching. In the House of Commons he could reckon but an insignificant majority against a violent opposition. In the army, affairs were still worse. A powerful cabal, of which his own relations, Fleetwood and Desborow, were the principal movers, was arrayed against him. The private soldiers, moreover, consisted chiefly of Millennarians and Fifth-monarchy men, whom the mere text-word of the *good old cause* would at any moment have excited to point their bayonets against the new Protector. At length the meeting of the officers of the army at Wallingford House, to which Richard so unadvisedly gave his sanction, was a death-blow to his hopes of retaining the supreme power. It was voted that the command of the army should be committed to a single individual; and no one could doubt but that Richard was the very last person whom they would select for the trust. The Protector applied to his Council for advice, and was referred by them to the Parliament. Accordingly, a vote was passed against the proceedings of the army, and an ordinance issued that no meeting should hereafter be held by its officers without the express orders or permission of the Protector. Affairs were thus brought to a rupture. The army insisted that the Parliament should be dissolved; the officers besieged his palace, and assailed his ears with their clamour; and finally Desborow, entering his apartment with an armed retinue, had the insolence to threaten him with violence should he refuse their demands. Richard had neither

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the means, the inclination, nor, perhaps, the ability to resist. After considerable hesitation, he dissolved the Parliament, and shortly afterwards signed his formal abdication of the supreme authority.

For his conduct at this period, Richard has been accused of feebleness and pusillanimity. Mrs. Hutchinson says, in her Memoirs: "He was a meek, temperate, and quiet man, but had not a spirit fit to succeed his father, or to manage such a perplexed government." Certainly, had he plunged the nation in a war, and had he put to death two or three of his most factious opponents, he might possibly have remained in power for a longer season. But, surrounded by false friends and powerful enemies; unacquainted with the arts of government; without even the impulse of ambition, and without money; it was impossible he could have long resisted the powerful combination by which he was opposed. He entertained, moreover, a strong disinclination to shed blood; and, rather than owe his aggrandisement to the sacrifice of human life, retired peaceably to the private station from whence he had sprung, and to the enjoyment of those calmer pleasures and pursuits, for which his nature was peculiarly adapted. To Colonel Howard, when he vainly endeavoured to rouse him to more rigorous measures—"Talk no more of it," he said, "my resolution is fixed: violent councils suit not with me; and all you can persuade me to by what you now give, is, that it proceeds from a true friendship, for which I am thankful." The history of Richard, as well as that of his father, exemplify how frequently the fortunes of a whole nation are dependent on the genius and dispositions of single individuals.

To the Cavaliers and Republicans, the course adopted by Richard was naturally a subject of ridicule. Such terms as "Queen Dick,"—"tumble-down Dick,"—and

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the "meek knight,"—were plenteously bestowed upon him. Heath styles him a "milk-sop,"—Lord Clarendon a "poor creature,"—and Bishop Warburton a "poltroon." Of his true character and of the real motives of his conduct, historians probably will ever remain divided in opinion. There is reason to believe that he was not constitutionally a coward, for when the army deserted his fortunes, observing Whalley's regiment (which was the last left on the ground) filing off before his face, he opened his breast to the weapons of the soldiers, and passionately implored them to end his sorrows and his life. Even Harris rises above his usual stiffness of style in defending the motives and character of Richard. "In the name of common sense," he says, "what was there weak or foolish in laying down a burthen too heavy for the shoulders! What, in preferring the peace and welfare of men to blood and confusion, the necessary consequence of retaining the government! Or what, in a word, in resigning the power to such as by experience had been found fully equal to it, and intent on promoting the common welfare! Ambition, glory, fame, sound well in the ears of the vulgar; and men, excited by them, have seldom failed to figure in the eyes of the world; but the man who can divest himself of empire for the sake of his fellow-men, must, in the eye of reason, be entitled to a much higher renown than the purple hero who leads them to slaughter, though provinces or kingdoms are gained to him thereby."

It may be argued that, with Richard's bias in favour of a monarchical form of government, he should never have accepted of the sovereign power; indeed, it has been insisted that he should immediately have declared for the rightful heir. But dominion is a splendid temptation, and, undoubtedly, the greatness which

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devolved upon him was the more palatable, from its being unpurchased by blood. Besides, at this particular crisis, a declaration in favour of Charles would have proved anything but beneficial to the royal cause. The extreme wariness which Monk, subsequently, even with a large army at his back, found himself compelled to adopt, is a sufficient argument against the policy of such a step.

The Republicans, while they insisted that Richard should for ever quit the palace at Whitehall, not only agreed to pay his debts, but settled a liberal allowance on himself and heirs: they were advantages, however, of which the political changes of the period precluded a protracted enjoyment. Even before he quitted Whitehall, his creditors became insolent and pressing. According to Heath, within a day or two after he had resigned the Protectorship, instead of his guards, Whitehall was besieged by half the bailiffs of Westminster, who were actually armed with a writ against the unfortunate Richard.

It is certain that, as the national troubles increased, there existed a party who would willingly have restored Richard to power. On the 29th of April, 1660, Ignatius White writes to the Marquis of Ormond:—"My Lord St. John, Pierpoint, Thurloe, and all the Protectorians, used great endeavours to try if they could bring in Richard again. One of the greatest reasons they alleged was, that supposing the King to be the most accomplished, the wisest, best-natured prince in the world, and the most religious observer of his word, his party, which consists altogether of indigent men, partly by their own luxury, and partly by their ill success in the wars, will become powerful by little and little, and so considerable, that in spite of all the industry that can be used to prevent it, they will force the King to break any engagement

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he can now make, though never so binding; and since the nation is so violent for a single person, there is none who may so conveniently comprehend all interests as Richard." * Among those who would have recalled him was Lambert. He endeavoured to enlist Ingoldesby in the cause, but the latter had already made his peace with the King. One of the most difficult to be gained over would probably have been Richard himself.

During the period he was in power, there occurred but one incident of a private nature worth recording.† "Richard," says Heath, "still followed his old game of hawking; and, being one day with his horse-guard engaged in a flight, the eagerness of the sport carried him out of their sight; and his horse floundering or leaping short, threw him into a ditch, where by the help of a countryman he was taken out and preserved. He had carried himself very quietly hitherto to all about him: this disaster and accident made him angry, and to charge them roughly with this neglect, telling them he expected more service and respect, and would have it from them." Noble says, it was the only occasion on which the good-humoured Richard was ever known to be displeased with his attendants.

A short period before the recall of Charles the

* Carte's Collection of Orig. Letters, vol. ii., p. 331.

† We must add, however, amongst the domestic occurrences of his Protectorship, the loss of one child and the birth of another. These events are formally announced in the public journals of the period.

"December 14th, 1658.—This day came sad news of the death of an illustrious infant lady, the Lady Dorothy, second daughter of his Highness, who died at Hursley, in Hampshire, and the loss is entertained by their Highnesses with much sorrow of mind."—*Mercurius Politicus*, Dec. 9 to 16.

"Whitehall, March 27.—This night it pleased God, that her Highness was safely delivered of a daughter."—*Mer. Pol.* March 24 to 31.

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Second, Richard retired unmolested to Hursley, from whence, as he could no longer support the interests of the University, he sent in his resignation as Chancellor of Oxford. About the middle of 1660 he sailed from England in the same vessel with Ludlow. Lord Clarendon tells us, that he went abroad less from fear of the Government than from a dread of his creditors. His debts amounted to about 30,000*l.**

With the exception of two visits to Geneva, the period of his exile was passed in obscurity, and under a fictitious name, at Paris. We have on record an amusing story, related both by Lord Clarendon and Voltaire, of a circumstance that occurred to Richard in one of his journeys to Geneva. In passing through Languedoc, he happened to make some stay in the town of Pezenas, near which place the Prince de Conti, the Governor of the Province, had a palace. Being told it was the custom for all strangers to pay their respects to the Governor, who, it was added, treated Englishmen with particular civility, Richard, under his fictitious name, hastened to wait on the Prince. "He received him," says Clarendon, "with great civility and grace, according to his natural custom; and, after a few words, began to

* "July 16th, 1659.—The house had this day under consideration the debts of Richard Cromwell, eldest son of the late Lord General Cromwell, and have resolved the same to be 29,640*l.* and have ordered a way for the satisfaction thereof. Resolved, that the said Richard Cromwell, eldest son of the late Lord General Cromwell, shall be, and is hereby acquitted and absolutely discharged from payment of the said debt of 29,640*l.* and every part thereof, and of and from all actions, suits, and demands, for or by reason thereof, by the creditors; and that the State will satisfy the persons to whom the same is due. It is referred to a committee to examine the true yearly value of the estate of the Lord General's eldest son, in order to the settling on him a comfortable and honourable maintenance."—*Publick Intelligencer*, July 11 to 18.

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discourse of the affairs of England, and asked many questions concerning the King, and whether all men were quiet, and submitted obediently to him; which the other answered briefly according to the truth. 'Well,' said the Prince, 'Oliver, though he was a traitor and a villain, was a brave fellow, had great parts, great courage, and was worthy to command: but that Richard, that coxcomb, *coquin, poltron*, was surely the basest fellow alive. What is become of that fool? How was it possible he could be such a sot?' He answered, that he was betrayed by those whom he most trusted, and who had been most obliged by his father; so, being weary of his visit, quickly took his leave, and the next morning left the town, out of fear that the Prince might know that he was the very fool and coxcomb he had mentioned so kindly. And within two days after, the Prince did come to know who it was whom he had treated so well, and whom before, by his behaviour, he had believed to be a man not very glad of the King's restoration."—"Richard," says Lord Clarendon, "lived some years in Paris, untaken notice of, and, indeed, unknown; living in a most obscure condition and disguise, not owning his own name, nor having but one servant to attend him." According to Oldmixon, he adopted at this period the surname of Wallis.

Richard remained abroad till 1680, by which time he had nearly freed himself from his pecuniary difficulties. On his return, he settled under the name of Richard Clarke, at Cheshunt. Here, with the exception of exchanging occasional visits with a few friends, he passed the remainder of his long life in peace and seclusion. Dr. Watts, who was one of his most favoured intimates, used to mention that only on one occasion had he heard any allusion from the recluse to his former greatness, and then but in an indirect manner.

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In the early period of his life, Richard had neither been an enemy to the fascinations of beauty nor the pleasures of the table. "In his younger days," says Neale, "he had not all that zeal for religion as was the fashion of the times; but those who knew him well in the latter part of life, have assured me that he was a perfect gentleman in his behaviour, well acquainted with public affairs, of great gravity and real piety; but so very modest that he would not be distinguished or known by any name but the feigned one of Mr. Clarke." * One, who knew him well, observed that he had never discovered or heard of any blemish in his character, with the exception of too great an admiration of the fair sex.† Thomas Pengelley, who was afterwards knighted, and became Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, was supposed to have been his natural son, and there are many circumstances which lend weight to the supposition.

Allusion has been made to the many fulsome addresses which were poured upon the new Protector, on his first accession to power. "They flew to him," says Anthony Wood, "from all parts of the three nations, to salute and magnify his assumption to the sovereignty, wherein he was celebrated for the excellency of his wisdom and nobleness of his mind, for the lovely composition of his body," &c. There are one or two interesting anecdotes, which have reference to these addresses:—On his expulsion from Whitehall, Richard showing particular anxiety about the safety of two old trunks, a friend, somewhat surprised, inquired the reason of this extraordinary interest? "They contain," said the ex-Protector, "no less than the lives and fortunes of the people." The fact is, they were the addresses which he had received in the

* History of the Puritans, vol. ii., p. 555.
† Noble, vol. i., p. 184.

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zenith of his glory, in which he was spoken of as the saviour of his country, and as the person on whom alone depended the lives and liberties of the three kingdoms.*

Richard, after his abdication, was extremely particular in the choice of his companions, and would admit none to his table but such as were alike distinguished by their cheerfulness, their conversational qualities, and strict probity. One of these agreeable persons gave the following account of his introduction to the house of Richard Cromwell. He had previously been warned to refrain from making any observations on whatever might meet his eye, and to take as little notice as possible of the eccentricities of the recluse. After an hour or two spent in conversation over their wine, Richard suddenly started from table and, seizing hold of a candle, quitted the room. The rest of the company, who, with the exception of the individual last admitted, were aware of what was about to take place, caught hold of the bottle and glasses, and hurried after their host. They ascended to a dirty garret in which there was nothing but a little round hair trunk. Drawing it into the middle of the room, and seating himself astride on it, Richard called for a bumper of wine and drank prosperity to old England. The example was followed by every one present. Richard, calling on the new-comer to follow their example, desired him to sit lightly, for beneath him, he said, were no less than the lives and fortunes of all the good people of England. The trunk was then opened, and the original addresses were produced amidst much laughter. This, we are told, was Richard's invariable method of initiating a new acquaintance.†

* Oldmixon, p. 435.

† Noble, vol. i., p. 181. See also "The History of Addresses. By one very near akin to the author of the Tale of a Tub."

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By the death of his son, Richard, in his old age, became the possessor of a life estate at Hursley. His daughters, however, affirming that he had become superannuated, refused to allow him to take possession, and offered him a small annuity in its stead. A law-suit was the consequence, which was tried at the Court of King's Bench. The ex-Protector appeared personally in court; his sister, Lady Falconberg, having sent her carriage to conduct him thither. His venerable appearance, and the memory of the exalted station which he had formerly held, excited the greatest interest in the bystanders; while the conduct of the presiding judge was such as we cannot sufficiently admire. He had him conducted into a private apartment, where refreshments were in readiness: a chair was brought into court for his convenience; and he insisted that, on account of his age, he should remain covered. When the counsel on the opposite side objected, for some reason, to the indulgence of the chair, the Judge said, "I will allow of no reflections to be made, but that you go to the merits of the cause." It was given in favour of Richard. Queen Anne, in whose reign the circumstance occurred, had the good feeling to appreciate, and the good taste to applaud, the conduct of the judge on the occasion. Sir Nathan Wright, Sir Thomas Trevor, and Sir Simon Harcourt, have severally been mentioned as having been the presiding judge on this occasion. Lord Chancellor Cowper has also had the credit, but dates are unfortunately against him.*

There is another well-known anecdote of Richard on this occasion, which appears to be tolerably well authenticated. Curiosity, or a desire to visit a spot fraught with so many and such strange associations, had induced

* Neve; Lives of Illustrious Persons who died in 1712, vol. ii., p. 302; Noble, vol. i., p. 175.

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him, while his cause was pending, to wander into the House of Lords. A stranger, mistaking him in all probability for a mere gaping country gentleman, enquired of him, if he had ever before beheld such a scene? The old man pointed towards the throne,—"Never," he replied, "since I sat in that chair."

To the last, Richard enjoyed good health, and at eighty years of age used still to gallop about the country. He died at Cheshunt, in the house of Serjeant Pengelley, his supposed son, on the 12th of July, 1712, in the 86th year of his age. Shortly before his departure,—"Live in love," he said to his daughters, "for I am going to the God of love." He was buried with some magnificence in the chancel of Hursley Church, where one of his daughters afterwards erected a monument to his memory.

Richard Cromwell appears to have had a due sense of religion, without any of the puritanical austerity of the age in which he lived. According to the account of an old inhabitant of Hursley (one Peter Colson, who was the bearer of a torch at his funeral), the ex-Protector and his family were constant in their attendance at the parish church. Service being restricted at Hursley to once every Sunday, he used to attend alternately the established church, and an anabaptist meeting at Romsey.*

The face of Richard Cromwell is said to have been handsome and thoughtful; his appearance graceful, and his manners engaging. He was the father of nine children, but left no male heir to perpetuate his name. During his lifetime, however, one of his sons, Oliver Cromwell, had been extremely active at the Revolution, and even offered to raise a regiment for King William,

* Noble, vol. i., p. 183.

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for service in Ireland, on condition that he should be allowed to nominate his own captains. There existed an apprehension, however, that his name might render him too popular in a disturbed country, and the offer was consequently declined.*

* Oldmixon, p. 435.

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HENRY CROMWELL.

His Resemblance to his Father, the great Protector—His Military Services—His amiable Character—His Marriage—Appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland—His admirable Administration in that Country—His Recall—Lives in Retirement after the Restoration—Visited by Charles II.—His last Illness—The King interests himself in his Sufferings—His Death and Burial—Encomiums on his Character—His Descendants.

HENRY CROMWELL was the second surviving son of the great Protector. Had he been the first-born of his father, probably Charles the Second would never have succeeded to the throne of his ancestors. He is said to have borne a strong resemblance to his father, not only in person but in mind.

Henry was born at Huntingdon, on the 20th January, 1628, and was educated at Felsted school in Essex, in the neighbourhood of his mother's relations. He entered the parliamentary army at the age of sixteen, and before he was twenty obtained a troop in Fairfax's life-guards. In 1649, having attained the rank of colonel, he accompanied his father in his expedition to Ireland. In 1650, we find him surprising Lord Inchiquin's quarters, in company with Lord Broghill, and killing and taking prisoners a large body of the enemy. He was present at the siege of Limerick in 1651, and in the "Barebones Parliament," which assembled in 1653, was returned as one of the members for Ireland.

It would be difficult to conceive a more estimable character than that of Henry Cromwell. His enemies

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have proved nothing against him, and his friends have said everything in his favour. Granger styles him a "great and good man," and the encomium appears to be merited. He was religious, honourable, and warm-hearted; possessed a clearness of intellect and a strength of mind which bordered closely on genius; and made himself beloved by all ranks and under all circumstances. No one, as well on account of the name which he bore, as of the high station which he afterwards filled, could have been more open to calumny, and yet the ill-natured sneers of a few party-writers are all that can be discovered in his disfavour.

About the year 1653, he married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Francis Russell, Bart., of Chippenham, in Cambridgeshire. Noble, who speaks of this lady as "exemplary in her conduct and elegant in her manners," informs us, that she was for many years remembered by the people of Wicken (in which place she had long resided) as the "good lady Cromwell." She died on the 7th of April, 1687, and was buried close to her husband in Wicken Church.

In 1654, the University of Cambridge returned Henry Cromwell as their member, and the following year he was sent to Ireland, with the intention of appointing him Lord Deputy. For fear, however, of alarming the Republicans, he bore at first merely the rank and commission of a Major-General of the army. In passing through Anglesea, on his way to Ireland, being shocked to find that there were only two ministers of religion in the whole island, he immediately applied to the government to increase their number. At Dublin he was received with enthusiasm. "Upon his arrival in the bay," says Ludlow, "the men-of-war that accompanied him, and other ships in the harbour, rang such a peal with their

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cannon, as if some great good news had been coming to us." He was respectfully received on his landing by the civil and military officers of the town.

Intricate as was the game which he had to play, Henry Cromwell, by his engaging manners and politic conduct, soon paved the way to popularity and success. "In Ireland," writes Baxter, in his Life of Himself, "they were grown so high, that the soldiers were many of them re-baptised as the way to preferment; and those that opposed them they crushed with much uncharitable fierceness. To suppress these, Cromwell sent thither his son Henry, who so discountenanced the Anabaptists, as yet to deal civilly with them, repressing their insolences yet not abusing them, or dealing hard with them; promoting the work of the Gospel, and setting up good and sober ministers; and dealing civilly with the royalists, and obliging all; so that he was generally beloved and well spoken of. Major-General Ludlow, who headed the Anabaptists in Ireland, was fain to draw in his head."

Henry eventually produced his commission as Lord Deputy, and was quietly invested with the office. The wisdom of his administration in Ireland has never been questioned. Under his auspices, that unhappy and distracted kingdom progressed rapidly towards civilisation and happiness. The Irish loved and blessed him; the moderate of all parties applauded the equity of his measures; and, inclined to be a Royalist himself, he acquired the friendship even of the cavaliers. Lord Clarendon, who certainly entertained no kindly feeling towards the name of Cromwell, more than once alludes to the manner in which Henry was beloved. "By his exercise of that government," says the noble historian, "by the frankness of his humour, and a general civility

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towards all, and very particularly obliging some, he had rendered himself gracious and popular to all sorts of people."

On the death of his father, whom he appears to have deeply lamented, Henry's influence in Ireland occasioned his brother Richard being peaceably acknowledged as Protector in that country. But troubles were fast pressing on both. The enemies of their family, conceiving, if they robbed the title, by which Henry ruled Ireland, of a portion of its dignity, that his authority would be undermined in that country, altered the wording of his patent from Lord Deputy to Lord Lieutenant. So hurt was Henry at this, and at some other more important restrictions, that he wrote warmly to Thurloe on the subject. Perceiving, shortly afterwards, the extreme weakness of his brother's government, and probably disgusted at the manner in which his services had been rewarded, he expressed his desire either to resign or to be allowed to return for a short period to England. He was anxious, moreover, to refute some unfounded charges which had been brought against him. His request was refused: the Republicans were in the midst of their intrigues against the government of Richard, and were naturally unwilling that Henry's capacity and firm character should be called into play at Whitehall. As soon as the downfall of his brother was known to be inevitable, rather than Ireland should fall into the hands of the Republicans, he prepared to hand over his government, should an opportunity offer, to Charles the Second. His plans, however, being suspected by the Parliament, they voted that Ireland should be governed by Commissioners, and summoned Henry to their tribunal. So little care had he taken of his own interests, that he wanted even sufficient money to carry him to England.

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He immediately obeyed the summons of the Parliament. "Ireland," says Walker in his History of Independency, "had been delivered up wholly and quietly into their power, by that pitiful cowardly imp, Henry Cromwell, who had already attended their pleasure at the Commons' bar; for which good service they stroked him on the head and told him he was a good boy, for which kindness he kissed his hand, made a leg, and exit." Such is the version of one of the most prejudiced of party writers. Henry, having made his peace with his employers, retired into the country, equally gratified at his own freedom from restraint, and at the prospect of the restoration of that regal form of government to which in his heart he was secretly attached. On the 9th of April, 1662, he addressed a manly letter to Lord Clarendon, expressing his gratitude at being permitted to remain unmolested, and wishing "prosperity and establishment" to his Majesty's government.

Mrs. Hutchinson, in her Memoirs, speaks amusingly of Henry Cromwell and his brother Richard, as "two debauched ungodly cavaliers." The strong epithets of the republican lady we are not to receive in their more offensive sense. The moral character of Henry stands free from reproach, though there is a passage in an affectionate letter addressed to him by his sister, Lady Falconberg, which has been supposed to throw some doubt on his immaculacy. This epistle is dated 7th December, 1655. "I cannot," she says, "but give you some item of one that is with you, which is so much feared by your friends that love you, is some dishonour to you and my dear sister, if you have not a great care; for it is reported here that she rules much in your family; and truly it is feared that she is a discountenancer of the godly people; therefore, dear brother, take it not

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ill that I give you an item of her, for truly if I did not love both you and your honour, I would not give you notice of her." * It has been conjectured that the lady alluded to by Lady Falconberg was rather the mistress than the friend. Nothing can be more unfair, however, than to impugn the character of a good and high-minded man, merely on the score of an isolated and conjectural passage in a family letter.

During the first years which succeeded his retirement from public life, Henry resided principally at Chippenham, at the house of his father-in-law, Sir Francis Russell. From hence he removed to his own estate of Spinney Abbey, a retired spot, near Soham in Cambridgeshire, where he devoted himself almost entirely to the pursuits of agriculture and husbandry. His estate is said to have produced him between five and six hundred a year.† He remained at Spinney till his death.

A story is related by Neve and other writers, of Charles the Second having paid a visit to Henry Cromwell, in one of his journeys from Newmarket to London. Neve relates that, as the King and his retinue entered the front door, Henry (feeling acutely the change in his circumstances) refused to perform the rites of hospitality, and walked out at the back. The King, he says, saluted Mrs. Cromwell, who performed the honours of the house entirely to his satisfaction.

Noble gives another version of the story, which he received, he says, from the Rev. Edward Turner, a resident in Cambridgeshire, and a connection of the Cromwells. The King, it appears, in returning from Newmarket with Lord Inchiquin, happened to express a

* Thurloe, vol. iv., p. 293.
* Neal, History of the Puritans, vol. ii., p. 501.

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desire for some refreshment, when his lordship observed there was a friend of his, a country gentleman, who resided in the neighbourhood, who would feel himself honoured by a visit from his Majesty. Charles readily giving his consent, Lord Inchiquin led him to Henry's farm-yard, (in which the latter happened to be employing himself at the time,) and taking up a pitch-fork and placing it on his shoulder, strutted before their host with an affectation of dignified solemnity. The King naturally expressed his astonishment at such buffoonery, and demanded an explanation. "Why, Sir," said his lordship, "this gentleman is Henry Cromwell, before whom I had the honour of being mace-bearer when he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland." Cromwell, says Noble, was confounded; but "the ease of the sovereign dissipated all disquietude: the hungry company were treated with what the hospitable Henry had, and departed with good humour and pleasure on both sides."

There is a discrepancy in both versions of this singular story. Supposing we admit Neve's version, is it likely that a man of sense and of the world, such as was Henry Cromwell, should, like a spoiled child, have permitted his wife to do the honours to the King? On the other hand, if Noble's story be true, it is evident that either Lord Inchiquin was sadly deficient in good breeding, or that Henry's reputation for good-nature must have been pretty generally established.

The death of Henry Cromwell was caused by that excruciating disorder the stone. Charles was at Newmarket at the time, and not only sent to make inquiries as to his health, but expressed a strong sympathy for his sufferings. The King, who had some knowledge of physic, and had his own laboratory, would even seem to have prescribed for the dying man. Neve says, "he once

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asked if they had not given him his drops, and seemed to have a real concern for him." Henry breathed his last on the 23rd of March, 1673, and was buried beside his mother, within the communion rails of Wicken Church. A black marble stone was placed over him, with the following inscription:

Henricus Cromwell, de Spinney, obiit XXIII.
die Martii Anno Christi MDCLXXIII.
Annoq. Ætatis XLVII.

Though he conformed to the doctrines of the Church of England, and died in that communion, he never lost sight of such nonconformists as had formerly been his friends: indeed most of his descendants became Dissenters. Encomiums have been heaped on him from various quarters. "You may have many," writes Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, "who love his highness's son, but I love Henry Cromwell were he naked, without all those glorious additions and titles, which, however, I pray may continue and be encreased."—"He was a truly good man," said Speaker Onslow, "and might pass for a great man in those days." Even Cardinal Mazarine expressed his admiration of his character. "All historians," writes Rapin, "are unanimous in their praises of him, and generally believe, that if he had been Protector instead of his elder brother, the officers would have met with their match, or not attempted what they undertook against Richard." Hume also is not backward in his praise.

There is a passage in one of Henry's letters to his brother Richard, which sufficiently marks the high character of his mind, and with which we will conclude our notices of this interesting person. "I will rather," he says, "submit to any sufferings with a good name, than

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be the greatest man upon earth without it." He was the parent of seven children, of whom the last male descendant died in the present century.*

* We find in the Obituary for 1821 :—"Aged 79, Oliver Cromwell, lineal descendant from Oliver Cromwell, being great-grandson of Henry, the fourth son of Oliver Cromwell, and Lord Deputy of Ireland. He practised as a solicitor for some time; he died at Cheshunt."—*Annual Register* for 1821, p. 238.

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BRIDGET CROMWELL,

MRS. IRETON.

Her Republican Principles—Her Sanctity—Her Marriage with Henry Ireton—Her Second Marriage (with Fleetwood)—Anecdote—Her Death and Burial.

Bridget Cromwell, the eldest daughter of the Protector, was baptised at St. John's Church, Huntingdon, on the 4th of August, 1624. She was a gloomy enthusiast, and so bigoted a republican that she even grudged her father the title of Protector. Mrs. Hutchinson speaks of her as being "humbled and not exalted" by her accession of greatness; Carrington styles her a "personage of sublime growth;" and by a contemporary, she is described as "a woman acquainted with temptations and breathing after Christ."

On the 5th of January, 1647, she was married, at Norton, near Oxford, to the saintly Henry Ireton, Lord Deputy of Ireland, and, after his death, to the simpleton Fleetwood, who afterwards held the same high appointment. She seems to have cherished as much admiration for her first husband as she entertained contempt for her second. To Fleetwood, however, her advice and strong sense proved of the greatest assistance.

The wife of a republican may possibly be as proud and punctilious as the lady of a Spanish grandee. "There went a story," says Mrs. Hutchinson, in her Memoirs, "that as my Lady Ireton was walking in St. James's Park, the Lady Lambert, as proud as her husband, came

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by where she was, and as the present princess always hath precedency of the relic of the dead, so she put by my Lady Ireton, who, notwithstanding her piety and humility, was a little grieved at the affront." The story, related as it is by a third republican lady, is not without its point.

Mrs. Ireton died at Stoke Newington, and was buried at that place on the 5th of September, 1681.

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ELIZABETH CROMWELL,

MRS. CLAYPOLE.

The favourite Daughter of the Protector—Her Amiable Disposition—Her Royalist Principles—Her Marriage—Cromwell's Buffoonery on the Occasion—Notice of Mrs. Claypole's Husband—Mrs. Claypole befriends the oppressed Royalists—Recovers the MS. of the Oceana for its Author—Her last Illness—She reproaches her Father for his Crimes—Her Death, and the Grief of the Protector—Andrew Marvel's Lament—Her Burial.

Elizabeth Cromwell was the second and favourite daughter of the Protector. This amiable and sweet-tempered woman, gentle, charitable, and unaffected, obtained the love and respect of all who knew her. Though as firmly attached to the cause of the Stuarts as she was opposed to the measures of her father, she was ever the darling child of her father. The opinions of her husband were also at war with her own; and yet they lived happily together, and, when she died, he lamented her loss with the deepest affliction.

Elizabeth Cromwell was christened at St. John's, Huntingdon, on the 2nd of July, 1629. About the beginning of the year 1646, she was married to John Claypole, Esq., of a respectable family in Northamptonshire; who afterwards became Master of the Horse both to Oliver and Richard. The Protector is said to have made himself extremely merry at the marriage feast, "buffeting with cushions, and flinging them up and down the room." *

* Court and Kitchen of Mrs. Joan Cromwell.

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Respecting the husband of Mrs. Claypole it may be desirable to say a few words. He was a mild and amiable character, altogether unfitted to take an active part in the stirring times in which he lived. Cromwell appointed him therefore to such situations as were only important from the emoluments which they produced, such as Master of the Horse, a Lord of the Bedchamber, Clerk of the Hanaper, and Ranger of Wittlebury Forest, all which appointments he held under the Protectorate. In 1647, he was one of the Parliament Committee for Northamptonshire, and, in 1654 and 1656, was returned for that county. In 1657, the Protector created him a baronet, and the same year called him to the upper house as one of his mushroom peers. Although his military services in the field have not been chronicled, we find him, in 1651, obtaining permission to raise a troop of volunteers.

At the installation of Cromwell in the Protectorate, he held the horse of state, and walked bareheaded by the side of the coach: at the second and more solemn inauguration he stood immediately behind the Protector. Many years after the death of his amiable wife, he united himself to Blanch Stanley, the widow of a London merchant. They lived on bad terms, and eventually separated. Soon after this, he formed an illicit connexion with one Anne Ottee, who acquired great influence over him, and whom he constituted his sole executrix. He is said to have had a taste for mathematics, and Sir Christopher Wren was his friend. He was improvident in money concerns, and lived and died a Presbyterian. As he had injured no one during the dynasty of his father-in-law, he was left unmolested at the Restoration. However, some years afterwards, he was accused of being a leader of one of the absurd plots of the period, and sent to the Tower. The accusation was ridiculous, and he

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was shortly afterwards discharged. He died on the 26th of June, 1688.*

But we must return to a more delightful character. Mrs. Claypole was invariably the friend of the oppressed, and especially exercised her gentle influence over the Protector, in favour of the suffering royalists. When the famous Oceana, then in the press, was seized, on the supposition that it contained arguments against Cromwell's government, it was to Mrs. Claypole, though altogether unknown to him, that its author, Sir James Harrington, flew for assistance and advice. While he was waiting to see her, her only daughter, Martha, then a child, came into the room. The political visionary had drawn the little lady into conversation, and was endeavouring good-naturedly to amuse her, when Mrs. Claypole herself entered. "Madam," he said, "it was lucky that you came at this nick of time, or I should certainly have stolen this pretty little baby."—"Stolen her," replied her mother, "and for what purpose, for she is too young to become your mistress!"—"Madam," he said, "it would have been revenge."—"Revenge," replied Mrs. Claypole, "why, what harm have I done that you should steal my child?"—"None at all," said Harrington, "but you might have been prevailed upon to induce *your* parent to restore *my* child whom he has stolen." Mrs. Claypole, of course, demanded an explanation, on which he told her it was the child of his brain. She was naturally pleased with the manner in which he had introduced himself, and, as he assured her the work contained no treason, she kindly exerted her influence, and the manuscript was restored.

We should admire Mrs. Claypole less were her character

* Noble, vol. i., p. 376—386. Granger, vol. iv., p. 23.

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more prominent. There was nothing of brilliance in her career, but she possessed that feminine loveliness of character which we look for in the sister or the wife, and which we associate with the happy scenes of domestic life. Carrington, in his curious history of her father, lingers enthusiastically over the recollection of her virtues. "How many of the royalist prisoners got she not freed? How many did she not save from death whom the laws had condemned? How many persecuted Christians hath she not snatched out of the hands of the tormentors, quite different from that Herodias who could do anything with her father."—"Cromwell," adds the same writer, "ravished to see his own image so lively described in those lovely and charming features of that winning sex, could refuse her nothing; insomuch, that when his clemency and justice did balance the pardon of a poor criminal, this most charming advocate knew so skilfully to disarm him, that his sword falling out of his hands, his arms only served to lift her up from those knees on which she had cast herself, to wipe off her tears, and to embrace her."

Her last illness was a severe and afflicting one. The execution of Dr. Hewett, who died for his attachment to the royal family, and for whose pardon she had passionately interceded with the Protector, is supposed to have hastened her death. But the loss of one of her children, her third son Oliver, who died a short time before her, is more likely to have aggravated her sufferings. Her own death-bed must have been a distressing scene; nor can we conceive anything more painful than Cromwell watching the dissolution of his beloved daughter. During her illness she is said to have frequently remonstrated with him on the course which he was pursuing. But, "in her hysterical fits," says the physician Bates, "she much dispirited him, by upbraiding him sometimes with

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one of his crimes, and sometimes with another, according to the fancied distractions of her disease."—"That," says Lord Clarendon, "which chiefly broke the Protector's peace, was the death of his daughter, Claypole, who had been always his greatest joy, and who, in her sickness, which was of a nature the physicians knew not how to deal with, had several conferences with him, which exceedingly perplexed him. Though nobody was near enough to hear the particulars, yet her often mentioning, in the pains she endured, the blood her father had spilt, made people conclude she had presented his worst actions to his consideration. And though he never made the least show of remorse for any of those actions, it is very certain that either what she said, or her death, affected him wonderfully."—"The Lady Claypole," says Heath, "died at Hampton Court, August 6th, of a disease in her inwards, and being taken frantic, raved much against the bloody cruelties of her father, and about the death of Dr. Hewett, for whom 'tis said she interceded."

Mrs. Claypole breathed her last at the palace of Hampton Court on the 6th of August, 1658, in the twenty-ninth year of her age. "She died," says Carrington, "an Amazonian-like death, despising the pomps of the earth, and without any grief, save to leave her father perplexed at her so sudden being taken away." Andrew Marvel, in his Ode on the Death of Cromwell, dwells pathetically on the affection of the bereaved parent:—

> "With her each day the pleasing hours he shares,
> And at her aspect calms his growing cares,
> Or with a grandsire's joy her children sees,
> Hanging about her neck, or at his knees:
> Hold fast, dear infants, hold them both or none;
> This will not stay, when once the other's gone."

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Her remains were conveyed by water to Westminster, where they lay in state in the Painted Chamber, and were afterwards buried with great pomp in Westminster Abbey. On some alterations being made in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, in 1725, her coffin was discovered by the workmen. An attempt was made by them to wrench off the silver plate which was attached to it, but their purpose was defeated and the memorial restored. It may be mentioned that Mrs. Claypole was a member of the Church of England. In the retiring character and simple story of this amiable lady, we take a far greater interest than in the annals of half the heroines and authoresses who have thrust themselves into publicity. The one, it is true, may command our attention, but the other obtains the homage of the heart.*

* The death of Mrs. Claypole is thus announced in the Mercurius Politicus, from August 5th to 12th. "Hampton Court, August 6th. This day, about three o'clock in the morning, it pleased God to put a period to the life of the most illustrious lady, the Lady Elizabeth, second daughter of his Highness the Lord Protector, to the great grief of her lord and husband, their Highnesses, the whole Court, and of all that have had the honour to be witnesses of her virtue, being a lady of an excellent spirit and judgment, and of a most noble disposition, eminent in all princely qualities ; which being conjoined with the sincere love of true religion and piety, had deservedly placed her nigh the hearts of her parents, her husband, and other near relations; and procured her an honourable mention in the mouths both of friends and enemies, as was observed in her life-time, and hath already been abundantly testified since the time of her death."

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MARY CROMWELL,

COUNTESS OF FALCONBERG.

The Protector's Third Daughter—Her Character—Her Marriage—Curious Anecdote connected with it—Her Personal Appearance—Her Resemblance to the Protector—Her spirited Disposition—Anecdotes—Changes her Principles at the Restoration—De Foe visits her in her Old Age—Her Death.

MARY CROMWELL, the Protector's third daughter, was baptised on the 9th of February, 1637. She was possessed of considerable beauty and strength of mind; appears to have passed through life without enemies; and is spoken of as having been virtuous, charitable, high-spirited, and warm-hearted.

On the 18th of November, 1657, the Protector married her to Thomas Bellasyse, Viscount and afterwards Earl of Falconberg. The ceremony (which is celebrated by Andrew Marvell in two Pastoral Eclogues of indifferent merit) was performed publicly at Hampton Court, by one of the Protector's chaplains, with great pomp and magnificence: Dr. Hewett, however, had already united them in private, according to the rites prescribed by the Church of England.* Lord Clarendon considers that this previous ceremony took place with

* "November 19. — Yesterday afternoon, his Highness went to Hampton Court, and this day the most illustrious, the Lady Mary Cromwell, third daughter of his Highness the Lord Protector, was there married to the most noble lord, the Lord Falconberg, in the presence of their Highnesses and many noble persons."—*Mercurius Politicus*, Nov. 19 to 26.

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the privity of Cromwell, who "pretended," he says, "to yield to it, in compliance to the importunity and folly of his daughters." "Probably," says Granger, "he might be fearful, if any revolution should take place, and his family suffer a reverse of fortune, that the husbands of his daughters might wish as much for a separation as they then courted the honour of their alliance. Perhaps Oliver was of the same opinion as Marshall, an Independent minister, who gave as the reason for marrying his daughter with the ring and Common Prayer Book, that the statute for establishing the Liturgy was not yet repealed, and he was loath to have his daughter turned back upon him, for want of a legal marriage."

There is, in Huge's Letters, an amusing passage, connected with Lady Falconberg's marriage, which must be given nearly in the words of the writer. "Jeremy White was Oliver's chaplain, and he was, besides, the chief wag and joker of his solemn court. As the Protector condescended to be very merry with Jerry, he said to him one day, 'You know the Viscount Falconberg?' 'Perfectly well,' said Jerry,—'I am going to marry my daughter Mary to him: what do you think of the matter?'—'I think, Sir?' said Jerry; 'that the match will not prolong your race.'—'I am sorry for that, Jerry; why, how do you know?'—'Sir,' said Jerry, 'I speak in confidence to your Highness: there are certain defects in Lord Falconberg, that will always prevent his making you a grandfather, let him do what he can.' As this discovery was not made only to the old Protector, it did not at all retard the completion of the match, which Oliver found, in all outward respects, suitable and convenient. So he left the lord and lady to settle the account as they might.

"Not long after, Oliver, in a bantering way, told the

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whole secret, with which White had intrusted him, before company, which Lord Falconberg turned off with a joke as well as he could, whilst his heart in secret was waxing exceeding wroth against Jeremiah the prophet. Instigated by this wrath, Lord Falconberg sent a message next day to Jerry to desire his company; with which invitation Jerry immediately complied, never suspecting that Oliver had betrayed the secret. Lord Falconberg received him in his study, the door of which he first locked, and then with much anger in his countenance, and a stout cane in his hand, he accosted Jerry,—'You rascal, how dare you tell such mischievous lies of me as you have done to the Protector, that I could never make him a grandfather. I am determined to break every bone in your skin: what can you say for yourself? what excuse can you make?' All this while the cane kept flourishing over Jerry's head; who, instead of a day of dainties which he hoped to find at my lord's table, would have been glad to save the drubbing on his shoulders by going away with an empty belly. 'What can you say for yourself?' cried Lord Falconberg.—'My lord,' said Jerry, 'you are too angry for me to hope for mercy; but surely you cannot be too angry to forget justice: only prove, by getting a child, that I told the Protector a lie, you may then inflict the punishment with justice, and I will bear it with patience: and if you want exercise for your cane, you may lay it over the Protector's shoulders, if you please, for betraying me.' My lord, who knew in his conscience that Jerry had told only an unseasonable truth, laughed and forgave him."

Noble, in his Memoirs of the Cromwells, endeavours to relieve Lord Falconberg from Jerry's scandal. "For the credit," he says, "of his lordship's manhood, I must declare that this lady was once in a likely way of being a

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mother, if she was not actually so:" and then, to substantiate his assertion, he gives two extracts from a letter of Lord Falconberg to his brother-in-law, Henry Cromwell, dated 26th of February, 1657-8. They are as follows:—"My Lord, this place is at present distract from the death of Mr. Rich, especially my dame, *whose condition makes it more dangerous than the rest.*" And his lordship breaks off,—"My Lord, I am just now called to my poor wife's succour; therefore, I most humbly entreat your lordship's leave to subscribe myself sooner than I intended, my lord, your lordship's," &c. &c. Noble's defence is ingenious; but unfortunately both for Lord Falconberg and himself, it happens that this letter was written only three months and eight days after the solemnisation of the marriage; that event having taken place, as before stated, on the 18th of November, 1657.

The portrait of Lady Falconberg, by Cornelius Jansen,* is said to denote delicacy of constitution, and she has elsewhere been described as "pale and sickly." This hardly agrees with the description of Swift, who was well acquainted with her, and who observes that she resembled the pictures he had seen of her father. Lord Ilchester, who was her godson, and well remembered her, assured Granger, that if she was ever "pale and sickly," it must have been late in life; for such was certainly not her natural complexion.

Of her spirited disposition, in which she probably far more resembled the Protector than in the mere features of her face, more than one anecdote is recorded. About

* According to Noble, the picture bears the initials C. J. 1638. Either he must have transcribed the date incorrectly, or it must be a portrait of some other person. Lady Falconberg was not baptised till 1636-7; and though the date of her birth is not known, it must have been but shortly before.—*See Noble*, vol. i., p. 148 3rd edition.

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the period that the body of the Protector was exposed at Tyburn,—"Madam," said an unfeeling courtier, "I saw your father yesterday."—"What then, sir?"—"He stunk most abominably."—"I suppose he was dead then?"—"Yes."—"I thought so, or else I believe he would have made you stink worse." The story (which has been variously related, but without any material discrepancy,) is said to have been repeated to King Charles, who laughed heartily at the discomfiture of his acquaintance.

She was a "wise and worthy woman," says Bishop Burnet, "more likely to have maintained the post than either of her brothers; according to a saying that went of her, that those who wore breeches deserved petticoats better; but if those in petticoats had been in breeches, they would have held faster." The Bishop was personally acquainted with her. Lord Dartmouth adds, in a note to Burnet's encomium:—"After her husband's death, she desired Sir Harry Sheers to write an inscription for his monument, and would have it inserted, that in such a year he married his Highness the then Lord Protector of England's daughter; which Sir Harry told her he feared might give offence. She answered that nobody could dispute matters of fact; therefore insisted that it should be inserted. I do not know," adds Lord Dartmouth, "if it were ever erected, but Sir Harry told me the story, with some encomiums on the spirit of the lady."

She was much affected at the death of her father, but apparently still more so at the decline of the greatness of her family. On the 7th of September, 1658, the fourth day after the death of the Protector, Lord Falconberg, in a letter to Henry Cromwell, affords a painful picture of her distress. "My poor wife!" he writes,

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"I know not what to do with her: when seemingly quieted, she bursts out again into a passion that tears her heart to pieces." Some days afterwards he again writes,—"Your sister is weeping so extremely by me, that I can scarce tell you in plain terms—that I am going eighty miles out of town to-morrow." However, the lady did not long waste her time in useless grief, but, on the abdication of her brother Richard, commenced busily exerting herself in favour of the Restoration. After that event, her husband becoming a courtier, she divested herself entirely of her puritanical prejudices, and entered heartily into the gay scenes of social life. In 1663 Pepys saw her at the theatre. "Here," he says, "I saw my Lord Falconberg and his lady, who looks as well as I have known her, and *well clad;* but when the house began to fill she put on her vizard, and so kept it on all the play; which of late is become a great fashion among the ladies, which hides their whole face."

Defoe mentions his having seen her in her old age, at Sutton Court, Lord Falconberg's seat at Chiswick.—"I saw here," he says, "that curious piece of antiquity, the daughter of Oliver Cromwell, still fresh and gay, though of great age." Lady Falconberg died on the 14th of March, 1712, a few months before her brother Richard, apparently in the 76th year of her age. She left everything in her power away from her husband's relations, and, among other things, the London residence of the family, Falconberg House, in Soho Square.* Some interesting relics, however, descended to the last heir of the Falconbergs, among which was the sword worn by the Protector at the battle of Naseby.

* At the back of the east side of Soho Square are still retained (1839) the names of Falconberg Street, Falconberg Mews, &c., denoting that Falconberg House must have been in the immediate vicinity.

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Lady Falconberg, like most of her brothers and sisters, appears to have been at heart a royalist; and, though it is evident by her letters that she had imbibed some of the fashionable cant of Puritanism, yet she probably despised it in her heart. Later in life she is said to have despised even her father. Granger was informed by one who knew her, that when in London she attended the Established Church at St. Anne's, Soho; and when in the country, went to church at Chiswick. She was, throughout her life, attached to the Church of England, and after the Restoration professed herself one of its members.

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FRANCES CROMWELL,

MRS. RICH.

Charles II. her Suitor—The Protector refuses his Consent to their Union—The Duke d'Enghien another of her Suitors—Cromwell wishes to marry her to the Duke of Buckingham—Courtship of Jerry White, the Protector's Chaplain—Her Marriage with Robert Rich—Cromwell's practical Fooleries on the Occasion—Death of Rich—Her Second Marriage (with Sir John Russell) — Her numerous Offspring—Her Death.

THIS lively lady, the youngest daughter of Oliver Cromwell, was baptised at St. Mary's, Ely, on the 6th of December, 1638. We know little of her personal appearance, but, as she was courted by many, she was probably handsome. Burnet, who knew her late in life, represents her as a "very worthy person."

Probably no private gentlewoman, if such we may style the daughter of the Protector, ever received so many splendid offers of marriage as this young lady. The first in rank was Charles the Second himself. "Now the fresh reports are," says the writer of a letter in Thurloe's State Papers, "that its lowly spoken in the Court that he (Charles) is to marry one of Cromwell's daughters, and so to be brought again to his three lost crowns." Lord Broghill, afterwards Earl of Orrery, was the mediator on this occasion, and with such success, that he gained the consent of the King, as well as that of the lady and of her mother. The concurrence, however, of the Protector was a more difficult matter, and, moreover, the topic was a delicate one to introduce. Lord Broghill,

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however, having prepared the way by causing a rumour of such an event to be spread abroad, one day entered Cromwell's closet, for the purpose of sounding him on the subject. The Protector, commencing to pace up and down, as appears to have been his habit, inquired where he had been? Lord Broghill answered, in the city, where he had heard strange news. Cromwell inquiring what it was, his lordship repeated, hesitatingly and with a smile, that it was strange news indeed. The Protector growing curious, and desiring him to speak out, the other expressed his fears that he might incur his Highness's displeasure. Cromwell, whose patience could endure no longer, assured him that, whatever might be the nature of his communication, he would not be offended, and insisted on his coming to the point. Lord Broghill then told him of the report in the city, that he was about to marry his daughter Frances to the King. "And what do the fools say of it?" said Cromwell, laughingly. The other answered that every one seemed pleased with it, and believed, were he able to accomplish it, that it would be the most politic step he could take. "And you," said the Protector, suddenly stopping short, and looking steadfastly into Lord Broghill's face, "do you believe so too?" Lord Broghill, expressing his own opinion that it was the wisest measure he could adopt in order to secure himself, Cromwell for some time walked thoughtfully up and down the room, and then, recurring to the subject, inquired his reasons for advising such a measure. His lordship having so fair an opening afforded him, made use of every argument in his power to advance his object. He represented how little the Protector could trust his own party; that the very persons who had assisted him to rise had become the most anxious for his downfall; that he might now make his own terms,

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and that the royalists would eagerly join with him; that probably he would have grandchildren who would be heirs to the throne, and possibly, that he might still retain the principal power in his own hands. Whereas, on the other side, he could never expect to continue the succession in his own family, and in all probability might see his greatness end even in his own life-time.

Cromwell continued pacing the apartment, full of thought. "No," he said abruptly; "the King would never forgive me the death of his father." Lord Broghill requested him to select a mediator who would sound the King on the subject. "No," he repeated; "he could never forgive me; besides, he is so damnably debauched he cannot be trusted." On this Lord Broghill left him, and shortly afterwards meeting the young lady and her mother, acquainted them with the result of his negotiation. They both promised to use their best endeavours to alter the Protector's decision: however, he continued firm in his opposition, and the project fell to the ground. To the Protectress, when she afterwards introduced the subject, Cromwell repeated his former conviction, that Charles would never be such a fool as to forgive him the death of his father.*

The Duke d'Enghien, eldest son of the Prince de Condé, was another reputed suitor for the hand of Frances Cromwell. It was said that a portion of the Netherlands was to be conquered, and formed into a principality, for the new-married couple. The latter part of the story is too extravagant to be true, though the report is said to have caused some uneasiness at Versailles.

* Orrery's State Papers; Morrice's Life, p. 40; Noble, vol. i., p. 150. Pepys also corroborates the fact of offers having been made to Cromwell to unite his daughter with the exiled monarch.—*Memoirs*, vol. i., p. 314, 4to.

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That the Protector wished the young Duke of Buckingham to marry his daughter is far more certain: the Duke, however, disappointed his views by uniting himself to the daughter of Lord Fairfax. Speaking of the recent marriage of his child—"None of the council," says Fairfax, "seemed to dislike it, but such as pretended their opinion to be, that the Duke should be a fit match for one of the Protector's daughters." Cromwell was exceedingly enraged at the frustration of his project, and immediately committed Buckingham to the Tower.

But the most notable suitor of Frances Cromwell was Jerry White, the Protector's facetious chaplain. There seems to be some doubt whether the joyous lady merely amused herself with the protestations of the reverend Puritan, or whether her affections were not actually engaged. That Cromwell entertained some anxious doubts on the subject, is evident from his causing them to be carefully watched by one of his own spies. The person thus employed one day hurried into the Protector's presence, with the information that the Lady Frances and his spiritual adviser were together in her private apartment. Cromwell hastened to the spot, and, unluckily for the parties, discovered Jerry on his knees, kissing his daughter's hand. Demanding angrily the meaning of such a posture:—"May it please your Highness," said Jerry, with admirable presence of mind, "I have a long time courted that young gentlewoman there, my lady's woman, and cannot prevail; I was, therefore, humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me." The Protector turned to the waiting-maid, and demanded the reason of her obduracy. As she was far from being displeased with the prospect of improving her condition, she answered, with a curtesy, that if Mr. White intended the honour, she had no wish to oppose him. Cromwell, in

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his prompt way, instantly sent for a clergyman, and, as it was too late for Jerry to recede, they were actually married on the spot. The Protector, however, sweetened the dose by presenting the bride with a dowry of five hundred pounds. Oldmixon, who was acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. White, heard the anecdote related in the presence of them both. The lady, he says, frankly admitted that there was something in it.*

The familiar name of Jerry, and his ministry at a fanatical court, may perhaps lead the reader to form a contemptible opinion of the hero of this amusing tale. Jerry White, however, was in person extremely handsome, and had nothing of the Puritan in his manners, though he probably affected it in the pulpit: he was also a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and an author. At the Restoration he was left unmolested, and enjoyed to an advanced age the society of the many friends whom his wit and social qualities attracted around him. In a pamphlet, printed in 1703, we find him represented as saying grace at one of those meetings of vulgar infamy and buffoonery, the Calves'-Head Club. This may have been a mere libel, although in all probability the principles of Jerry and the Club were nearly the same. He died in 1707, at the age of seventy-five.

The Protector had for some time set his heart on marrying his daughter Frances to William Dutton, Esq., of Sherborne, in Gloucestershire (one of the greatest fortunes in England), whose father had been his friend. This favourite project was, however, defeated by the lady falling in love with Robert Rich, grandson and heir to Robert Earl of Warwick. The Protector, although the old Earl was his most trusted friend, was strongly opposed

* Neve, Lives of Illustrious Persons, vol. ii., p. 284; Oldmixon, p. 426.

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to their union. It appears by a letter from Lady Falconberg to her brother, Henry Cromwell, dated 23d of June, 1656, that his objection arose from the profligate life which Rich was supposed to have led; although Dr. Gauden, in his funeral sermon on the death of his former pupil, observes that he was ever desirous of instruction both in piety and prudence. Whatever may have been his virtues or his vices, the lady took upon herself to defend her lover's character, and Cromwell at length gave a reluctant consent to their marriage.

They were united (according to Lord Clarendon, with great splendour) on the 11th of November, 1657; the Protector settling 15,000*l.* on his daughter.* We have a ludicrous account of Cromwell's behaviour at the marriage-feast. One of his jocularities on the occasion was to snatch off his son Richard's wig, which he pretended to throw into the fire, though it appears he contented himself with merely sitting on it.

These practical fooleries were on the point of having a fatal termination. One of the guests was Sir Thomas Billingsley, a formal old courtier, who had once been gentleman-usher to the Queen of Bohemia. He was exhibiting, in his cloak and sword, in one of the stately dances of the period, when one of four buffoons, who had been hired to amuse the company, "made the knight's lip black like a beard." The knight, it is said, "drew his knife, missing very little of killing the fellow." †

* "Nov. 11.—This day the most illustrious lady, the Lady Frances Cromwell, the youngest daughter of his Highness the Lord Protector, was married to the most noble gentleman, Mr. Robert Rich, son of the Lord Rich, grandchild of the Earl of Warwick, and of the Countess Dowager of Devonshire, in the presence of their Highnesses and of his grandfather and father, and the said Countess, with many other persons of high honour and quality."—*Mercurius Politicus*, Nov. 5 to 12, 1657.

† MS. of Dr. Hutton; Harl. MSS. 991; Noble, vol. i., p. 155.

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The happiness of the bride was of a short duration her husband, only three months after their marriage, being attacked by an illness which proved fatal. He had often observed that the period of his life would not exceed that of his mother, who had died at the age of twenty-seven:—he himself died at twenty-three. During his sickness he is said to have received much comfort from religion; his young wife reading the Scriptures to him by his bed-side, as well as her tears would permit. Sometimes he requested her to read particular verses once or twice over, and then begged her to pause while he pondered them in his mind. Occasionally he broke forth into expressions of hope and thankfulness, that "God had given us poor creatures such gracious promises to lay hold on." He died at Whitehall, on the 16th of February, 1658, three months and five days after his marriage.* When his death was told to his grandfather, the Earl of Warwick,—They had better, he said mournfully, keep the grave open for a short time, and they might then bury them together. His words proved almost prophetic, for in two months he followed his favourite grandson to the grave.

Mrs. Rich subsequently united herself to her relation, Sir John Russell, Bart., who died many years before her, leaving her with a numerous offspring. From the period of her second marriage, her name is scarcely ever mentioned in the annals of the times. Mrs. Rich survived all her brothers and sisters; dying on the 27th of January, 1721, at the almost patriarchal age of eighty-four.

* "Feb. 16.—This day died the most noble gentleman, Mr. Robert Rich, son of the Lord Rich, grandchild of the Earl of Warwick, and husband of the most illustrious lady, the Lady Frances, youngest daughter of his Highness; a young nobleman of great hopes and virtues, answerable to the nobleness of his extraction."—*Mercurius Politicus*, Feb. 11 to 18, 1658.

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CHARLES II.

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CHARLES II.

CHAPTER I.

Birth of Charles—Remarkable Constellation—Ceremony of his Christening—Anecdotes of his Childhood—Juvenile Letters—His Guardians—Charles witnesses from an Eminence the Battle of Edgehill—Parts with his father for the last Time—Sent into the West of England with the title of General—Retreats before Fairfax—Retires to Scilly—Passes over to Jersey—Visits the Hague—Invited to Scotland after the Execution of his Father—Proceeds to Paris—Again lands at Jersey—Quits that Island for Breda—Arrives in the Frith of Cromarty—Hard Conditions imposed upon him by the Scots—His Misery and Privations—Crowned at Scone—Frequently reprimanded for his Levity—Battle of Dunbar—Charles takes the Command of the Scottish Army—Marches into England—Admirable Conduct of his Soldiers.

A PROFESSED apology, either for the character or conduct of Charles the Second, might almost be considered as an insult to virtue. Morality has passed its sentence on the good-humoured sensualist, and whether that sentence be too severe we will not now pause to inquire. There is a charm, however, in all that concerns the "merry monarch," which has served to rescue from entire reprobation the name of the libertine Charles. Fortunately, on the darker field of politics we are not called upon to trespass. But, in pursuing the personal history of this monarch, let us hope that some better traits, some few redeeming qualities, may present themselves; tending alike to rescue his character from entire obloquy, and to justify, however partially, that peculiar interest with

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which the wit, the frolics, and the easy temper of Charles have invested both the sovereign and his court.

Prince Charles, the eldest surviving son of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, was born at St. James's, on the 29th of May, 1630, at one o'clock in the afternoon. About the same hour there appeared a singular light in the heavens, which was of course regarded by the superstitious as a presage of his future greatness.* Fuller, indeed, from whom something more rational might have been expected, speaks of "*two* notable signs" in the firmament:—"The star Venus," he says, "was not only visible the whole day, but also during the two which followed; besides which there was an eclipse of the sun, about eleven digits, observed by the greatest mathematicians." But the reverend Divine, not content with giving his own nonsense, quotes the solemn absurdities of another, whom he styles "a most ingenious gentleman."—"*To behold this babe, Heaven itself seemed to open one eye more than ordinary; such asterisks and celestial signatures attached to times,*" &c. These presumptuous inferences are, of course, followed by encomiums equally out of place. "He was a prince," says Fuller, "whose virtues I should injure if I endeavoured to contract them within a narrow scantling. And yet I cannot pass over that *wherein he so much resembleth the King of Heaven,* whose vicegerent he is. I mean his merciful disposition; doing good to those who spitefully used and persecuted him." What wretched absurdity! Could admiration of

* "On the 29th of May, Prince Charles was born, a little before one of the clock in the afternoon; and the Bishop of London had the honour to see him before he was an hour old. At his birth there appeared a star visible, that very time of the day when the King rode to St. Paul's church to give thanks to God for the Queen's safe delivery of a son."—*Rushworth*, vol. ii., p. 50.

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power or hope of preferment carry adulation to a more ridiculous extreme!

We have the authority of Lilly, as well as Fuller, that the star which appeared at the birth of Charles was no other than the planet Venus, which not unfrequently presents itself in the open day. Certainly, the fact that Venus happened to be the particular luminary which presented itself, was a singular coincidence, and was at least typical of the subsequent libertinism of his career. Dryden, in his "Annus Mirabilis," alludes to the circumstance:

> "That bright companion of the sun,
> Whose glorious aspect sealed our new-born King."

And again, in his poem on the Restoration:—

> "That star that at your birth shone out so bright,
> It stained the duller sun's meridian light."

Waller, also, has celebrated the appearance of the planet, in some heavy panegyrical verses.

On the 30th of May, 1630, the Earl of Dorchester thus announces the birth of a Prince of Wales to De Vic, the English resident at Paris:

"Yesterday, at noon, the Queen was made the happy mother of a Prince of Wales. Herself, God be thanked, is in good estate, and what a child can promise that reckons yet but two days, is already visible, as a gracious pledge from Heaven of those blessings, which are conveyed and assured to kingdoms in the issue of their Princes. As this hath set on work here whatsoever may serve to speak the fulness of our hearts in the language of public rejoicing, so his Majesty hath thought fit to communicate his contentment to the King and Queens of France by his own letters, whereof Mr. Montague

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is the bearer; and hath commission to invite that King and the Queen Mother to join with the King of Bohemia, in Christening of the young Prince. And so in haste I rest,

"Yours to be commanded, DORCHESTER." *

The University of Oxford, occasionally loyal even to absurdity, celebrated the birth of the Prince with "printed poems." Cambridge neglected to pay the same homage, and we find the omission giving offence at court.

The baptism of a Prince of Wales comprises, of course, an important ceremony. In a letter of the period, dated 2nd July, 1630, and addressed by Mr. Samuel Meddus to Mr. Joseph Mede, the event is thus recorded:

"WORTHY SIR,

"Prince Charles was baptized last Lord's day, about four in the afternoon, at St. James's, in the King's little chapel there, not the Queen's, by my Lord of London, Dean of the Chapel, assisted by the Bishop of Norwich, Almoner. The gossips were, the French King, the Palsgrave, and the Queen Mother of France. The deputies, the Duke of Lennox, Marquis Hamilton, and the Duchess of Richmond, which last was exceedingly bountiful. The ordnance and chambers at the Tower were discharged; the bells did ring; and at night were in the streets plenty of flaming bonfires.

"The Duchess was sent for by two Lords, divers knights and gentlemen, six footmen, and a coach with six horses, plumed, all the Queen's; and alighted, not without the gate, but within the court. Her retinue

* Ellis's Orig. Letters, vol. iii., p. 262; 2nd series.

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were six women, and gentlewomen I know not how many. But all, of both sexes, were clad in white satin, garnished with crimson, and crimson silk stockings.

"I hear not of any presents from the gossips; but the Duchess, for her own particular, presented to the Queen for the Prince, a jewel estimated at 7 or 8000*l.*; to the Welch nurse a chain of relics estimated at 200*l.*; to the midwife and dry-nurse, store of massy plate; to the six rockers each a fair cup, a salt, and a dozen of spoons. All the lords also gave plate to the nurse. Besides, the Duchess gave to every knight and gentleman of the Queen's, who came for her and brought her back to her house in the Strand, fifty pieces; to the coachman twenty; and to every one of the six footmen ten pieces. There were neither lords or knights made that I hear of, as was said there would be.

"Yours assured, SA. MEDDUS." *

Shortly after his birth, Charles was declared Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester. In the month in which he completed his eighth year, he was knighted; received the Order of the Garter, and was installed with the usual ceremonies at Windsor.

In a curious little work, published after the King's death, the following anecdote is related of his childhood:—"When he was but very young he had a very strange and unaccountable fondness to a wooden billet, without which in his arms he would never go abroad nor lie down in his bed; from which the more observing sort of people gathered, that when he came to years of maturity, either oppressors and blockheads would be his greatest favourites; or else that when he came to reign he would either

* Desid. Cur. Lib. 12, 36.

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be like Jupiter's log, for everybody to deride and contemn; or that he would rather choose to command his people with a club, than rule them with a sword."

It would seem that, at a very early age, Charles had imbibed that love for the ridiculous, and that aversion to present inconvenience, to which fortune, fame, and empire, were afterwards made subservient. This is amusingly illustrated by the following brief correspondence. The Queen's note is of itself a curiosity, as being one of the few letters of Henrietta, in the English tongue, which have been handed down to us. It is written entirely in her own hand:—

"CHARLES,

"I am sore that I must begin my first letter with chiding you, because I hear that you will not take physic. I hope it was only for this day, and that to-morrow you will do it, for if you will not I must come to you and make you to take it, for it is for your health. I have given order to my Lord Newcastle to send me word to-night whether you will or not; therefore, I hope you will not give me the pains to go; and so I rest

"Your affectionate mother,

"HENRIETTE MARIE R."

"To my dear Son the Prince."

We can scarcely doubt but that Charles had his mother's remonstrance in his thoughts, when he addressed, about the same period, the following note to his governor, the Earl of Newcastle. It is written in the child's own hand, with lines ruled in pencil above and below:—

"MY LORD,

"I would not have you take too much physic, for it doth always make me worse, and I think it will do the

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like with you. I ride every day, and am ready to follow any other directions from you. Make haste to return to him that loves you.

"CHARLES P."

"To my Lord of Newcastle."*

The nobleman to whom this note was addressed, was William Cavendish, Earl, and afterwards Duke, of Newcastle, a stately and foolish personage, if we may judge from the inflated encomiums of his Duchess, but sufficiently respectable in the field of arms. Charles was committed to his care on the 4th of June, 1638, by an instrument which will be found in Rymer's Fœdera. He was then eight years old. Among the instructions to the Earl, it is curiously enough inserted that no "*lewd or suspected person* shall presume to haunt near the abode where at the time the Prince may happen to be." On the 10th of August, 1641, Charles was removed to the charge of William, Marquess of Hertford, with similar especial injunctions. How far these noblemen discharged the duties imposed upon them, the subsequent habits of Charles may lead us somewhat to question. His last tutor was Thomas Howard, Earl of Berkshire, a man remarkable only for weakness and folly. He appears, by a passage in Lord Clarendon's History, to have been his governor at least as late as 1644.

Charles was in early life a witness of the miseries of his father and the troubles of the period; and, when only twelve years old, beheld from an eminence the battle of Edgehill. The Earl of Lindsey, as he passed to the battle, regarded him with great interest. "There," he said, "is a child born to end that war which we now begin." The King's body-guard having requested per-

* Harl. MSS. 6988; Ellis's Original Letters, vol. iii., pp. 286, 287.

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mission to charge in front of the line, the Prince, and his brother the Duke of York, were left almost entirely unattended. During the action, they were entrusted to Dr. William Harvey, the celebrated physician, and discoverer of the circulation of the blood. Harvey, having withdrawn them under the cover of a hedge, is related by Aubrey to have taken a book from his pocket, and, heedless of the roar of battle and the great stake which was being played in his neighbourhood, to have speedily become completely lost in meditation. A cannon ball, however, grazing the earth beside them, the philosopher shifted his position. "When the King," says Lord Clarendon, "discovered how doubtfully things stood, he commanded the Prince of Wales and Duke of York, who were both very young, to withdraw to the top of the hill, attended only by his company of pensioners, and commanded Mr. Hyde to wait upon them and not depart from them. The preservation of those two Princes was a great blessing of that day; and they had not been long upon that hill, before the King sent order that they should go to Edgeworth, where his Majesty had laid the night before."

James the Second, many years afterwards, refers to his brother and himself having been present during the battle. In a letter to the first Lord Dartmouth, dated 11th of December, 1679, he writes,—"The old Earl of Dorset, at Edgehill, being commanded by the King, my father, to go and carry the Prince and myself up a hill out of the battle, refused to do it; and said he would not be thought a coward for ever a King's son in Christendom." This was Edward Sackville, Earl of Dorset, so well known from his famous duel with his friend Lord Bruce. He particularly distinguished himself at Edgehill, by the recovery of the royal standard,

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which had been captured by the enemy. So affected was he by the execution of the King, that he never afterwards quitted his house in Salisbury Court, London;* but remained there a solitary recluse till his death, in 1652.

Charles was scarcely fourteen years old, when, with the title of General, he was sent by his father into the western counties, with instructions that, if closely pressed by the enemy, he should immediately fly to the Continent. On a wet and gloomy day, the 4th of March, 1644, Charles parted with his unhappy father, at Oxford, for the last time. The young Prince had scarcely arrived in the West, when he found himself surrounded by dangers. Fairfax, with unexampled rapidity, was carrying his victorious arms into Devonshire and Cornwall; and accordingly Charles, in obedience to the injunctions of his father, retired in the first instance to Scilly, where he remained about six weeks; after which he passed over to Jersey, and eventually joined his mother at Paris in 1646. His residence at the French court was of short duration. He soon retired to the Hague, where he remained till the fears of the States' government compelled them to insist on his departure.

After the execution of Charles the First, the Scots, who had never advocated the justice of that terrible retribution, proclaimed his son the successor to the throne, and invited him to Scotland with protestations of affection, and promises of support. Much as they disliked royalty, they hated the English Independents still more.

Taking leave of the Dutch Court in May, 1649, the young King passed through Rotterdam, Breda, Antwerp,

* Dorset House, Fleet Street, previously the London residence of the Bishops of Salisbury. It was destroyed by the "Great Fire" in 1666.

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and Brussels, and again joined his mother at Paris. But the terror of the English Parliament had by this time extended itself over the Continent, and the French showed themselves quite as uneasy at his visit, as had formerly been the good-natured Dutch. It was determined, therefore, that he should quit Paris, and, previously to his proceeding to Scotland, that he should pay another visit to the loyal Island of Jersey, which still acknowledged his sovereignty. He arrived there in September, 1649, with a retinue of three hundred persons; having, on his quitting Paris, had only three hundred pistoles, with which to defray the expenses of his journey. His residence at Jersey was necessarily brief. The Parliament was diligently preparing a powerful fleet to reduce the island to obedience, and the young King was therefore again compelled to seek safety in flight. After a narrow escape from a storm, he landed in France, from whence he proceeded to Breda.

At Breda, in March 1650, he met the Scotch Commissioners, and cold as was their invitation, and hard as were the conditions which they imposed upon him, he felt himself bound to accept them. Accordingly, he took his departure from Breda on the 16th of June, and, about three weeks afterwards, arrived without interruption in the Frith of Cromarty. The celebrated Dutch Admiral, Van Tromp, attended him to the ship, which conveyed him to Scotland, and is said to have shed tears on bidding him farewell.* Charles, it may be mentioned, was compelled to sign the Covenant, before the Scots would allow him even to set his foot on shore.

The temper and habits of the young King were but little in unison with the rigid morals and austere manners

* Heath's Chronicle, p. 268.

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of his Scottish subjects. Moreover, his situation was in many other respects an unenviable one. He was treated rather as a state prisoner than an independent sovereign; his own friends, as well as those who had been the faithful adherents of his father, were removed from his person: his gaiety and good-humour were construed into the most heinous crimes; he had to play his part in daily prayers and fastings; sermons were usually preached before him six times a day; and, moreover, his parents were denounced in his presence, the one as a bloody tyrant, and the other as an infamous idolatress. Burnet says, "he was not so much as allowed to walk abroad on Sundays, and if at any time there had been any gaiety at court, such as dancing or playing at cards, he was severely reproved for it." His persecutors had even the brutality to affix one of the quarters of his slaughtered adherent, the gallant Montrose, to the house in which Charles was lodged in Edinburgh.

In a word, the life of the thoughtless and light-hearted Prince was a routine of daily misery and privation. Sermons and indignities were his only fare, and, though ostensibly treated with every possible respect, and even knelt to when they addressed him, his court presented but a cheerless scene, composed principally of clerical enthusiasts and fanatical politicians. Lord Lorne, the eldest son of the Marquess of Argyle, attended him day and night, and was, in fact, placed there as a mere spy on his actions. Eventually he was compelled to humble himself before a whole nation, and to sign those famous articles of repentance, in which he stigmatised the authors of his being as among the most infamous of mankind. On one occasion he made an attempt to escape, but having been overtaken by Colonel Montgomery, was persuaded, or rather compelled, to return. The attempt

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was afterwards spoken of as "The Start." His coronation, which took place at Scone on the 1st of January, 1651, though conducted with some magnificence, was after all little less than an insult. He was said to be the forty-eighth Scottish monarch who had been crowned in that venerable edifice.

Latterly the companion of his boyhood, the gay, witty, and unprincipled Duke of Buckingham, was alone permitted to follow the fortunes of his young master. They were nearly of the same age; Charles being in his twenty-first, and the Duke in his twenty-fifth year. Imbued with the same love of pleasure and frolic, and participating in the same keen sense of the ridiculous, we may readily imagine their looks of weariness during a ninth sermon, and their half-suppressed titters at some scene of particular absurdity. Fatigue, and the love of fun, could not always be disguised, and, accordingly, more than once we find them reprimanded for their unseemly levity.

Charles, however, was not only fully aware of the importance of the crisis, but was quite clever enough to act his part with success. Accordingly, notwithstanding his occasional backslidings, the Puritans appear to have been really deceived by the long faces and clever acting of the young King, and to have convinced themselves that the work of regeneration would eventually be perfected. On one occasion, their eyes were very nearly being opened by an accidental circumstance, which, moreover, nearly led the King into a serious scrape. The details are thus gracefully glided over by Hume. "The King's passion for the fair," he says, "could not altogether be restrained. He had once been observed using some familiarities with a young woman, and a committee of ministers was appointed to reprove him for a behaviour so unbecoming

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a covenanted monarch. The spokesman of the committee, one Douglas, began with a severe aspect; informed the King that great scandal had been given to the godly; enlarged on the heinous nature of sin, and concluded with exhorting his Majesty, whenever he was disposed to amuse himself, to be more careful for the future in shutting the windows. This delicacy, so unusual to the place and to the character of the man, was remarked by the King, and he never forgot the obligation."

According to an exaggerated account which we have seen, Charles, by his systematic "wantonness," gave deep offence to the wise and good among his Scottish subjects. Laying aside, however, some indiscretions which are not unnatural to youth, the charge appears to be totally without foundation. The fact is, that, whatever may have been his inclinations, he was much too closely watched to be a frequent transgressor. Certain it is, moreover, that after his return to the Continent from his Scottish expedition, the King continued politely and politicly to correspond with the ministers of that Church. Such of these letters as are extant, though possessing no internal interest, are at least sensible and pleasing; and as the reverend gentlemen, in all probability, took a pride in disclosing their contents to others, the royal cause was certainly not injured by the King's condescension. Charles, and those about him, were fully alive to such manœuvres. In a lampoon of the period we find—

> "In Scotland, where they seem to like the lad,
> If he'll be more obsequious than his dad."

The defeat of Dunbar, inasmuch as it compelled his tormentors to invest him with greater authority, is said to have been not altogether displeasing to Charles. He would only too willingly have taken his share in the

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dangers of the day, but having, during his previous visits to the army, made himself much too popular with the soldiery, the clergy grew jealous of his increasing influence, and forbade him the camp. The loss of the battle was atttributed by the Presbyterian priesthood, in their prayers and fastings, to the anger of God at the iniquity of his father's house. At Stirling, the Sunday following, one Guthry, a minister, insisted energetically on the fact. "If his Majesty's heart," he said, "were as upright as David's, God would no more pardon the sins of his father's house for his sake, than he did the sins of the house of Judah for the goodness of Holy Josiah." *

It was shortly after the defeat of Dunbar, that Charles, to his great satisfaction, was allowed to place himself at the head of his Scottish troops. Success, however, was out of the question. Cromwell was following him with a victorious army; his supplies were cut off, and he soon found himself harassed and surrounded on every side. It was in this juncture that he formed the resolution, worthy of the race from which he had sprung, of immediately marching his troops into the heart of England. He had hoped to have been everywhere joined by the royalists, but such was the prevailing terror of the established government, that but few flocked to his standard. David Lindsay, an experienced commander, was unable to conceal his apprehensions, and, accordingly, appeared sad and melancholy during the whole march. The young King, to whom a gloomy countenance was ever unpalatable, one day inquired of the Scotchman why he looked so sad? "Gallant, as this army looks," was the reply, "I know it well, and am satisfied it will not fight."

Charles has the credit of having maintained admirable

* Echard, vol. ii., p. 695.

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discipline among his soldiers. "The King's army of Scots," says Richard Baxter, "was excellently well governed, in comparison of what his father's was wont to be. Not a soldier durst wrong any man of the worth of a penny, which much drew the affections of the people towards them." When he reached Worcester, his assembled forces amounted to no more than twelve thousand men. Of these there were about ten thousand Scotch and two thousand English. Cromwell was hastening to attack him with an efficient army of thirty thousand men.

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CHAPTER II.

Battle of Worcester—Gallantry of Charles during the Action—His Flight—Halts at White Ladies—Disguises himself as a Woodman—separates from the Duke of Buckingham and his other Attendants—His Adventures the Day after the Battle—His Journey to Madeley—Adventure with the Miller—Return to White Ladies—Charles conceals himself in the Oak—His Hiding-place at Boscobel—He is conducted by the Penderells to Moseley—Meeting with Lord Wilmot—His admirable Disguise.

THE battle of Worcester, in which Charles and Cromwell contended in person for the possession of power, was fought on the 3rd of September, 1651, and lasted with various success for about four hours. So furious was the first onset of the Royalists, headed by the young King in person, that even Cromwell's invincible life-guards gave way before the shock. Gallant and desperate were the charges, both of the English cavaliers and of the Scottish highlanders, but unfortunately they were unsupported by the rest of the army; Lesley, with his three thousand horse, remaining in the most unaccountable manner, a passive spectator in the rear. In the mean time the infantry had entirely expended their ammunition, while Cromwell was momentarily bringing up fresh reserves to the charge. The King, who had his horse twice shot under him, behaved with a coolness and valour which called forth the encomiums even of Cromwell. He was one of the last who quitted the field, and, even then, it was with difficulty that he could be prevented from throwing away his life in some desperate attempt to retrieve the lost fortune of the day.

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Charles, finding that he had no option but to retreat, retired with a portion of his fugitive soldiers into the city of Worcester. The enemy were also pouring in on all sides; and in several parts of the town the battle was still fiercely, though only partially, contested. The streets are described as actually flowing with blood. Charles, having thrown away his heavy armour and having mounted a fresh horse, made a last endeavour to reanimate his harassed and bleeding followers. Riding up to them, with his hat in his hand, he passionately implored them to keep their ground, and to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Perceiving many of them throwing down their arms,—"I had rather," said he, "you should shoot me, than keep me alive to see the sad effects of this day." Nothing, however, could have been more desperate than such an attempt. Fortunately, when all hope of escape appeared at an end, a check, which the Parliament forces received at one of the gates of the town, from the Earl of Cleveland, the gallant Colonel Careless, and other cavaliers, enabled the King to make good his retreat and gain the open country. Hobbes of Malmesbury, in his Behemoth, attributes his easy escape to there being none of the enemy's horse in the town to follow him: "The plundering foot," he says, "kept the gates shut, lest the horse should enter and have a share of the booty." *

The story of the wanderings of the young King, after the fatal battle of Worcester, his hair-breadth escapes, and eventually his "miraculous deliverance," are perhaps unexampled for their stirring interest in the romance of real life. Allowing to Charles the slight credit of feeling sympathy with the sufferings of others; admitting that he could not have reflected without some feelings of pity

* Maseres's Tracts, Part ii., p. 620.

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on the scene of slaughter and devastation which he had just quitted, nor have heard without a sigh of the death and captivity of his most faithful adherents;—allowing even that he was alive to the common impressions of fear, suspense, and hunger;—and we can imagine no condition more distressing than that of the hunted and houseless fugitive. Unwilling, as we are, to reconcile, with the fortunes of a profligate, an especial departure of Providence from its fixed rules; nevertheless, in reviewing the circumstances of the King's wonderful deliverance, we can scarcely doubt that Providence was about his path and around his bed; that it led him forth from the land of captivity, and sheltered and preserved him for the furtherance of its ends.

It was about six o'clock in the evening, that the young King, taking the road which led to Kidderminster, turned his back on the loyal city of Worcester. He was accompanied by the Duke of Buckingham, the Earls of Derby, Shrewsbury, and Cleveland, Lord Wilmot, and a small body of horse. They were in all about sixty persons. Their intention was to have escorted the King to Scotland; but at Kinver Heath, a few miles from Kidderminster, their guide unluckily missed his way in the dark, and the fugitives were brought to a stand. By this time the King was almost overcome by the fatigues of the day, and expressed a strong desire to obtain a short rest. Lord Derby told him that, after his own recent defeat at Wigan, he had met with shelter and kindness at a retired house in the neighbourhood, where his Majesty would also be sure to find a welcome. This was the famous Boscobel House, secluded in a well-wooded country, between Tong Castle and Brewood, on the borders of Staffordshire and Shropshire. The house belonged to a staunch loyalist, Mrs. Cotton. At this

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period, however, it was inhabited only by one William Penderell, a man of humble birth, and his wife.

To Boscobel House therefore the fugitives proceeded; Mr. Charles Giffard, who resided in the neighbourhood, undertaking to be their guide. In the dead of the night they passed stealthily and unperceived through Stourbridge, where a party of the enemy's horse happened to be quartered. At a cottage, about a mile beyond, the King was enabled to quench his thirst, and also to satisfy his hunger with a crust of bread, the only food which the cottage afforded.

At White Ladies, the seat of the Giffards, the party again halted. This place, which derived its name from having been formerly a monastery of Cistercian nuns, was distant about twenty-six miles from Worceser, and about half a mile from Boscobel. The day was now dawning, and consequently, for the sake of greater security, the King's horse was led into the hall. George Penderell, a servant of the family, was hurried from his bed, and his brothers William, Humphrey, and Richard, were instantly sent for. William was the inhabitant of Boscobel; Humphrey was the miller to White Ladies; and Richard, who will be found figuring the most prominently of this faithful fraternity, lived close by at Hobbal Grange. Richard, who was the first to make his appearance, was instantly despatched for a suit of his own clothes for the King. On his return, he and William were conducted into the apartment in which were the King and his fugitive companions. The Earl of Derby, addressing himself to the latter, impressed on him the importance of his trust,—"This," he said, "is the King; have a care of him, and preserve him as thou didst me." The next object was to render the disguise of Charles as effectual as possible. Having stripped

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himself, with the assistance of his companions, of his buff coat and his military accoutrements, he gave his watch to Lord Wilmot, and committed his "George" to the care of Colonel Blague: what money he had about him he distributed to the servants. Then, having rubbed his face and hands with soot from the chimney, he dressed himself in the woodman's garb of Richard Penderell, consisting of a "noggon coarse shirt," and a green suit and leather doublet. Lord Wilmot, in cutting off his hair, which he did with a knife, made such sad havoc of it, that Richard Penderell was afterwards compelled to retouch it with his shears. Charles desired Richard to burn the hair: the honest yeoman, however, disobeyed the royal command for the first and only time, and retained it as a sacred memorial of his sovereign and his misfortunes.

In the mean time, those who had accompanied Charles to White Ladies prepared, "with sad hearts but hearty prayers," to take their departure: Lord Wilmot alone remained with his master for a few hours, being subsequently conducted by John Penderell, a fifth brother, to the house of a staunch loyalist, Mr. Whitegrave, in the neighbourhood. Scarcely half an hour had elapsed after the gallant companions of Charles had wished him an affectionate farewell, before Colonel Ashenhurst, with a troop of parliamentary horse, paid a visit to the house. Ashenhurst was speedily on their track. The fugitives had wisely declined being made acquainted with the King's projects, lest fear might hereafter wring from them a disclosure. A little beyond Newport, they were surrounded by a powerful body of the enemy. The Duke of Buckingham, and Lords Talbot and Livingston, made their escape, but the Earls of Derby, Cleveland, and Lauderdale, as well as Giffard and others, were unfor-

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tunately taken prisoners. The Earl of Derby lost his head at Bolton, and Lauderdale remained a prisoner for many years.

While these events were passing in the neighbourhood, the King, carrying a wood-bill in his hand, had been conducted by Richard Penderell through the back door of White Ladies, to a neighbouring wood called Spring Coppice; Humphrey and George lurking in the neighbourhood, and procuring all the information in their power. In this uncomfortable place, the rain falling in torrents, Charles continued the whole of the day which followed the battle. His only friends and occasional visitors were the Penderells. Richard procured him the luxury of a blanket, and, in the course of the day, Frances Yates, his wife's sister, visited him with a welcome meal of milk, eggs, and butter. Charles was somewhat alarmed to find a woman was in his secret. "Good woman," he said, "can you be faithful to a distressed cavalier?" He was much gratified at her simple answer. "Yes, sir," she replied, "I will rather die than discover you." At night, he was carried by the four brothers to Richard's cottage at Hobbal Grange. Their old mother, overjoyed to see the King in safety, hastened to prepare a dish of eggs and bacon for his Majesty. This evening his disguise was much improved. It was agreed that he should pass by the name of William Jones, and that it should be reported he had come into the neighbourhood in search of work.

Charles, believing that, if he could pass the Severn and make good his escape into Wales, he should be in no want of either friends or security, determined to proceed on his journey that same night. Fortunately, there resided at Madeley,—a place not far from the river, and about five miles from White Ladies,—a Roman Catholic

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gentleman of the name of Woolf, to whom Charles determined to confide his secret, and trust his person. Accordingly, about nine at night, Charles, with Richard Penderell for his guide, set out from Hobbal Grange on their hazardous expedition to Madeley.

They had proceeded about two miles when they met with rather an alarming adventure. Their course compelled them to cross a small stream, over which was a wooden bridge, and close to it a water-mill. But the King's own account of the night's adventure, as he afterwards related it to Pepys, will be more acceptable. "Just as we came to the mill, we could see the miller, as I believed, sitting at the mill-door, he being in white clothes, it being a very dark night. He called out, 'Who goes there?' Upon which Richard Penderell answered, 'Neighbours going home,' or some such like words. Whereupon the miller cried out, 'If you be neighbours, stand, or I will knock you down.' Upon which (we believing there was company in the house), the fellow bade me follow him close, and he ran to a gate that went up a dirty lane up a hill, and, opening the gate, the miller cried out, 'Rogues! rogues!' And thereupon some men came out of the mill after us, which I believed were soldiers: so Richard and I fell a running up the lane, as long as we could run, it being very deep and very dirty, till at last I bade him leap over a hedge, and lie still to hear if anybody followed us; which we did, and continued lying down upon the ground about half an hour, when, hearing nobody come, we continued our way." Charles used often to observe afterwards, that, in the darkness of the night, he was more than once in danger of missing his guide: he added, however, that the rustling of Richard's calves'-skin breeches was usually his best direction.

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It was nearly midnight when they reached Mr. Woolf's residence. The family had retired to rest, but, on Richard knocking at the door, it was opened by Mr. Woolf's daughter. They found the old gentleman in great solicitude about his son, whom he had ascertained to be a prisoner in the hands of the Parliament. For himself, he said, he was unwilling to risk his safety for any one but the King. Influenced by this incidental remark, Penderell confided to him that it was his Majesty himself who claimed his hospitality. The heart of the old man immediately warmed towards his sovereign, and he affectionately and loyally welcomed him. He added, however, that he was sorry to see the King in that part of the country; that there were two companies of militia in the town of Madeley; that the bridges and ferry-boats were so closely watched, that it would be unsafe to pass the river; and further, that the hiding-places in his own house—the "priest's holes," as they were called—had been recently discovered by the authorities, and might again be searched at any moment. He had no choice, therefore, he said, but to lodge the King in his barn, in which, in the event of their receiving a visit from the Parliamentary troopers, the straw at least offered an excellent means of concealment.

Accordingly, having passed a comfortable hour or two in the house, towards morning the King and his trusty adherent were hurried among the straw, where the royal fugitive passed the second day of his wanderings. At night, they were visited by Mrs. Woolf, who supplied them with food, and, moreover, effectually stained the King's face and hands with walnut-juice. Ascertaining that the passage of the Severn was impracticable, Charles, to his great disappointment, found it necessary to retrace his steps to the neighbourhood of White Ladies. On

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their way back, their old enemy the miller was not forgotten. "As we came by the mill," says Charles, "we had no mind to be questioned a second time there; and therefore, asking Richard Penderell whether he could swim or no, and how deep the river was, he told me it was a scurvy river, not easy to be passed in all places, and that he could not swim. So I told him that the river being but a little one, I would undertake to help him over. Upon which we went over some closes to the river-side, and I, entering the river first, to see whether I could myself go over, who knew how to swim, found it was but a little above my middle; and thereupon, taking Richard Penderell by the hand, I helped him over." It was five o'clock in the morning when they again found themselves in Boscobel wood. While the King remained lurking in its thickets, Richard proceeded to make enquiries respecting the number of soldiers in the neighbourhood, and also to provide food for his royal master.

He returned with the information, not uninteresting to Charles, that the gallant Colonel Careless, the last soldier who had turned his back on Worcester, was also concealed in the neighbourhood. Charles instantly sent for him. They met in John's cottage, and, after an affectionate meeting, breakfasted together on bread and cheese. It was now found necessary to pay some attention to the King's feet, which had been much galled by his journey to Madeley. Careless having pulled off his shoes and stockings, they were found full of stones and gravel. Some hot water was procured for Charles to soak his feet in, and, as there were no other shoes in the house, old Mrs. Penderell put some hot embers in those of the King, and thus effectually dried them.

From the number of soldiers who were scouring the

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neighbourhood, it was evident that, whether they remained in the cottage, or whether they lurked in the wood, the danger was pretty nearly the same. It was proposed, therefore, by Colonel Careless, that they should carry with them some bread and cheese and small beer, and conceal themselves among the branches of one of the neighbouring oaks. Having selected one of the most umbrageous trees, they took up their position amidst its branches, and thus the King passed the third day of his wanderings. It was by far the most critical situation in which he had yet found himself. From his insecure hiding-place, he could at times perceive the soldiers—"the red-coats," as they were called—searching in all directions for him, while some of them even approached so close as to enable him to overhear their discourse. Overcome, however, by his recent fatigues, a portion of these exciting hours was passed in a disturbed sleep. With the King's head resting on his lap, Colonel Careless watched over the slumbers of his young master, and prevented the possibility of his fall.

At night, when the soldiers had disappeared, it was thought safe to conduct the King to Boscobel House, where, having been shown the hiding-place of the unfortunate Earl of Derby, he was so satisfied with it as a place of security, that he was determined, he said, to spend no more days in the oak.

The "priest's hole" at Boscobel,—a place of concealment which was formerly to be found in most of the mansions of Roman Catholic families,—was a closet of about five feet square. It was built between two walls into the principal stack of chimneys, communicating above with the state bedroom, and below, by a small door, with the garden;—thus affording two chances of escape. There was also another hiding-place at Boscobel, in the

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floor of the garret, but this was apparently not made use of either by the King or by Lord Derby. As a considerable time had elapsed since Charles had experienced the luxury of a bed, the "priest's hole," however gloomy and confined, was hailed by the harassed fugitive as anything but a disagreeable resting-place.

Before retiring to rest, Charles had an interview with Humphrey Penderell, the miller .The poor fellow, having gone to Shifnal during the day for the purpose of paying his taxes, had been recognised and subjected to a cross-examination by the authorities; the King's recent visit to White Ladies having now become generally known. The reward for the discovery of the King was a thousand pounds, and the punishment for concealing him "death without mercy." The high-minded yeoman, however, was alike deaf to threats and temptation, and, like his gallant brothers, remained true to the last.

Charles, seating himself close to the small door which led to his hiding-place in the chimney-stack, spent the fourth day of his wanderings in the garden of Boscobel. Dispirited as the young King may be presumed to have been, his appetite at this period appears to have been as keen, as the culinary resources of the humble Penderells were scanty and indifferent. To remedy this evil, early in the morning, before the King had risen, Careless, accompanied by William Penderell, repaired to a sheep-fold in the neighbourhood, and sticking his dagger into one of the fattest of the animals, William brought it home on his back. Charles himself assisted at the cooking. Sending for a knife and a trencher, he cut a portion of the leg into slices and laying them on the frying-pan, with the addition of some butter, applied himself seriously to his interesting occupation. When Careless afterwards joined Charles's little court on the

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Continent, the King reminded him gaily of their morning's work, and, appealing to the bystanders, inquired which of the two ought to be considered the master-cook. The courtiers of course gave it in favour of his Majesty. It must be remarked, that one of the Penderells afterwards offered to remunerate the owner of the slaughtered sheep. Ascertaining, however, that it had been sacrificed to appease the hunger of a suffering cavalier, the man positively refused all recompense whatever. The yeomen of England, the Penderells and their class, must formerly have been a noble race!

In the mean time, Lord Wilmot had been concealed in perfect security at Moseley, about five miles from Boscobel. The King, aware of his being in the vicinity, and desirous of enjoying the society of a companion in adversity, expressed a strong wish that they might again meet. Accordingly, it was agreed that, as soon as night set in, the King should proceed to Moseley, where Lord Wilmot was to meet him in one of Mr. Whitegrave's fields. As Charles had suffered severely in his feet during his late pedestrian expedition to the Severn, Humphrey Penderell's mill-horse was put in requisition for him during the journey. The whole of the affectionate fraternity, accompanied by their brother-in-law Yates, and also armed with good pike-staves and one or two pistols, formed the King's body-guard on the occasion. Bidding a melancholy farewell to the gallant Careless, Charles mounted his wretched charger. Two of the brothers marched before him, while one walked on each side, the other three following at some distance behind. The King complaining that Humphrey's mill-horse went somewhat roughly and heavily,—"Can you blame the horse, my liege," said the miller, "that he goes heavily, when he has the weight of three kingdoms on his back?"

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At Penford Mill, a short distance from Moseley, it was thought expedient that the party should separate. Humphrey, William, and George returned with the horse, while the King, with Richard and John, followed the footpath to Moseley. The three brothers had already retraced their journey a few steps, when Charles suddenly called them back, and, giving them his hand to kiss, said,—"My troubles make me forget myself: I thank you all."

In the field, which had been selected for his meeting with Lord Wilmot, the King found Mr. Whitegrave his future host, and one Huddlestone, a Roman Catholic priest, who, singularly enough, afterwards administered the sacrament of extreme unction to Charles, when dying amidst the splendours of Whitehall. In consequence of Charles not arriving till some time after the appointed hour, and, moreover, the rain falling in torrents, Lord Wilmot, despairing of his arrival, had returned to his hiding-place in the "priest's hole" at Moseley. Charles, accordingly, was left to be welcomed by Whitegrave, who was under the impression that his new guest was merely one of the many fugitive and suffering cavaliers who were lurking in the neighbourhood. It was not till they entered the house that he was made aware that he was in the presence of his sovereign. Whitegrave afterwards drew up an account of the events of the night, in which he thus describes his first interview with Charles:—"I saw them," he says, "coming up the long walk, which I speedily acquainted his lordship with, who wished me to stay at the orchard door, and to show him [Charles] the way to the stairs, where my lord expected him with a light. When he came to the door, with the Penderells guarding him, he was so habited like one of them, that I could not tell which was he, only I knew all the rest: I could scarce put off

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my hat to him, but he, discovering the stairs by the light, immediately went to them, where his lordship expected him, and took him up to his chamber. Then I took the Penderells into the buttery to eat and drink, that I might despatch them away and secure the house. But ere they had done, my lord sent Huddlestone down to me, desiring me to come up, which accordingly I did; and coming at the chamber door, his Majesty and my lord being both at a cupboard's head nigh to it, talking, his lordship said to me,—'This gentleman under disguise, whom I have hitherto concealed, is both your master and mine, and the master of us all, to whom we all owe our duty and allegiance:' and so, I kneeling down, the King gave me his hand to kiss and bid me rise, and said, he had received from my lord such a character of my loyalty and readiness in those dangers to assist him and his friends, that he would never be unmindful of me or mine; and the next after was, 'Where is the private place my lord told me of?' which being already prepared and showed him, he went into it, and when come forth, said it was the best place he was ever in. Then he returning to his chamber: sitting down by the fire-side, we pulled off his shoes and stockings and washed his feet, which were most sadly galled; and then pulled off likewise his apparel and shirt, which was of burden cloth and put him on one of Mr. Huddlestone's and other apparel of ours. Then, after he had refreshed himself a little by eating some biscuit and drinking a glass of wine, he grew very cheerful and said,—'If it would please God to send him once more an army of ten thousand good and loyal soldiers and subjects, he feared not to expel all those rogues forth of his kingdom.' Then, after an hour's discourse or more, he was desirous of reposing himself on a bed that night."

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After Charles had retired to rest, Lord Wilmot held a consultation with his host. "If the rebels," he said, "should suspect your harbouring any of the King's party, and should therefore put you to any torture for confession, be sure you discover me first: it may perhaps stop their further search and preserve the King." The dress which Charles wore at this period has been minutely described. It consisted of a "leathern doublet with pewter buttons; a pair of old green breeches, and a coat of the same green; a pair of his own stockings, with the tops cut off, because embroidered, and a pair of stirrup stockings which were lent him at Madeley; a pair of old shoes, cut and slashed to give ease to his feet; an old grey greasy hat without a lining, a noggon shirt of the coarsest linen; his face and his hands made of a reeky complexion by the help of the walnut-tree leaves." Some well-meaning person had injudiciously inserted paper between his toes to prevent them from galling: the remedy, however, had the opposite effect. From some natural cause, his nose bled more than once during this period. The fact may, perhaps, be worth recording, that the tattered and dirty handkerchief, which he used on this occasion, was long preserved by a Mrs. Brathwayte as a charm against the King's evil.

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CHAPTER III.

Boscobel searched by the Parliamentary Soldiers — Their Visit to Moseley—Charles removes to Bentley — Rides "double" as a Servant before Miss Lane—His Awkwardness in his new Character —Adventure with the Blacksmith at Bromsgrove—Employed to wind the Mèat-jack at Longmarston—Arrival at Abbotsleigh— Recognised by Pope, a Butler—Journey to Trent—Cavalier Family of the Wyndhams—Their affectionate Loyalty—Rejoicings at the King's reported Death—Charles listens to them from his Hiding-place—Removes to Charmouth—Disappointed in his Hopes of Escape—His narrow Escape at Lyme—Nearly recognised by an Ostler—Parliamentary Soldiers in pursuit of him—Quartered with the Enemy's Troopers at Broad Windsor—Journey to Hele— Arrival at Brighthelmstone—Charles escapes to France.

The anxiety which Charles had felt to join Lord Wilmot proved to be a most providential circumstance. Only a few hours after he had quitted Boscobel, the old house was visited by the Parliamentary soldiers, who not only plundered William Penderell of his homely fare, but, suspecting that the honest woodman was in the secret of the King's hiding-place, threatened him with instant death unless he disclosed to them all he knew on the subject. It is needless to say that he remained true to his trust.

Charles passed two entire days at Mr. Whitegrave's. From a small closet over the porch, he could see what was passing in the Wolverhampton road, and thus more than once witnessed his own straggling and wretched followers begging for bread at the gate. He was thus passing his time, on the second day after his arrival, when, to his consternation, he suddenly beheld a party

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of soldiers approaching the house. Of course he instantly retreated into his hiding-place. On the soldiers drawing up before the gate, Mr. Whitegrave came boldly forward to meet them. They had imagined him to have been present at the battle of Worcester, but his evident ill state of health, and the testimony of his neighbours, convinced them that they were mistaken. Fortunately they took their departure without insisting on any examination of the premises, or even ascending the staircase.

During the preceding night, Lord Wilmot had repaired to the residence of Colonel Lane, at Bentley, to which place it was proposed that the King should next remove. Accordingly, every preparation having been made for his reception by that loyal family, on the following night Colonel Lane came in person to Moseley, in order to conduct his Majesty to his new retreat. Charles took leave of his host, and the priest Huddlestone, with every expression of gratitude; directing them, in the event of suspicion and danger falling on them on his account, to repair to a merchant in London, who would supply them with money, and find means to effect their escape to the Continent. Neither did he forget his hostess.—"He sent me," says Whitegrave, "for my mother to come and take leave of him; who, brought with her some raisins, almonds, and other sweetmeats, which she presented to him; whereof he was pleased to eat, and took some with him; afterwards, we all kneeling down and praying Almighty God to bless, prosper, and preserve him, he was pleased to salute my mother and give her thanks for his kind entertainment; and then giving his hand to Mr. Huddlestone and myself to kiss, (saying, if it pleased God to restore him he would never be unmindful of us,) he

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took leave and went, conducted by Mr. Huddlestone and myself to the Colonel, and thence to his horses expecting him, where he, having got on horseback, we kneeled and kissed his hand again, offering all our prayers for his safety and preservation: Mr. Huddlestone putting on him a cloak of his to keep him from cold and wet, which, afterwards, by the Colonel's order, was sent to me, we took leave." The same night Charles arrived in safety at Bentley.

Colonel Lane's proposition was to conduct the King to Bristol, in which city he was known to have many adherents, and from whence it was hoped he might obtain a passage to the Continent. The plan was rendered the more feasible in consequence of the Colonel's sister, Miss Jane Lane—a young lady of considerable personal accomplishments—having recently obtained a Parliamentary pass to convey herself and friends to the neighbourhood of that mercantile city; her object being to visit a near relation who was on the eve of her confinement. This plan having been agreed upon, it was decided that the king should personate a servant and ride "double" before the young lady. The remainder of the party consisted of her cousin, a Mr. Lascelles, and his wife, as well as a Mr. and Mrs Petre. The next morning, the seventh of the King's adventures, after a few hours' rest, he appeared in his new dress and character. His name was changed from William Jones to William Jackson; and, instead of his woodman's dress, he was clad in the grey cloth of a country serving-man.

The cavalcade being ready to start, old Mrs. Lane, who had been kept in ignorance of the rank of the new servant, descended to the court-yard in order to bid her daughter farewell. The Colonel made a sign to Charles that he ought to offer his sister his hand, and assist her

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to mount. This he accordingly did, with his hat in his hand, but with so much awkwardness, or rather perhaps with so much ignorance of the duties of a serving-man, that it attracted the old lady's attention. Turning to the Colonel with a smile,—"What a goodly horseman," she said, "my daughter has got to ride before her." At length the party set forward on their hazardous journey; Lord Wilmot riding boldly before them, with a hawk on his fist and spaniels by his side, pretending to be a sportsman in pursuit of his favourite recreation.

This day was an eventful one. The first accident occurred at Bromsgrove, at which place, in consequence of Miss Lane's horse losing a shoe, it was necessary that Charles, in his capacity of servant, should take the animal to a blacksmith's to be shod. Charles's account of his conversation with the blacksmith is curious.—"As I was holding the horse's foot," said the King, "I asked the smith what news. He told me that there was no news that he knew of, since the good news of the beating of the rogues the Scots. I asked him whether there were none of the English taken that joined with the Scots. He answered, that he did not hear that the rogue Charles Stuart was taken; but some of the others, he said, were taken, but not Charles Stuart. I told him that if that rogue were taken he deserved to be hanged more than all the rest, for bringing in the Scots. Upon which he said, I spoke like an honest man, and so we parted."

At Wotton, not far from Stratford, the travellers proposed to ford the river Avon. On a sudden, however, they caught sight of a troop of cavalry who had stopped to rest themselves on their route, and who were lying quietly on the ground, with their horses grazing beside them. Petre, in great alarm, turned back and rode into

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the town another way: the King, however, proceeded confidently forward, and fortunately escaped unquestioned. At night, they rested at a Mr. Tomb's at Longmaston, about four miles from Stratford; the King, in order to keep up his borrowed character, being compelled to confine himself to the kitchen. In the course of the evening, the cook, who was busy preparing supper for the drawing-room guests, roughly desired the supposed William to wind up the jack. This simple household duty he performed so awkwardly, that the woman flew into a passion,—"What countryman are you," she said, "that you know not how to wind up a jack?" The King answered meekly,—"I am a poor tenant's son of Colonel Lane in Staffordshire: we seldom have roast meat, but when we have, we don't make use of a jack."

After a journey of twenty-four miles, the party arrived the next night at the Crown Inn, at Cirencester, where the King, pretending to be suffering from ague, was allowed to retire to rest. An uncomfortable truckle-bed had been prepared for him in the same chamber with Mr. Lascelles, but no sooner were they alone, than the latter of course insisted that they should change places. The next night they arrived safely at Abbotsleigh, the house of Miss Lane's relation, Mr. Norton.

At Abbotsleigh, by again counterfeiting a fit of the ague, the King obtained better accommodation than his presumed condition in life would otherwise have entitled him to; Pope, the butler, being told that Charles was a son of one of Colonel Lane's tenants, and therefore a person who ought to be treated with kindness. The next morning the King had a narrow escape from discovery. "I arose pretty early," he says, "having a very good stomach, and went to the buttery-hatch to get my breakfast, where I found Pope and two or three

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other men in the room, and we all fell to eating bread and butter, to which he gave us very good ale and sack. And as I was sitting there, there was one that looked like a country fellow sat just by me, who, talking, gave so particular an account of the battle of Worcester to the rest of the company, that I concluded he must be one of Cromwell's soldiers. But I asking him how he came to give so good an account of that battle, he told me he was in the King's regiment, by which I thought he meant one Colonel King's regiment. But questioning him further, I perceived that he had been in my regiment of guards, in Major Broughton's company, that was my major in the battle. I asked him what kind of a man I was? To which he answered by describing exactly both my clothes and my horse; and then, looking upon me, he told me that the King was at least three fingers taller than I. Upon which I made what haste I could out of the buttery, for fear he should indeed know me; being more afraid, when I knew he was one of our own soldiers, than when I took him for one of the enemy's. So Pope and I went into the hall, and just as we came into it, Mrs. Norton was coming by through it; upon which I plucking off my hat, and standing with my hat in my hand as she passed by, Pope looked very earnestly in my face; but I took no notice of it, put on my hat again and went away, walking out of the house into the field."

But if the soldier had failed in recognising the King's features, this was not also the case with Pope. This person had not only been a servant to Henry Jermyn, when the latter was in Charles's household, but, moreover, having served as a soldier in the western counties during the time the young King, then Prince of Wales, had been sent thither for safety by his father, he was of

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course well acquainted with the royal person. Immediately, therefore, that they were alone, the honest butler threw himself on his knees, and with tears in his eyes expressed his delight at seeing his Majesty in health and safety. Charles endeavoured to laugh off the matter, and persisted in denying his identity. Pope, however, was not to be deceived; and Charles at length, finding concealment impracticable, gave him his hand to kiss, and freely admitted him to a confidence, which he never had reason to regret.

The same night, Lord Wilmot, who was lurking in the neighbourhood, was introduced by Pope into the King's presence. In the course of their conference, it was decided that Wilmot should forthwith proceed to the house of Colonel Wyndham, at Trent, in Somersetshire, and prepare the head of that loyal family for a visit from his sovereign. Wilmot immediately commenced his journey, and, on opening the delicate subject to the Colonel, the answer of the cavalier was such as might have been expected. "Not only," he said, "am I ready to *venture* life, family, and estate, but even to *sacrifice* them all for his Majesty's service." He requested permission, however, to impart the secret, not only to his mother and wife, but to four servants of his family, on whose fidelity he could rely. This concession having been made by Wilmot, it was understood that in three days he might expect his Majesty at Trent.

Unfortunately, on the eve of the King's proposed departure, it happened that his hostess, Mrs. Norton, miscarried of a still-born child. As Miss Lane was her nearest relative, it would of course not only have been indelicate, but also extremely suspicious, had she quitted the house at such a moment; unless, indeed, on the pretext of some very pressing and important business.

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Moreover, as there were guests staying at Abbotsleigh, —attracted thither probably by the delicate situation of the lady of the house,—it was the more necessary to use caution. To obviate the difficulty, a fictitious letter was composed, which purported to convey to Miss Lane the news of the alarming illness of her aged father, and which was handed to her by Pope while she was sitting at supper with the rest of the family. The young lady performed her part to admiration; and accordingly, every preparation having been made overnight for her departure the next morning, the King, seated on horseback before his fair companion, set out on his journey to Trent. It may be remarked, that so secure did he feel himself at Abbotsleigh, that he one day confidently presented himself as a spectator at a game of fives.

The journey to Trent occupied two days, Charles passing the first night at Castle Cary. About the time that he might reasonably be expected, Colonel Wyndham and his lady, on the pretext of a walk, went forth to meet him. At the first sight of the Colonel, "Frank, Frank," said the King, joyously, "how dost thou do?" It was neither the time nor the place, however, for particular greetings; and accordingly, while Colonel Wyndham formally conducted Miss Lane and Mr. Lascelles into the house, Charles was introduced by a trustworthy domestic through a more private and humble entrance. The following day Miss Lane took leave of the King and returned to her own home.

The inmates of Trent House presented an interesting picture of a cavalier family. A short time only before his death, the father of Colonel Wyndham had summoned his five sons into his presence, and enjoined them, as a dying man, to remain true to their King. He foresaw, observed the old Cavalier, that troubles were coming,

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and that the corruption of manners and the prevalence of Puritanism would undermine the pillars of the state. "My sons," he proceeded, "we have hitherto seen serene and quiet times, but now prepare yourselves for clouds and storms. I command you to honour and obey your gracious sovereign, and in all times to adhere to the crown. *I charge you never to forsake the crown, though it hang upon a bush.*" The death of three of them, on the field of battle, affords sufficient evidence that the solemn injunction was not disregarded. "My father's last words," said Colonel Wyndham to Charles, "made so deep an impression on all our breasts, that the numerous afflictions of these sad times could never efface their indelible characters."

Lady Wyndham, the widow of the old Cavalier, was still living, and residing with her son at Trent. On Charles being presented to the venerable old lady, "I account it," she said, "my highest honour that I have had three sons and one grandchild slain in the defence of your father, and that in my old age I should be instrumental in the preservation of yourself." She insisted on giving up her sleeping apartment to Charles; there being contiguous to it a small secret closet, which was admirably well adapted for the purposes of concealment.

Charles remained undisturbed at Trent during several days. It was on one of those days that some unusual rejoicings, such as bonfires and ringing of bells, reached the ears of the inmates of Trent. Charles inquiring the cause, was informed that it was on account of the tidings of his own death, which had been brought by some of the Parliamentary soldiers. "Alas, poor people!" was his only observation. It was even asserted by one of the new-comers, that he had killed the King with his own

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hand, in corroboration of which he produced a buff coat, which he affirmed he had stripped from the royal corpse.

As the object of Charles was to escape beyond sea, it was absolutely necessary, in order to effect the required arrangements, that his secret should be confided to more than one individual. Among those whom it was thought safe to trust, was Colonel Giles Strangways, a loyalist, residing about four miles from Trent. Strangways expressed his regret that his want of acquaintance with sea-faring people prevented his being of use to his royal master, but at the same time he sent him a hundred pounds in gold, an article of which the King at this period stood greatly in need. At length, by means of one Captain Ellesdon of Lyme, who had formerly served in the royal army, strong hopes were entertained that a vessel would be obtained for the conveyance of the royal fugitive to a more hospitable shore. It being thought impolitic, however, to entrust Ellesdon with a secret of so much importance, he was merely told that Lord Wilmot, having escaped from the battle of Worcester, would gladly pay the sum of sixty pounds for the conveyance of himself and his servant into France. Ellesdon having been thus enlisted in the cause, applied himself to one Limbry of Charmouth, the master of a coasting vessel, who expressed his willingness to run all risks, by placing his vessel at Lord Wilmot's service. Accordingly, the night of the twenty-second of September having been fixed upon for the King's embarkation from Charmouth, Henry Peters, a faithful servant of Colonel Wyndham's, was despatched thither for the purpose of engaging a safe apartment in the town. The person to whom he applied himself was the landlady of a small inn, to whom he presented a sum of money, and, having pledged her in a bumper of wine, adroitly secured her services. "He

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was a servant," he said, "to a worthy nobleman who was deeply in love with a young lady, without father or mother, who was as much in love with him, but her guardian unjustly opposing the marriage, he resolved to steal her away by night; would she, therefore, entertain them for some hours in her house?" Either the money or the romance softened the heart of the woman, for she immediately gave an unqualified consent.

On the morning of the appointed day the King departed for Charmouth. It had been previously arranged that he should ride double before Juliana Coningsby, a niece of Lady Wyndham, who was probably intended to personate the runaway bride. Colonel Wyndham accompanied them on the journey; Lord Wilmot and the servant Peters travelling within a convenient distance.

But Charles was again destined to be signally disappointed. While the Colonel and his servant watched in vain on the beach for Limbry's vessel, the King was sitting up the whole night in his lodgings with Lord Wilmot. At length, apprehensive of treachery, it was decided that Charles, with Wyndham and Juliana Coningsby, should retreat to Bridport, while Lord Wilmot remained at the inn and Peters went in search of Ellesdon, to ascertain the cause of the disappointment. It subsequently transpired that the fears and suspicions of Limbry's wife had prevented his putting his purpose into execution. The fact of his keeping his intended voyage a secret from her till the last moment; the evasive answers which he gave to her inquiries; and especially the circumstance of a proclamation having that very day been published in the town, threatening instant death to whoever should harbour the King,—had painfully and effectually excited her apprehensions. According to Ellesdon's written account, she threatened to give

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information to the authorities, and after using menaces, tears, and entreaties, to no purpose, at length effectually secured her husband's safety by locking him up in his room.

The King's situation had never been more perilous than at this moment. The expedition, projected by the Parliament against Guernsey and Jersey, filled the neighbouring port of Lyme with his enemies; and, moreover, alarming reports reached the King's ears that Bridport was also full of soldiers. While Wyndham was hesitating as to what advice he ought to give his master, Charles—who on all occasions of difficulty appears to have been less apprehensive of danger than any of those about him,—expressed his determination to proceed to Bridport according to his original intention. He had promised Lord Wilmot, he said, to meet him in that town, and he was unwilling to disappoint him. The best thing, he added, was to push impudently amongst them, and to inquire boldly for rooms at the principal inn. "So," he says, "we rode directly into the best inn of the place and found the yard very full of soldiers. I alighted, and, taking the horses, thought it the best way to go blundering in amongst them, and led them through the middle of the soldiers into the stable; which I did, and they were very angry with me for my rudeness."

Whilst he was engaged in his office of groom, he was not a little startled by an observation of an ostler:—"Surely," said the man, looking steadfastly at the King, "I have seen your face before." Fortunately, his presence of mind did not desert him, and he kept his countenance unmoved: but he shall relate the adventure in his own words. "As soon as I came into the stable, I took the bridle off the horses, and called the ostler to me to help me, and to give the horses some oats. And as the ostler

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was helping me to feed the horses, 'Sure, sir,' says the ostler, 'I know your face?' which was no very pleasant question to me. But I thought the best way was to ask him where he had lived—whether he had always lived there or no. He told me that he was but newly come thither; that he was born in Exeter, and had been ostler in an inn there, hard by one Mr. Potter's, a merchant, in whose house I had lain in the time of the war: so I thought it best to give the fellow no further occasion of thinking where he had seen me, for fear he should guess right at last; therefore I told him, 'Friend, certainly you have seen me then at Mr. Potter's; for I served him a good while, above a year.' 'Oh!' says he, 'then I remember you a boy there;' and with that was put off from thinking any more on it, but desired that we might drink a pot of beer together, which I excused by saying that I must go wait on my master, and get his dinner ready for him; but told him that my master was going for London, and would return about three weeks hence, when he would lie there, and I would not fail to drink a pot with him." In the mean time Lord Wilmot had arrived in the town, but, unfortunately, had put up at a different inn. Peters, however, who accompanied him, had contrived to discover the King's quarters, and the consequence was that it was agreed the party should re-assemble at an appointed hour in the outskirts of the town.

The result of their consultation was a determination to return to Trent by the nearest way. Turning, therefore, off the London and Dorchester road, they proceeded in the direction of Yeovil; a fortunate step, as it afterwards proved, since a troop of Republican horse was already in hot pursuit of them. Lord Wilmot, it seems, previous to leaving Charmouth, had sent his horse to one Hammet, a blacksmith, to be shoed. The smith

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being an officious person, inquired of the ostler from whence its owner had last journeyed. The reply was, from Exeter. "I dare swear," said the knowing artisan, "that these shoes were put on in the North." Satisfied of this circumstance in his own mind, and, moreover, coupling it with the testimony of the ostler that the party had arrived in the night-time, and that, though travellers, the rider and his friend had sat up all night; he came to the conclusion that they were fugitives from Worcester, and that not impossibly the King himself might be one of them. The blacksmith instantly went in search of a Puritan preacher, one Westley, a weaver, who seems to have been the oracle of the place. Luckily this person was edifying his congregation at the time, and, as either the blacksmith did not wish, or did not dare, to interrupt him, some valuable time was gained by the fugitives. In the mean time, Lord Wilmot, unconscious of his danger, had mounted his horse and ridden away.

As soon as the weaver had finished his harangue, and the blacksmith had communicated to him his suspicions, they hastened together to the inn, and commenced cross-questioning the landlady. The woman, however, either having been well paid by her guests, or softened by the King's usual arts of charming the sex, was far from being in a hurry to satisfy their curiosity. Captain Ellesdon, who was probably present, thus describes the scene in a letter to Lord Clarendon. "The parson," he says, "hastened to the inn, and saluted the hostess in this manner: 'Why, how now, Margaret? you are a maid of honour now.' 'What mean you by that, Mr. Parson?' quoth she. Said he, 'Why, Charles Stuart lay last night at your house, and kissed you at his departure; so that now you can't but be a maid of honour.' The woman began then to be very angry, and told him he was a scurvy-

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conditioned man to go about to bring her and her house into trouble. 'But,' said she, 'if I thought it was the King, as you say it was, I would think the better of my lips all the days of my life; and so, Mr. Parson, get you out of my house, or else I'll get those shall kick you out.' I have presented this discourse," adds Ellesdon, "in the interlocutor's own words, by this means to make it more pleasant to your lordship."

Perceiving he should only waste his time by conversing further with this loyal virago, the preacher, requesting the blacksmith to follow him, hurried to the nearest magistrate. The functionary, however, unwilling to incur ridicule by alarming the country on such slight evidence, treated the whole matter lightly and dismissed the applicant. One Captain Macy, who commanded the nearest outpost, and to whom they now applied, proved more complaisant. He instantly ordered his troopers to mount, and galloped off with them along the road to Dorchester. But, as we have seen, the King had fortunately taken the road to the left, and thus unconsciously evaded his pursuers.

The night was passed by the royal party in the small village of Broad Windsor, where a room was procured in an upper story for the King. Scarcely, however, had he retired to rest, when the whole party was alarmed by the arrival of a constable, who came with an order for billeting forty soldiers on their host. The house was soon thronged with these unwelcome intruders, whose dangerous vicinity to him, as well as the disturbance which they made, effectually deprived the King of sleep. Moreover, about midnight, one of the women who followed the camp was suddenly taken in labour. The consequence was, that the shrill voices of the village-gossips who flocked to her assistance, mingling with the angry

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protestations of the parish officers against having the child and its mother thrown upon their charge, created an uproar, which, though no doubt extremely disagreeable, had the fortunate effect of distracting the attention of the soldiers from the fugitive party.

The following day, the 24th of September, Charles found himself once more domesticated at Trent. His situation, however, had become far more perilous than during his former visit. The story of the blacksmith, exaggerated no doubt as it passed from mouth to mouth, had not only had the effect of alarming the neighbourhood, but already the King's route had been traced to the borders of Dorsetshire and Somersetshire. There being every reason for presuming that his lurking-place was on the confines of those counties, many of the neighbouring houses of the suspected, or, as they were then denominated, the malignants, had been subjected to a rigorous search; and among others, that of Sir Hugh Wyndham, the uncle of the master of Trent. The family were taken prisoners, and not a chest or a corner had been left unsearched. Among other acts of indignity, the soldiers, we are told, "seized upon a lovely young lady, saying she was the King disguised in woman's apparel; nor would they let her go, till by some rude experiment they discovered their mistake."

Nevertheless, the family of Trent, though harassed by constant rumours of approaching dangers, continued unmolested. One day, however, a friendly tailor, who resided in the village, good-naturedly waited on Colonel Wyndham, with the disagreeable intelligence of a report being current among the neighbours, that some Worcester fugitives were concealed in his house. An ingenious expedient was resorted to by the inmates of Trent. The following Sunday, Lord Wilmot openly accompanied

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his host to church as his relation; and, as Colonel Wyndham had never yet attended the popular worship, the Puritans were naturally much gratified at the circumstance. In the mean time Charles remained a close prisoner in the house; indeed, it was found necessary to adopt such strict precautions, that on many occasions he was compelled to dress his own dinner;—a task, which, considering his lonely situation, probably afforded amusement rather than otherwise. Among others, Mrs. Wyndham, the wife of the Colonel, paid frequent visits to the neighbouring town of Sherbourne in hopes of acquiring information. She seems, in her zeal, to have collected the most extraordinary stories, at many of which Charles is described as laughing heartily. After one of her visits to Sherbourne, she alluded to a current report that three of the sovereigns of Europe were about to invade England, and to restore him to his throne. "It must be the three Kings of Cologne," said Charles, "for I know no others who are likely to assist me."

After a second residence of twelve days at Trent, on the 6th of October, Charles again bent his way towards the coast. He was once more the companion of Juliana Coningsby, before whom, as the son of a tenant, he rode double; his only other companion being Colonel Robert Philips, a person of undoubted loyalty, to whom the by-parts of the country were well known. Colonel Wyndham was anxious to be of the party, but as he was only incurring an unnecessary danger, the King positively forbade his accompanying him. To all who had shown him kindness, Charles bade an affectionate farewell. To the venerable Lady Wyndham, especially, he showed that marked deference and respect, which her age and loyalty alike rendered her due.

The proposed destination of Charles was Hele,—the

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residence of a zealous royalist, Mrs. Hyde,—situated about three miles from Salisbury. The distance from Trent to Hele was about thirty miles. About noon, they stopped to dine at the small town of Mere. The landlord of the inn was an acquaintance of Colonel Philips, and accordingly entered freely into discourse with the travellers. The conversation turning on the battle of Worcester, "It was believed," said their host, "that the King had disguised himself and taken refuge in London, and that several houses had been searched in consequence." At this Charles could not refrain from smiling. After dinner the host, warming with his liquor, inquired of him, "whether he was a friend to Cæsar?" The King assuring him that he was,—"Then here," he said, "is a health to King Charles." After pledging him in a bumper of wine, the King and Philips mounted their horses, and arrived the same night at Hele. Charles, after his restoration, made affectionate inquiries after "his honest host at Mere."

At Hele he sat down to supper with Dr. Henchman, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, and some other guests who were accidentally in the house. Mrs. Hyde having been made acquainted with Charles's real rank, could with difficulty conceal her gratification at his safety, and her respect for her illustrious guest. "She was so transported with joy and loyalty towards him," we are told, "that at supper, though his Majesty was set at the lower end of the table, yet the good gentlewoman had much ado to overcome herself, and not to carve to him first; however, she could not refrain from drinking to him in a glass of wine, and giving him two larks, when others had but one." Mrs. Hyde's brother, without the least suspicion of his real rank, happened to enter into conversation with him, and was naturally astonished at the

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answers which he received from one of apparently so humble a position in life.

The next day it was considered advisable that the King should bid an ostensible farewell to his hostess. His journey, however, extended no further than to the gigantic fragments of Stonehenge, among which he rested securely till night set in, when, by a private entrance, he was again admitted to Mrs. Hyde's house. There was fortunately an excellent hiding-place at Hele, in which he remained six days, his food being conveyed to him either by Mrs. Hyde or her sister.

In the mean time Lord Wilmot had sought out Colonel Gunter, a staunch loyalist, residing near Chichester, in Sussex, who succeeded in hiring a vessel for the wanderer. Gunter himself returned to Salisbury with Lord Wilmot. On the 13th of October, Charles, taking a grateful leave of his kind hostess, set off with Dr. Henchman on foot, and at Clarendon Park Corner, about two miles distant from Hele, had the satisfaction of finding Colonel Gunter and his brother anxiously awaiting his arrival. Having brought with them a couple of greyhounds, they were presumed, by the few persons whom they met with on the Downs, to be an ordinary coursing-party enjoying their sport. At night they rested at Hambledon, in Hampshire, at the house of a Mr. Symons, the Colonel's brother-in-law. Their host getting intoxicated, and, in the course of conversation, making use of a round oath, Charles, either playfully or in earnest, reproved him for the vice. This, and the circumstance of the King's hair being closely cropped, led him to imagine that his guest was a Puritan. "He was sure," he said, "he was some round-headed rogue's son." During the evening, however, the King's peculiar art of ingratiating himself entirely dissipated his dislike; so much so, indeed, that

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he seems to have taken his royal guest into especial favour.

The next day, after a journey of thirty-five miles, they arrived at Brighton (then the small fishing village of Brighthelmstone), where the fugitives put up at a small public-house in West Street, since known by the sign of King Charles's Head. The party at supper consisted of Charles, Lord Wilmot, Colonel Gunter, Mansel (the latter, a merchant, who had been employed to procure a vessel), and Tattersal, the man who commanded it. It was remarkable that both Tattersal and Smith, the landlord, although they kept the discovery secret at the time, had both of them instantly recognised the King's person. As soon as supper was at an end, Tattersal, calling Mansel aside, complained that he had deceived him. Mansel denying the fact, "I know he is the King," said the other, "for formerly he stopped my vessel, amongst others, in the Downs, but at our intercession let us go again. But," he added, "do not be troubled at it, for I think I do God and my country good service in preserving the King, and, by the grace of God, I will venture my life and all for him, and set him safely on shore, if I can, in France." Although Charles and Lord Wilmot were in ignorance that Tattersal had identified the King, it was nevertheless thought expedient to engage the mariner in drinking and smoking during the night, to prevent his having any opportunity of consulting with his wife or others. Charles had already learnt an important lesson from his disappointment at Charmouth.

But the discovery made by Smith, the landlord, was even more embarrassing. "As I was standing," says Charles, "after supper by the fireside, leaning my hand upon a chair, and all the rest of the company being gone into another room, the master of the inn came in, and

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fell a talking with me; and just as he was looking about, and saw there was nobody in the room, he, upon a sudden, kissed my hand that was upon the back of the chair, and said to me, 'God bless you, wheresoever you go: I do not doubt, before I die, but to be a lord, and my wife a lady.' So I laughed, and went away into the next room, not desiring then any further discourse with him; there being no remedy against my being known to him, and more discourse might have but raised suspicion. On which consideration, I thought it best to trust him in that manner, and he proved very honest."

About four o'clock in the morning, on the 15th of October, the party set out on horseback for the neighbouring village of Shoreham, where it had been decided that Charles should embark. The vessel had a cargo of coals, and was not above sixty tons in burden. It being low water, and the vessel lying dry, the King and Wilmot got into her by a ladder, and remained in the cabin till the tide served. Charles was still in ignorance that Tattersal had recognised his features, when the loyal sailor, having followed him into the cabin, fell down on his knees, and expressed his delight at seeing him in safety. He added, that he would risk all he had in the world to land his Majesty safely on the opposite coast.

It was about seven o'clock in the morning when they cleared out of port. The vessel being ostensibly bound for Pool, it was necessary, in order to deceive the people of Shoreham, as well as the crew, that they should coast for some hours in the direction of that town. The chief difficulty that remained was to induce the crew to undertake a foreign voyage, and as the proposition, had it emanated from the captain, might have afforded serious evidence against him in a court of law, Charles himself agreed to address the seamen. He told them that he

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and Lord Wilmot were two merchants escaping from their creditors; that their bankruptcy was attributable to no fault of their own; and that, could they only contrive to get landed at Rouen, sufficient money was owing to them in that town to extricate them from all their difficulties. He then won their hearts by presenting them with twenty shillings to spend in drink; requesting them at the same time to intercede with the captain to land them on the French coast. In reply, the sailors expressed their perfect readiness to navigate the vessel to the shores of France, but, at the same time, intimated that Charles had better himself make the proposal to the captain. Thus all difficulty was, of course, at an end. During the voyage the King sat principally on the deck, taking an especial interest in the navigation of the vessel. Heath relates an anecdote, that one of the sailors, of course ignorant of his rank, persisted in puffing tobacco-smoke in the King's face. The master of the vessel desiring him harshly to move farther off, the man retorted with some warmth, that "a cat might look at a king."

As soon as the sun began to set, they stood directly towards the coast of France, and the next morning came in sight of land: the tide, however, failing them, they were compelled to remain at anchor for some time before they could land. Eventually, on the 16th of October, 1651, Charles and Lord Wilmot disembarked in the insignificant port of Fecamp, in Normandy, a short distance from Havre de Grace. From hence, having narrowly escaped being detained as vagrants, they proceeded to Rouen, whence they despatched a messenger to the French Court with the news of his Majesty's escape. Charles used afterwards to mention that so mean was his dress, and so suspicious was his appearance,

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on his arrival at Rouen, that the people carefully examined the rooms of the inn before he quitted them, in order to ascertain whether he had purloined any of their property. Having provided themselves with better clothes at Rouen, the travellers set off for Paris in a hired coach. On the road they were met by the Queen-mother, and the Dukes of York and Orleans, who, with a suitable retinue, and with every expression of joy, conducted them to the French capital.

Such is the story of Charles's adventures after the battle of Worcester. It was remarked that during the period of his wanderings, which occupied the space of forty-three days, he had encountered more dangers than he had travelled miles. Considering the large reward which was offered for his discovery, and, moreover, that those who were entrusted with his secret were chiefly persons either of broken fortunes or of mean birth, to whom such a bribe must have been highly tempting; remembering, moreover, that a cruel death was threatened to those who harboured him; that more than forty persons* were at different periods acquainted with his place of concealment, and among them a large proportion of women, to whom communicativeness is generally an irresistible temptation—we cannot fail to be astonished at the extraordinary result. There are few episodes, in the chronicles of real life, which raises human nature so much in our estimation as the story of the escape of Charles after the battle of Worcester.

* According to Heath, as many as *fifty* individuals were, at different times, privy to the King's secret, but we have no record of the mention of more than forty.

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CHAPTER IV.

Munificence of Charles to those who assisted him during his Wanderings —Notice of the Penderells—Of Jane Lane—Pensions conferred on Colonel Wyndham and others—Notices of the Houses visited by Charles—The Royal Oak—Residence of Charles in France—At Spa—At Cologne—His splendid Reception in the latter Town—Poverty of his Court—His Habits and Amusements—His Love of Pleasure, and especially of Dancing—Pays a Visit to Frankfort Fair—His Interview with the Queen of Sweden—Removes to Bruges—Profligacy of his Court—Plot against his Life—Pays a Clandestine Visit to the Hague—His Matrimonial Projects and Disappointments.

Of those who assisted the King in his need, a passing notice may not be unacceptable. The little that is known of their subsequent history tends, in some slight degree, to relieve the character of Charles from that sweeping charge of ingratitude, which has so frequently been brought against him.

Of the five noble-minded Penderells, the whole of the fraternity survived to the Restoration. They even made their appearance at Court, where Charles gratefully acknowledged their services, and familiarly conversed with them. On Richard, and his heirs for ever, was conferred an annuity of five hundred pounds, and on William Penderell, and on his heirs, a similar sum. On Humphrey, George, and John, and on their heirs for ever, was settled severally a hundred marks a-year, and on Elizabeth Yates, their sister, and on her descendants, an annuity of fifty pounds.

Richard Penderell, "trusty Dick," as he was styled,

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died on the 8th of February, 1671, and was buried in the parish church of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields. His monument may still be seen in the church-yard; indeed, the author was assured, on a recent visit to the spot, that the descendants of the Penderells still continue to select St. Giles's church-yard for their burial-place. In his epitaph Richard is styled the "great and unparalleled Penderell." Charles has had the credit of erecting his monument, and George the Second of having restored it. The first supposition has not been clearly proved, and the second is highly improbable. William attained to the great age of eighty-four; but the last surviving brother was Humphrey, who died in 1710. The blood of the Penderells is not likely to become extinct. Besides the female descendants of the other brothers, George and John are represented in the male line. Their posterity continue to the present day to benefit by the grant which was conferred on their ancestors. It is remarkable that more than one of the family of Penderell have settled in the United States, and, although subjects of a Republican government, continue to reap the advantages of their ancestral loyalty.

But it was to Jane Lane that Charles, above all other persons, considered himself most indebted. About three weeks after his landing in France, we find him addressing to her the following letter:—

"Mistress Lane,

"I have hitherto deferred writing to you, in hope to be able to send you somewhat else beside a letter; and I believe that it troubles me more, that I cannot yet do it, than it does you, though I do not take you to be in a good condition long to expect it. The truth is, my necessities are greater than can be imagined, but I am

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promised they shall shortly be supplied: if they are, you shall be sure to receive a share, for it is impossible I can ever forget the great debt I owe you, which I hope I shall live to pay in a degree that is worthy of me. In the mean time, I am sure all who love me will be very kind to you, else I shall never think them so to

"Your most affectionate friend,

"CHARLES R." *

The young lady, accompanied by her brother, Colonel Lane, arrived in France in the middle of December, about six weeks after the landing of the King. Apprehensions of the vengeance of the Parliament appear to have induced them to quit England. She was received by Charles with unaffected satisfaction, and was treated by the French Court with marked civility and esteem. At Paris the young lady was deservedly regarded a heroine. Within a short distance from the French capital, she had been met by the King himself, the Queen-mother, and her sons the Dukes of York and Gloucester. Charles warmly extended his hand, and his first words were,—"Welcome, my life!"

Miss Lane afterwards married Sir Clement Fisher, of Packington Hall, in Warwickshire, a gallant cavalier, and the intimate companion of her brother.† At the Restoration, Charles settled on her an annuity of 1,000*l.*, and on her brother a pension of 500*l.* a year. He corresponded with her also on the most familiar terms, and, among other memorials, presented her with his picture and a gold watch. The latter testimony of his gratitude

* Seward's Anecdotes, vol. ii., p. 1.

† See an account of her in the Life of Major John Bernardi, p. 6. When she became a widow, in 1683, her pension was in arrear 5,500*l.* See Clar. and Roch. Corresp., vol. i., pp. 656 and 657.

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he particularly desired should descend from generation to generation, to the eldest daughter of the family of Lane.

On Colonel Wyndham and his heirs for ever, was conferred a grant of 600*l.* per annum; on his widow, Lady Anne Wyndham (with a reversion to her two daughters), a pension of 400*l.* a year; on Colonel Philips an annuity to the same amount; and on Charles Gifford, Esq., a pension of 300*l.* On Thomas Whitegrave, Esq., Francis Mansel, Esq., and Juliana Coningsby, were conferred annuities of 200*l.*; on Willam Ellesdon, Esq., 100*l.* a year during pleasure; and to Colonel Careless was granted an honourable addition to his coat of arms, and probably some more substantial favours.

Boscobel House is still standing (1839); indeed, it is almost in the same state as when it was visited by Charles. The old mansion of White Ladies, however, has been pulled down, though the ruins of its more ancient monastery still remain. Moseley Hall, the seat of the Whitegraves, with its green lanes and old gable-ends, is still an interesting relic of the past. Bentley Hall, the residence of the Lanes, and Abbotsleigh, the seat of the Nortons, are no more. The old house at Trent still remains, and, independent of all other associations, would alone be rendered classic ground, from its church containing the monuments of the loyal Wyndhams. Hele has passed from the family of Hydes, and has been recently pulled down. Many other interesting mementos of Charles's wanderings are still in existence, but modern vandalism, or, what is styled, improvement, will, probably, soon lay them in the dust. The old inns of Mere and Charmouth were recently in being, and may possibly be yet standing. Near the entrance-door to the old parish church at Brighton may still be seen the tomb of Nicholas Tattersal, who conveyed the King to Fecamp.

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Unfortunately, the Royal Oak, the most interesting of all these relics, has long since been gathered to its fathers. An offspring, however, sprung from one of the father acorns, still points out the memorable spot. An iron railing protects it from harm, and may it ever be regarded with reverence by the lovers of the past!

Charles, after his escape, continued to reside nearly three years in France. In June, 1654, having received the arrears of the small pension allowed him by the French Court, he retired, by way of Liege, to Spa. According to the anonymous writer of a letter, dated Spa, 10th August, 1654:—"You may be assured Charles Stuart stands absolutely for Scotland. Some about him tell him he had better hasten thither, than stay here and dance, which is his daily and nightly practice. His party come into him faster than is pleasing to him; every one pleading poverty to get some money." *

At Spa Charles resided two or three months, in the society of his sister, the Princess of Orange. From thence he proceeded to Aix la Chapelle, and eventually, in September, 1654, took up his residence at Cologne.

The inhabitants of Cologne not only received him with considerable magnificence, but treated him with a kindness and hospitality to which he had latterly been almost a stranger. His reception is thus described in a letter of the period, dated 20th October, 1654:—"The magistrates received him with thirty pieces of cannon or more at his entrance, and the next day invested him with the ceremony of harangues and accustomary presents of wine in pots, and in some few days after paid that ceremony to the Princess Royal; but we liked the last ceremony best, in running two lusty fodders of their choisest wine into his Majesty's cellar. In a word, they are very kind, and

* Thurloe, vol. ii., p. 502.

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this week they intend to invite the King and the Princess Royal to a banquet in the State-house." The writer concludes: "There were, after this, many other petty entertainments of voices and music, and speeches, with several impresses too long here to insert, and a banquet after all of the fruits in season." *

At this period, the King's entire allowance for the maintenance of his Court amounted but to six hundred pistoles a month. He was deprived even of the common luxury of a coach, and good-naturedly declined the offer which his sister, the Princess of Orange, made him of her own.

Of his habits while at Cologne, and the temper of his mind, rather too favourable a picture has been drawn by his admirers. "He now," says Echard, "betook himself with great cheerfulness to compose his mind to his fortune; and with singular satisfaction prescribed so many hours in the day to his retirement in his closet, which he employed in reading and studying both the French and Italian authors; and at other times walked much upon the walls of the town, and sometimes rid into the fields; and in the whole he spent his time both to his real benefit and his public reputation." But Charles was well aware that it was his policy to establish a good character with the world: indeed, his hopes of regaining possession of his kingdom depended, in a great degree, on his obtaining a reputation for steadiness, propriety, and good sense; nor was it of less importance that his little Court and his own domestic establishment should be favourably reported upon in England. In secret, however, pleasure seems to have been as eagerly pursued, if not so openly practised, as was subsequently the case after his restoration to the throne. One of his principal sources of

* Thurloe, vol. ii., p. 661.

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amusement at this period, was derived from the sports of the field. The writer of a letter from Cologne, dated 22nd December, 1654, informs us:—"Of news here is nothing almost at present. R. C. goes a hunting every day, the weather being favourable. He was yesterday, with a few in company, from morning till three of the clock in the afternoon a hunting, and went about twelve English miles, but killed only one hare all the time." *

To the more initiated, however, his ruling love of pleasure, and especially his admiration of women, were sufficiently notorious. Lady Byron we find spoken of as his "seventeenth mistress abroad," and, moreover, his connection with the beautiful Lucy Walters threatened no slight injury to his cause. But his own letters throw the truest light on his character and habits at this period. To Henry Bennet he writes on the 18th August, 1655: "I will try whether Sir S. Compton be so much in love as you say, for I will name Mrs. Hyde before him so by chance, that except he be very much smitten, it shall not at all move him. Pray, get me pricked down as many new *corrants* and *farrabands*, and 'other little dances,' as you can, and bring them with you, for I have got a small fiddler that does not play ill on the fiddle." Again he writes to his aunt, the Queen of Bohemia:—

"Cologne, Aug. 6.

"MADAM,

"I am just now beginning this letter in my sister's chamber, where there is such a noise that I never hope to end it, and much less write sense. For what concerns my sister's journey and the accidents that happened on the way, I leave to her to give your Majesty an account of. I shall only tell your Majesty, that we are now

* Thurloe, vol. iii., p. 19.

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thinking how to pass our time; and in the first place of dancing, in which we find two difficulties, the one for want of the fiddlers, the other for somebody both to teach and assist at the dancing the new dances: and I have got my sister to send for Silvius, as one that is able to perform both; for the *fideldedies*, my Lord Taaffe does promise to be their convoy, and in the mean time we must content ourselves with those that make no difference between a hymn and a coranto. I have now received my sister's picture that my dear cousin, the Princess Louise, was pleased to draw, and do desire your Majesty to thank her for me, for 'tis a most excellent picture, which is all I can say at present, but that I am, Madam, your Majesty's most humble and most affectionate nephew and servant,

"CHARLES R.*

"To the Queen of Bohemia,
my dearest Aunt."

Admiration of beauty, and a delight in the society of women, if it produces no other good effect, has at least the advantage of making a man pay society the compliment of being particular as regards his personal appearance. "My clothes," writes Charles to Henry Bennet at Paris, "are at last come, and I like them very well; all but the sword, which is the worst I ever saw: I suspect very much that it was you that made the choice." And again he writes the following month: "I would have you bring me two beaver hats. For my Lord Bristol's sword, I do by no means like it; therefore, do not bespeak mine of that fashion."

During his stay at Cologne, we find Charles paying a visit of amusement to Frankfort fair. In a letter to Bennet, dated 14th September, 1655,—"My sister," he

* Ellis's Orig. Letters, vol. iii., p. 376. Second Series.

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says, "and I go on Monday next to the fair at Frankfort incognito: at our return you shall hear what has been done." We should have been glad to have had an account of his adventures from his own lively pen. His allusion to them in a subsequent letter is extremely brief:—"We returned," he says, "to this place on Tuesday last, and all our company very well pleased with our voyage; for indeed it was as pleasant a journey as ever I saw, and some of us wished *Whereas's* company very often." *Whereas* appears to have been Bennet himself, on whom Charles, for some unknown reason, had conferred the familiar name. During his visit at Frankfort, he met by appointment at Coningstein the famous Christina, Queen of Sweden, who was then on her way to Italy.

From Cologne, where he continued between two and three years, Charles and his impoverished followers removed to Bruges. Here, if we are to credit the testimony of a contemporary, his former politic respect for outward appearances was entirely disregarded, and his Court became a constant scene of profligacy and misrule. In Thurloe's collection, there is a letter from a Mr. J. Butler, dated Flushing, 2nd December, 1656, of which the following is an extract. "Charles Stuart's Court groweth very numerous. This last week one of the richest churches in Bruges was plundered in the night: the people of Bruges are fully persuaded that Charles Stuart's followers had done it: they spare no charges to find out the guilty, and if it happen to light upon any of Charles Stuart's train, it will certainly incense that people against them. There is now a company of French comedians at Bruges, who are very punctually attended by Charles Stuart and his Court, and all the ladies there: their most solemn day of acting is on the Lord's day. I think I may truly

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say, that greater abominations were never practised among people than at this day at Charles Stuart's Court. Though there may be some degree of truth in this disagreeable picture, it is necessary to make considerable allowance for the evident hostility of a party writer. It may be remarked, that the little Court of Charles was never in greater distress than during their stay at Bruges: his followers, it would seem, were at one period in want even of the common necessaries of life.*

During the residence of Charles at Bruges, we find a plot contrived by Cromwell and Thurloe, which was on the point of throwing the young King, as well as his brothers, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, into the hands of the Protector. It had been treacherously intimated to them, through the agency of Sir Richard Willis, that if, on a stated day, they would pass over to a certain port in Sussex, they would be received on landing by a body of five hundred men, which would be augmented on the following morning by two thousand horse. Had they fallen into the snare, it seems that all three would have been shot immediately on their reaching the shore. The plot was discovered, however, by Sir Samuel Morland, then under-secretary to Thurloe, who, pretending to be asleep at his desk, overheard Cromwell and Thurloe conversing with Willis on the subject, and disclosed their designs to the royal party.†

It was during the residence of Charles in the Low Countries, that he met with the following singular adventure, the particulars of which have been recorded by

* Thurloe, vol. vi., p. 56.

† This story of Cromwell's attempt on the Life of the King, is corroborated by a remarkable anecdote related by Thurloe himself. See *ante*, p. 307. See also Burnet's History of his own Time, vol. i., p. 122.—*Oxford*, 1833.

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Lockhart, the author of the "Memoirs," who inserted them, in MS., in his copy of Clarendon's History of the Rebellion.

Charles, it seems, desirous of paying a secret visit to his sister, the Princess of Orange, at the Hague, instructed a faithful adherent (one Fleming, who had been a servant of the Earl of Wigtown), to have a couple of good horses in readiness for him at a particular hour on the following night. A retired spot was named for their rendezvous, and Fleming was enjoined to the strictest secrecy. Accordingly, shortly before the appointed hour (having previously retired to bed for the purpose of more effectually deceiving his attendants), Charles hastily dressed himself and stole undiscovered down the back stairs. Before quitting the apartment, he placed a letter on the table, in which he expressed his intention to be absent for two or three days; at the same time enjoining his attendants to keep his departure as much a secret as possible, and to plead indisposition as the cause of his seclusion. About six o'clock in the morning they arrived without interruption at the Hague. The King, who had adopted an excellent disguise for his purpose, alighted at a small inn in a retired part of the town, from whence he despatched Fleming to his sister, with instructions to contrive some feasible plan for their interview.

Shortly after the return of Fleming, the travellers were interrupted by the entrance of their landlord, who informed them a stranger was making inquiries respecting them, and desired to be admitted. Charles, notwithstanding the earnest remonstrances of his attendant, consented to admit the stranger, on which, "an old reverend-like man, with a long grey beard, and ordinary grey clothes," was ushered into the room, who, addressing himself to the King, requested that they

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might converse together in private. On this, Charles turning to Fleming, desired him to withdraw: Fleming at first positively refused, till the King, taking him aside, explained to him how little was to be feared from a person so advanced in years, and again commanded him to retire.

No sooner had Fleming quitted the apartment, than the stranger cautiously bolted the door. A moment afterwards, however, he fell on his knees, and pulling off his disguise, discovered, to the King's astonishment, Sir George Downing, then ambassador from Cromwell to the States-General. An explanation followed, in which Downing implored the forgiveness of his Sovereign for the share which he had taken in the late troubles; adding that, at heart, no one could be inspired by more devoted feelings of loyalty than himself, and that, whenever circumstances permitted him to take off the mask, he would be found one of the foremost to risk life and fortune in his Majesty's service. Then, having previously exacted a solemn promise of secrecy from Charles, and a further assurance that he would, neither directly nor indirectly, attempt to discover by what means he had become acquainted of Charles's present visit to the Hague,—he came to the object of his present mysterious intrusion. In accordance, he said, with a secret treaty, which had been recently entered into between Cromwell and the Dutch, it had been guaranteed on the part of the latter, that should Charles ever place his foot within the territories of the States, his person should immediately be seized, and delivered over to the Protector. Downing added, that so extraordinary were Cromwell's means of intelligence, that he had little doubt that, on his return to the Embassy, he should find official information of his Majesty's present visit, of which should he neglect to avail himself, he would

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in all probability lose his head. He strongly urged Charles to lose not a moment in quitting the dominions of the States; adding, that he himself, in order to avoid being compelled to open the despatches, would keep out of the way till Charles should have had reasonable time to enable him to escape, when he would repair to the States with his tardy information, and require, on the terms of the late treaty, that the King's person should be instantly seized. Charles had no choice but to follow his advice, and therefore instantly set off on his return to Brussels, where he was then on a visit.

Bruges, with the exception of a short stay at Fontarabia, whither he had proceeded to attend the Pyrennean treaty, continued to be the principal residence of Charles till his restoration to the throne. It was shortly after his return from the borders of Spain that he received the announcement of Cromwell's death. He was playing at tennis, when Sir Stephen Fox fell on his knees before him, and acquainted him with the important tidings. Soon afterwards, in order to be better prepared for any emergency, the King departed for Brussels.

Probably no one, bearing the title of King, was ever more frequently disappointed in his matrimonial projects than Charles. We have already seen him rejected by Cromwell as his son-in-law, and he afterwards met with a similar refusal from Cardinal Mazarin, on his proposing for his niece Hortensia, the most beautiful woman, and the richest heiress in France. The Cardinal (who appears to have received the offer, either through Abbot Montague or Lord Jermyn) entertained at this period so little hopes of the King's restoration, that he refused to listen to the project even for a moment. After the return of Charles to England, he endeavoured to renew the negotiation, offering a princely dowry with his beautiful niece; but

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it was now the King's turn to refuse, and the lady was rejected.*

A match with the eldest daughter of the Duke of Orleans, which had been a darling object with Henrietta Maria, when her son was only Prince of Wales, proceeded to greater lengths. The lady, in right of her mother, the Duke's first wife, was already in possession of the rich Duchy of Montpensier, and as Charles was sadly in want of present means, the project was eagerly embraced. "The Queen," says Clarendon, "was much inclined to it, and the King himself not averse." James the Second, in his Memoirs, gives a full account of the negotiation and of its subsequent failure. "His Majesty," he says, "had not been long in Paris before some private overtures, at least intimations, were made to him from some confidants of Mademoiselle, eldest daughter to the Duke of Orleans, concerning a marriage to be made betwixt them; which proposition was then readily embraced by him, and was likewise approved by the Queen his mother. And it proceeded so far, that the King went every day to visit her, she at the same time giving him every reason to believe that it would succeed. But on the sudden he found her growing cooler, without knowing the occasion of it; so that he was obliged in prudence to forbear his frequent visits, till at length he came to understand the cause of this alteration in her behaviour, which, in effect, was this. Some, who either were, or at least pretended to be her friends, put into her head the imagination of a marriage with the King of France; which they made her believe they might compass with great ease, considering the ill condition of his affairs at that time. The Queen and Cardinal, as they persuaded her, would be forced to

* Macpherson, Orig. Papers, vol. i., p. 20.

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consent to it for their own security, and to draw themselves out of their present difficulties. This thought, as unseasonable as it was, yet was so strongly imprinted on her mind, that it caused her wholly to break off with the King of England. By which means, reaching at what she could not get, she lost what was in her power to have had, and missed both of them." Mademoiselle de Montpensier, in her "Memoirs," has herself initiated us into one of the reasons which induced her to reject Charles. "As I had an idea of marrying the Emperor," she says, "I regarded the Prince of Wales but as an object of pity."

Another Princess, by whom Charles seems to have been rejected in the days of his exile, was Henrietta, daughter of the Princess Dowager of Orange. To her mother we find him writing as follows:—"I shall, in asking you a question, make it clear enough to you, that I cannot have so vile a thought as to make you an instrument in my deceit. I beseech you to let me know whether your daughter, the Princess Henrietta, be so far engaged that you cannot receive a proposition from me concerning her: and if she be not, that you would think of a way, with all possible secrecy, I may convey my mind in that particular to you." * The cause of failure in this instance does not appear: Charles, however, afterwards complained to Lord Clarendon that he had been treated ill by the Princess.†

There are traces of Charles having been engaged in other matrimonial speculations, of which the particulars are more obscure. It is certain, however, that he proposed to a daughter of the Duke of Lorraine (with whom he was to have received a considerable fortune), but, as

* Carte's Collection, vol. ii., p. 167.

† Clarendon, Life of Himself, vol. i., p. 492.

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in other cases, the difficulties proved insurmountable. With a curious passage in Lord Clarendon's History, we will conclude our notice of Charles's matrimonial speculations. The solemn Chancellor appears himself to have been almost in love with the heroine of his tale. "There was at that time (1655) in the Court of France, or rather in the jealousy of that Court, a lady of great beauty, of a presence very graceful and alluring, and of a wit and behaviour that captivated those who were admitted into her presence. Her extraction was very noble, and her alliance the best under the crown; her fortune rather competent than abounding for her degree; being the daughter of a duke of an illustrious name, who had been killed fighting for the King in the late troubles, and left his wife childless, and in her full beauty. The King had often seen this lady with that esteem and inclination which few were without; both her beauty and her wit deserving the homage that was paid to her. The Earl of Bristol, who was then a lieutenant-general in the French army, and always amorously inclined,—and the more inclined by the difficulty of the attempt,—was grown powerfully in love with this lady; and, to have the more power with her, communicated to her those secrets of state which concerned her safety, and more the Prince of Condé's, whose cousin-german she was; the communication whereof was of benefit or convenience to both: yet, though he made many romantic attempts to ingratiate himself with her, and such as would neither have become, or been safe to any other man than himself, who was accustomed to extraordinary flights in the air, he could not arrive at the high success he proposed. At the same time, the Lord Crofts was transported with the same ambition; and though his parts were very different from the other, yet he wanted not arts and address to encourage him in

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these attempts, and could bear repulses with more tranquillity of mind and acquiescence than the other could. When these two Lords had lamented to each other their mutual infelicity, they agreed generously to merit their mistress's favours, by doing her a service that should deserve it; and boldly proposed to her the marriage of the King; who, they both knew, had no dislike to her person: and they pursued it with his Majesty with all their artifices. They added the reputation of her wisdom and virtue to that of her beauty, and that she might be instrumental to the procuring more friends towards his restoration, than any other expedient then in view; and at last prevailed so far with the King, who no doubt had a perfect esteem of her, that he made the overture to her of marriage, which she received with her natural modesty and address, declaring herself to be much unworthy of that grace; and beseeching and advising him to preserve that affection and inclination for an object more equal to him, and more capable to contribute to his service; using all those arguments for refusal, which might prevail with and inflame him to new importunities."

But Bristol, in the mean time, had communicated the project to Lord Clarendon, who, with the more sensible of the King's friends, were strongly opposed to so impolitic a union. Their remonstrances for once had the desired effect with the volatile monarch, and Charles, after paying the lady a farewell visit at her own house, departed the following day for Flanders. Certainly, whether in an honest or in a dishonest manner, few men have made advances to a greater number of women. However, if he signally failed in his honourable proposals, he at least succeeded as entirely in his libertine attachments. But we must return to the more stirring events of the Restoration.

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CHAPTER V.

Restoration of Charles II.—The King sails for England—Received on landing by General Monk—His splendid Progress towards London—His Gratitude to Heaven singularly exemplified—Coronation—Familiarity of Charles with his Subjects—His Habit of fast walking—His Saying to Prince George of Denmark—His Custom of Feeding the Fowls in St. James's Park—Anecdotes—The King's witty Retort to the Duke of York—The Royal Barber—Fondness of Charles for Dogs—Lampoons on the Subject—Social Qualities of Charles—His Love of Wit—Shaftesbury's Retort to Charles—Anecdote of Blood—The King's quiet Reprimand of Penn, the Quaker—His witty Sayings and Love of Fun.

Monk, by his wily and skilful conduct, having prepared the way for the King's return, Charles accepted an invitation from the States of Holland to embark from their shores; and, accordingly, in the beginning of May, 1660, he proceeded to Breda, and from thence to the Hague, where he was received with all kindness and splendour by the Dutch nation. Admiral Montagu, afterwards Earl of Sandwich, with the English fleet under his command, was expecting his orders on the coast of Holland. Accordingly, after passing a few days at the Hague, in the society of his sister, the Princess of Orange, Charles embarked at Scheveling on the 24th of May, on board the "Naseby;"—a name, however, which, as it must have somewhat grated on royal ears, had recently been changed to the "Royal Charles."

The voyage was prosperous, and on the 25th of May the heights of Dover were perceptible. "I conversed,"

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says an anonymous writer, "with some of our seamen who brought over King Charles in the 'Naseby,' and they told me the first time they had ever heard the Common-prayer and God-damn-ye, was on board that ship, as she came home with his Majesty." * Charles delayed disembarking till the following day.

He was received on landing by Monk and other persons of distinction. The General, than whom no man had ever performed a greater service for his Sovereign, instantly dropped on one knee and kissed the King's hand. Charles, raising him from the ground, and taking him in his arms, embraced him affectionately. Together they walked under a rich canopy towards the town. On their way they were met by the mayor and corporation of Dover, who presented the King with a large Bible, ornamented with clasps of gold.

The same day, attended by Monk, and the Dukes of York, Gloucester, and Buckingham, Charles entered his coach, and departed for Canterbury. The most magnificent preparations, and the wildest effusions of joy, encountered him at every step. The road was everywhere thronged with spectators; in the towns through which he passed, the houses were decorated with silken streamers; while the perpetual sound of music and acclamations almost deafened his ears. On Barham Downs he was met by a brilliant train of the nobility, "clad in very rich apparel," as well as by four gallant regiments composed of the loyal men of Kent. As Charles presented himself at the head of each troop on horseback, the men kissed the hilts of their swords, and then, flourishing their weapons in the air, mingled their shouts with the clamours of their trumpets.

* Enquiry into the Causes of our Naval Miscarriages. Lond. 1707.

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The same fervent joy was everywhere demonstrated, and such was the exultation of the old cavaliers, that more than one person is said to have died of excessive delight: among these, is said to have been Oughtred, the celebrated mathematician. "The whole country," says an old writer, "flocked in, and cutting down palms, and strewing the ways with all sorts of fragrant flowers, and decking the lanes and passages with the greatest variety of country pomps, garlands beset with rings, ribands, and the like, the air echoing all along, and redoubling the perpetually iterated Hosannas, he came to London." *

At Canterbury the King was met by the mayor and aldermen of that ancient city, who, after having presented him with a cup of gold, conducted him to the house of Lord Camden. The next day being Sunday, he attended divine service in the cathedral and remained that day and night in the city. On the Monday he proceeded in the same triumphal manner towards Rochester, where he rested another night. The houses in the streets through which he passed are said to have been completely covered with streamers, ribands, and garlands of flowers.

The following morning, the 29th of May, being his birth-day, he entered his coach and departed towards London with an increased and more brilliant train. At Blackheath the army were drawn up and received him with the loudest acclamations. Charles, having previously exchanged his coach for a charger, bowed frequently to the military as they marched before him. The country people were not backward in displaying their loyalty. The old music of tabor and pipe; their favourite morrice-dances; and other rural sports, added

* Walker's History of Independency, part iv., p. 405.

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considerably to the effect of the joyous scene. In the town of Deptford, a hundred young girls, dressed in white, and with gay baskets in their hands, walked immediately before the King, and strewed flowers in his path.

In St. George's Fields, Southwark, he was met by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, in their scarlet gowns. By these dignitaries he was conducted to a large tent covered with tapestry, under which was a chair of state, surmounted by a rich canopy. The Lord Mayor then presented him with the city sword, and the Recorder congratulated him in a suitable speech; after which he was entertained with a magnificent banquet. The King's remark at the universal satisfaction is well known. It must have been his own fault, he said, that he had been so long absent, as every one seemed unanimous in promoting his return.

The different streets, from Southwark to Whitehall, exhibited a scene of splendour perhaps unparalleled in the annals of public rejoicings. The procession was numerous and magnificent. The houses on each side were hung with tapestry; bands of music were fixed at stated places; the train-bands of the city, in rich dresses, lined the way; and even the conduits are said (we must presume poetically) to have flowed with the most delicious wine. Charles entered Whitehall amidst the roar of cannon and the acclamations of thousands. The Houses of Lords and Commons received him on his arrival, and were subsequently admitted to kiss his hand. At night the sky was illuminated by bonfires and fireworks, and the people regaled with a profusion of wine and food. Charles, alas! displayed his gratitude to Heaven for his wonderful restoration, not by prayers and thanksgiving, but by passing the night of his return

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with Mrs. Palmer, (afterwards the celebrated Duchess of Cleveland,) at the house of Sir Samuel Morland, at Lambeth.

The Coronation of Charles took place on the 22nd of April, 1661, and on the 21st of May, 1662, he was married to the Infanta of Portugal. The former event has been frequently described, and differs not sufficiently from similar ceremonials, which have taken place in our own times, to require an enumeration of its splendours. The details of the latter event belong rather to our Memoir of Queen Catherine.

The easy temper, and good-humoured familiarity, of Charles, acquired for him that popularity among his loving subjects, which not all his subsequent profligacy and misgovernment could entirely destroy. They loved to see him, divested of the trappings of state, conversing familiarly with those who attended him, or arresting some familiar countenance that encountered him in his walk. He was an indefatigable pedestrian; and, whether in London or elsewhere, usually spent several hours in his favourite exercise. Burnet tells us that he was in the habit of walking so fast that it was a trouble to keep up with him. His brother, the Duke of York, was as fond of being on horseback. Once, when Prince George of Denmark, who had married his niece, afterwards Queen Anne, complained that he was growing fat, "Walk with me," said Charles, "hunt with my brother, and do justice to my niece, and you will not long be distressed by growing fat." * Spring Macky says of the Prince, in his Memoirs: "He is very fat, loves news, his bottle, and his wife."

It was the custom of Charles to saunter almost daily

* Anth. Wood, Life of Himself, p. 328.

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into St. James's Park, where he took a great interest in the numerous birds with which it was stocked, and which it was his custom to feed with his own hand. The government of Duck Island, at the east end of the piece of water, then a collection of ponds, was conferred on the famous St. Evremond. Pennant speaks of it as "the first and last government," but he is mistaken in the fact: it had previously been bestowed on Sir John Flock, a person of good family, and a companion of Charles during his exile: it was probably conferred, in both instances, in a moment of convivial hilarity.

On one occasion, Coke, the author of the Memoirs, was in attendance on the King during one of his usual walks. Charles had finished feeding his favourites, and was proceeding towards St. James's, when, at the further end of the Mall, they were overtaken by Prince Rupert, who accompanied them to the palace. "The King," says Coke (who was near enough to overhear their conversation), "told the Prince how he had shot a duck, and such a dog fetched it; and so they walked on till the King came to St. James's house, and there the King said to the Prince, 'Let's go and see Cambridge and Kendal,' the Duke of York's two sons, who then lay a-dying. But upon his return to Whitehall he found all in an uproar; the Countess of Castlemaine, as it was said, bewailing, above all others, that she should be the first torn to pieces." It appears that the astounding news of the Dutch fleet having entered the river had just been received at the palace.

At another time, Charles had taken two or three turns in St. James's Park, and was proceeding up Constitution Hill, accompanied by the Duke of Leeds and Lord Cromarty, with the intention of walking in Hyde Park, when, just as they were crossing the road, they encountered

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the Duke of York, who had been hunting on Hounslow Heath, and was returning in his coach. The guards, who attended the Duke, on perceiving the King, suddenly stopped, and consequently arrested the progress of the coach. James instantly alighted, and, after paying his respects to the King, expressed his uneasiness at seeing him with so small an attendance, and his fears that his life might be endangered. "No kind of danger, James," said the King; "for I am sure no man in England will take away my life to make you king." This story, says Dr. King in his "Anecdotes of his Own Time," Lord Cromarty frequently related to his friends.

There is an instance on record of Charles having appeared not quite so indifferent at the idea of assassination. His barber, whom he admitted to considerable freedom, was one morning shaving him, when the fellow, as was customary with him, commenced hazarding one of his trifling remarks:—"I consider," said he, "that none of your Majesty's officers have a greater trust than I."—"How so, friend?" said the King. "Why," said the fellow, "I could cut your Majesty's throat whenever I liked." Charles started up at the idea. Using his favourite oath,—"'Od's fish!" he exclaimed; "the very thought is treason; you shall shave me no more." *

The freedom with which Charles mingled with his subjects is so well known, that the perusal of the following extract of an order, issued in 1671, rather takes us by surprise. "An officer of our horse-guards is always to attend, and follow next our person, when we walk abroad, or pass up and down from one palace to another, as well within doors as without, excepting always our bed-chamber." † This order was issued about the same time that Blood made his daring attempt on the crown

* Richardsoniana. † Pegge's Curialia, vol. i., part ii., p. 79.

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jewels. Whether, however, it originated in any apprehension of personal danger, or merely from the people pressing on the King in his walks, it is now difficult to ascertain.

Charles, as is also well known, was constantly followed by a number of small spaniels wherever he went. He even permitted them to litter in his own apartment; and Evelyn mentions that neither the room itself, nor indeed any part of the court, was rendered more savoury from the indulgence of the King's fancy.

His fondness for these animals was extraordinary. In the early numbers of the "London Gazette," it is curious to find how many are the instances in which rewards are offered for dogs, stolen or strayed from Whitehall, many of which were undoubtedly the King's. However, on the 12th of March, 1667, a dog is actually notified as having been lost by Charles; the advertisement runs as follows:—

"Lost out of the Mews, on the 6th of this present month, a little brindled greyhound bitch, belonging to his Majesty: if any one has taken her up, they are desired to bring her to the Porter's gate at Whitehall, and they shall have a very good content for their pains." And again, on the 17th of May following, a reward is offered for "A white hound bitch of his Majesty's, with a reddish head, and red upon the buttocks, some black spots on the body, and a nick in the right lip."

The King's fancy for dogs is alluded to in more than one lampoon of the period. In a Psalm sung at the Calves' Head Club, we find,—

"His dogs would sit at Council Board,
Like Judges in their furs;
We question much which had most sense,
The master or the curs."

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And in another pasquinade:—

> "His very dog at Council Board
> Sits grave and wise as any Lord."

In social life, we can scarcely imagine a companion more fascinating than Charles, or a circle more brilliant than that with which he surrounded himself. "When considered as a companion," says Hume, "he appears as the most amiable and engaging of men; and, indeed, in this view his deportment must be allowed altogether unexceptionable. His love of raillery was so tempered with good breeding, that it was never offensive; his propensity to satire was so checked by discretion, that his friends never dreaded their becoming the object of it; his wit, to use the expression of one who knew him well, and who was himself a good judge,* could be said not so much to be very refined or elevated, qualities apt to beget jealousy and apprehension in company, as to be plain, gaining, well-bred, recommending kind of wit. And though, perhaps, he talked more than the strict rules of behaviour might permit, men were so pleased with the affable communicative deportment of the monarch, that they always went away contented both with him and with themselves." This is not an exaggerated picture of the social qualities of Charles. He was particularly gifted with the art of telling a story, and Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, observes, he could with pleasure have listened to them, though, perhaps, he had heard them repeated five or six times before. "His stories," he says, "were invariably retouched and embellished with some fresh circumstance to attract attention." Burnet, however, observes, with his usual malice, that "the courtiers

* Marquis of Halifax.

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grew so tired with the King's stories, that though he might have commenced one of them in a crowded room, it was generally nearly empty by the time he had concluded it." Rochester said,—"he wondered how a person who possessed so good memory as to repeat a story without missing a word, should have so bad a one as to forget that he had told it to the same company but the day before." Evelyn, however, who was admitted to his society, mentions the King's large store of anecdotes, and his particular talent for relating them.

Charles possessed real wit himself, and valued it in others. The happy reply of Blood, when Charles inquired how he dared to make his bold attempt on the crown jewels, seems originally to have prejudiced the King in his favour. "My father," said Blood, "lost a good estate in fighting *for* the Crown; and I considered it no harm to recover it *by* the crown."* On another occasion, a stranger presenting him with a petition, Charles inquired rather angrily of him, how he dared to bring him such a paper. "May it please your Majesty," said the intruder impudently, "my name is *Dare*." Charles could even pardon a jest when personal to himself. "Shaftesbury," he one day said to the unprincipled Earl, "I believe thou art the wickedest fellow in my dominions."—"For a *subject*, sir," said the other, "I believe I am."

Among those whom he admitted to familiar intercourse was William Penn, the celebrated Quaker, and lawgiver of Pennsylvania. Penn, thinking proper to carry his sectarian prejudices into the presence of royalty, on his introduction had continued standing before the King without removing his hat. Charles quietly rebuked him,

* Birch, MSS. Brit. Mus.

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by taking off his own hat and stood uncovered before Penn. "Friend Charles," said the future legislator, "why dost thou not keep on thy hat?"—"'Tis the custom of this place," replied the witty monarch, "for only *one* person to remain covered at a time."*

Charles delighted in the society of learned foreigners. Among others whom he honoured with his notice was Gregorio Leti, a native of Milan, and formerly popular as an historian. Charles once said to him,—"I hear, Leti, you are writing the history of the Court of England." Leti admitted that he was collecting materials for such a work. "You must take care," said the King, "that your work gives no offence."—"Sir," replied Leti, "I will do what I can; but if a man were as wise as Solomon, he would scarce be able to avoid giving some offence."—"Why, then," said Charles, with his usual quickness, "be as wise as Solomon; write proverbs, not histories." †

He loved what may be called fun as much as the youngest of his courtiers. On one of his birth-days, an impudent rascal of a pickpocket had obtained admission to the drawing-room, in the garb of a gentleman. He had succeeded in extracting a gold snuff-box from a nobleman's pocket, and was quietly transferring it to his own, when, looking up, he suddenly caught the King's eye, and discovered that he had been perceived by his Majesty. The fellow, aware, in all probability, of the King's easy character, had the impudence to put his finger to his nose, and winked knowingly at Charles to hold his tongue. Shortly afterwards, the King was much amused by perceiving the nobleman feeling one pocket after another in search of his treasure. At last, he could

* Gray's Hudibras, vol. i., p. 376. Granger, vol. iv., p. 16.
† Granger, vol. vi., p. 45.

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resist no longer, and looking about him, (probably to make certain that the thief had escaped,) he called out to the injured person,—"You need not, my Lord, give yourself any more trouble about it: your box is gone, and I own myself an accomplice: I could not help it, I was made a confidant."

Charles was fully aware of the frailties of his friends, and, as we have seen in his speech to Shaftesbury, took a pleasure in bantering them on their evil courses.

On the principle of *noscitur e sociis*, we cannot wonder that many of the individuals for whom his courtiers interested themselves, were men not of the most reputable character. When Lord Keeper Guildford once interceded for a man whose reputation was somewhat indifferent: "It is strange," said Charles, "that every one of my friends keeps a *tame knave*."*

* North, Life of Lord Keeper Guildford, p. 316.

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CHAPTER VI.

Instances of Charles's right Feeling and Kindness of Heart—His good-natured Support of Lord Keeper Guildford—His Kindness to Sir John Reresby—Liberality of Charles—His excellent natural Capacity—His Knowledge of the Arts and Sciences—His Interest in Naval Affairs—His Taste for the Sea becomes fashionable at Court—His Love of Theatricals—Anecdotes—Verses believed to be the Composition of Charles—Profligacy of the Court—Remarkable Punishment of Sir Peckshall Brockas—Desecration at Court of the Sabbath Day—A Court Ball—Ancient Palace of Whitehall—The King's Mode of Living at Windsor—His Taste for Fishing—His Manner of Living at Newmarket—Picture of a royal Debauch—Anecdotes—Royal Mistresses—Their Rapacity—The King's Nickname of "Old Rowley"—His Poverty—His Custom of attending the Debates in the House of Lords.

THE enemies of Charles have denied to him every sense of rectitude, and even the common merit of good nature. In their sweeping charges of profligacy, indolence, and ingratitude, they have divested him of the few better feelings and principles, of which his reputation cannot afford to be deprived. As regards one point of his character, Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, justly stands up for his old master. "Surely," he says, "he was inclined to justice; for nothing else would have retained him so fast to the succession of a brother, against a son he was so fond of, and the humour of a party he so much feared." When pressed to consent to the Bill of Exclusion against the Duke of York;—"James," said he, "will not keep the crown; but let him forfeit it by his own ill-conduct; I will not cut him off from the succession." We may add to this act of

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justice, his kind and manly protection of the Queen, during the fury of the Popish Plot. "They think," said he, "I have a mind to a new wife, but for all that, I will not see an innocent woman persecuted." Let any one read Lord Clarendon's account of his daughter's dishonour, and of Charles's interference to wipe away the stain;—let him read the history of the lady's subsequent marriage with the Duke of York, brought about entirely by the interposition of Charles,—in opposition to the disapproval of his mother, and to the advice even of Clarendon himself,—with a woman, too, who was not only of an obscure, but of a mean family;—and it will be impossible entirely to deny to Charles the merit of right feeling and of kindness of heart.

Of the King's good-nature we have another instance. When Lord Keeper Guildford was under fear of impeachment, the King, observing the melancholy expression of his countenance, drew near to the woolsack: "Be of good comfort," he whispered to him, "I will never forsake my friends, as my father did." He was never known to make an enemy in social life. Lord Dartmouth was told an anecdote of Charles by one who knew him well:—"It was the King's maxim," he said, "to quarrel with no one, whatever might have been the provocation, as he was ignorant, he said, how shortly he might require the same person to become his friend." In the estimation of every Englishman, the existing establishments of Greenwich and Chelsea should of themselves be sufficient memorials to proclaim that he had at least some redeeming goodness of heart.

Of the ingratitude of Charles much has been said, and much is undoubtedly deserved. His forgetfulness, however, of former services was owing, not so much to the innate hardness of heart of which he has been accused,

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as to the extraordinary difficulties in which he found himself placed. Half a nation were his petitioners, who, of course exaggerating their services, deafened his ears with their complaints, and have since bequeathed very partial accounts of their injuries to posterity. On his first arrival in England hundreds of suffering cavaliers had preferred their claims, and Charles, in the fulness of his gratitude, had no doubt most unfortunately promised more than he could perform. These people, naturally exasperated at their disappointment, became so vehement in their importunities, that their language at times amounted almost to insult. Lord Halifax even attributes the King's habit of fast walking to the number of "asking faces," and the dismal complaints, by which he was constantly encountered. They used to persecute him, we are told, in all places, and even followed him with their importunities from room to room.

Charles naturally became disgusted, and as it was impossible he could satisfy all, he too frequently turned a deaf ear on his tormentors. These circumstances, though they are not intended as a defence, may in some degree palliate the conduct of Charles. We must remember, moreover, the indolence of his nature; the excessive rapacity of his mistresses and friends; and the notorious fact that his income was but ill-adapted to the exalted station which he occupied.

Sir John Reresby, in his "Memoirs," pays a passing but agreeable tribute to the King's real kindness of heart and consideration for others.—"On the 1st of March," he says, "the King went to Newmarket, and I followed him a few days afterwards; when the weather being very unseasonable and dirty, and walking about the town with his Majesty, he observed, that my shoes were but thin, and advised me to get a stronger pair to prevent my

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catching cold; which, though a trivial remark in itself, may serve for an example of that Prince's great goodness and care for those persons that were near him, though ever so inconsiderable." During the political troubles of 1679, Reresby happened one night to be in the King's bed-chamber when he was retiring to rest.—"I was at the King's couchée," he says, "and wondered to see him quite cheerful amidst such an intricacy of troubles; but it was not his nature to think or perplex himself much about anything. I had the good fortune to say something that pleased his Majesty; and the Duke of Newcastle, one of the bed-chamber, being in waiting, his Grace took the opportunity of mentioning me: whereupon his Majesty came to me, and reassured me of a continuance in my command, and told me he would stick by his old friends."

Charles could be generous to the good as well as lavish to the undeserving. When Dr. Barwick, who had been a faithful adherent of the late King during his sufferings, was himself in prison and in distress, Charles, although then himself an impoverished exile, out of a present of a thousand pounds which he had received from Lady Saville, kindly sent two hundred to his father's friend.* We may mention another instance of his generosity. Immediately after the Restoration, he sent, unsolicited, to Lord Clarendon, a grant of ten thousand acres in the fens. Clarendon at first declined the offer, partly on the ground of the envy it would excite. When his decision was announced by the Duke of Ormond to the King: the Chancellor, he said, was a fool for his pains; adding, that "he had better be envied than pitied." At another time, we find him presenting the Earl of Bristol

* Life of Dr. John Barwick, by Dr. Peter Barwick, p. 128.

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with a gift of ten thousand pounds, besides a valuable grant of land in Sussex.*

De Grammont's brief character of Charles is evidently sincere. "The King was inferior to none, either in shape or air; his soul, susceptible of opposite impressions, was compassionate to the unhappy, inflexible to the wicked, and tender even to excess: he showed great abilities in affairs of importance, but was incapable of application to any that were not so: his heart was often the dupe, but oftener the slave of his attachments."— "His temper," says Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, "both of body and mind, was admirable; which made him an easy, generous lover, a civil, obliging husband, a friendly brother, and a good-natured master."

That Charles possessed a capacity which only required application to render it eminent, we have the evidence of the best judges among his contemporaries. The truth of Lord Rochester's famous saying, "that he never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one," has always been admitted. It was also wittily observed by the Duke of Buckingham, that "Charles could have been a great King if he would, and that James would if he could."— "Had this King," said Sir Richard Bulstrode, "but loved business as well as he understood it, he would have been the greatest prince in Europe." Dryden also says:

"His conversation, wit, and parts,
His knowledge in the noblest useful arts,
Were such dead authors could not give.
* * * *
He drained from all, and all they knew,
His apprehension quick, his judgment true;
That the most learned with shame confess,
His knowledge more, his reading only less."

* Clarendon, Life of Himself, vol. ii., p. 256.

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We have the authority of Lord Keeper Guildford, that Charles was better acquainted with the foreign policy of his time, than all his ministers put together. This fact he accounted for by the King's experience with foreign Courts during his exile, and the personal intercourse which he had long maintained with the first statesmen in Europe. "Charles," added Lord Guildford, "whether drunk or sober, made a point of conversing with every eminent foreigner who came into England; and, though so notoriously unreserved himself, had the art of sifting the secrets of others."

We have the authority of Evelyn, no indifferent judge, that the King's knowledge, if not deep, was at least various. Chemistry, mechanism, and naval architecture, were among his favourite pursuits; and he also loved to employ himself in the details of building and planting. In the study of anatomy he took considerable interest. Pepys was told by Pierce the surgeon, that he once dissected two bodies, a man and a woman, before the King, who expressed himself highly interested in the exhibition.

Charles had acquired a certain knowledge of physic, and, moreover, took the greatest care of his health: indeed, his habits and even his pleasures were made subservient to its preservation. We find him employing at one time as many as four physicians in ordinary, as well as two for the royal household, and about a dozen more who were not regularly in waiting. He was occasionally the patron of the merest quacks, and was in the habit of trifling with an excellent constitution by quacking himself. Lord Halifax, in his character of Charles, and also Lord Lansdown in his Vindication of Monk, mention this pernicious habit, and even consider that it hastened his end.

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But it was in ship-building and naval affairs that he took the deepest interest.—"The great, almost only pleasure of his mind," says the Duke of Buckingham, "to which he seemed addicted, was shipping and sea affairs; which seemed to be so much his talent for knowledge, as well as inclination, that a war of that kind was rather an entertainment than any disturbance to his thoughts." An order in Council, dated 8th May, 1676, displays his solicitude regarding naval affairs, and presents an agreeable trait of his munificence. It appears by this document that with a view of inducing families of consideration to bring up their sons in the royal navy, the King was pleased "at his extraordinary charge" to maintain several of the sons of gentlemen on board the royal ships as volunteers. Pepys says,—"His Majesty possessed a transcendent mastery in all maritime knowledge." Throughout his reign, and more especially during the first years of his reign, we have evidence how intent he was on increasing our naval power, and promoting the English supremacy at sea. His occasional visits to the fleet are frequently alluded to by his contemporaries. In a letter of the Earl of Arlington, dated 20th July, 1671, we find the following passage:—"On this day seven-night his Majesty left Windsor, with a pretence only to go and see the New Forest, and Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight; where, as soon as he arrived, he put himself on board a squadron of ships, posted there on purpose to carry him to Plymouth, to see the new fort there, where he arrived on Monday night, which is the last news we had of him. If the wind were fair for it, we should quickly expect him here again, and by long sea, where twenty leagues are more pleasing to him than two by land. It is a new exploit for kings; but I hope God will bless him in it,

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according to those happy constellations which have yet appeared for him." *

The royal taste of course became a fashionable one at Court, and, accordingly, at the breaking out of the Dutch war, the young nobility hurried on board the fleet as if they had been going to a crusade. Even the Queen and her ladies adopted the ruling fashion. In 1672 we find the good-natured monarch endeavouring to gratify their taste, and writing as follows to the Duke of York:— "Friday, 3rd May, Wind W. by S. I should have had no peace at home if I did not permit my wife to go to Deal to see the fleet: she will be there to-morrow with good store of ladies; so you must order those fly-boats, when they come, as well as you can."

In addition to his graver studies, Charles was not without sympathy in more graceful pursuits. He loved music and poetry; and theatrical performances were his passion. Of the two great actors of the day, Mohun and Hart, he said, on seeing them perform in a new piece, that Mohun, or Moon, as it was pronounced, "was like the sun, and Hart like the Moon." At another time, when Sir William Davenant's play of "Love and Honour" was first acted, we find Charles presenting Betterton, the actor, with his splendid coronation suit, in which the player performed the character of Prince Alonzo. The Duke of York followed the King's example, by giving the suit which he had worn on the same occasion to Hains, who acted the part of Prince Prospero; while the Earl of Oxford presented his to Joseph Price, who supported the character of Lionel, son to the Duke of Parma.

It was Charles the Second, according to Spence, who

* Arlington's Letters, vol. ii., p. 320.

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gave Dryden the hint for writing his poem "The Medal." One day, as the King was strolling in the Mall, in St. James's Park, in conversation with Dryden, he said, "If I was a poet, *and I think I am poor enough to be one*, I would write a poem on such a subject, in the following manner." He then gave him the plan for it. Dryden took the hint, and carrying the poem to the King as soon as it was written, Charles presented him with a hundred broad pieces as a mark of his approval.

Charles is said to have been himself a poet, and if, as Sir John Hawkins affirms, and as Horace Walpole thinks probable, the following verses were really his composition, he has some claim to merit as a lyric poet:—

"I pass all my hours in a shady old grove,
But I live not the day when I see not my love;
I survey every walk now my Phillis is gone,
And sigh when I think we were there all alone;
Oh, then 'tis I think there's no hell,
Like loving too well.

But each shade and each conscious bower when I find,
Where I once have been happy, and she has been kind;
When I see the print left of her shape on the green,
And imagine the pleasure may yet come again;
Oh, then 'tis I think that no joys are above
The pleasures of love.

While alone to myself I repeat all her charms,
She I loved may be lock'd in another man's arms;
She may laugh at my cares, and so false she may be,
To say all the kind things she before said to me;
Oh, then 'tis, Oh, then, that I think there's no hell,
Like loving too well.

But when I consider the truth of her heart,
Such an innocent passion, so kind without art,
I fear I have wrong'd her, and hope she may be
So full of true love to be jealous of me;
Oh, then 'tis I think that no joys are above
The pleasures of love."

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Whatever merit may be due to Charles as the friend of literature and science, his taste, as regards the fine arts, was formed on a bad model, and was calculated neither to elevate nor refine. His conceptions of architectural beauty were formed in the French school, and he had even the barbarity to introduce them into Windsor Castle and the Tower of London. Nevertheless, we must allow him the credit of having fostered Wren; nor must we forget that St. Paul's Cathedral was designed under his auspices. "The restoration of royalty," says Walpole, "brought back the arts, not taste. Charles had a turn to mechanics, none to the politer sciences. He had learned to draw in his youth: in the Imperial Library at Vienna is a view of the Isle of Jersey, designed by him; but he was too indolent even to amuse himself. He introduced the fashions of the Court of France, without its elegance."*

For the open and barefaced licentiousness of Charles's Court, for the example which he set of wantonness to the ladies, and profligacy to the men, we look around us, but in vain, for an excuse. His vices were even publicly reproached in Parliament. In 1675, it was voted in the House of Commons, that the "atheism, debauchery, and impiety of the present age be inserted as grievances to be redressed." This bold measure had, of course, no other reference but to the licentiousness of the Court; indeed, the propriety of impeaching the King's mistresses—nominally on the ground of keeping his Majesty in constant poverty—was actually discussed by the popular party. "But, no," said Lord Mordaunt, "we ought rather to be grateful to them, for making the King subservient to his parliament." We are inclined to think that the debauchery of Charles and his favourites had less

* Walpole's Works, vol. iii., p. 281.

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influence upon society in general than might have been expected, or than has usually been supposed. The public certainly looked on his pleasures and his concubines with a severe eye, and, moreover, there was to be found generally, throughout his reign, a vast deal of moral and political honesty. The determined opposition which the Court encountered from the House of Commons; the great majority who voted for the exclusion of the Duke of York; and the fact that—when the clergy were called upon to subscribe to every article contained in the Book of Common Prayer—two thousand ministers conscientiously resigned their cures in one day—are unquestionable evidences that the principles of the Court were far from being those of the community at large. The more respectable among the King's friends remembered and regretted the stately and sober amusements of his father's Court, and the general morality and respect for religion which then prevailed in the royal household. The change was indeed a melancholy one. There must have been many still living who remembered the remarkable punishment of Sir Peckshall Brockas for his private immoralities. This person, having been convicted before the High Commissioners for his gross offences was condemned to stand at Paul's Cross in a white sheet, and with a wand in his hand. The sentence was actually carried into execution; nor were those persons few in number who would willingly have brought Charles and his mistresses to perform a similar penance.

A custom of playing at cards on Sundays, which was now generally practised at Court, was naturally productive of great offence in a still puritanical age. Even Pepys expresses his extreme abhorrence at seeing the Queen and the Duchess of York thus desecrating the

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Sabbath-day. The same amusing memoir-writer has left us a graphic account of a Court entertainment, which he witnessed at Whitehall. "The room," he says, "where the ball was to be, was crammed with fine ladies, the greatest of the Court. By and by comes the King and Queen, the Duke and Duchess, and all the great ones; and after seating themselves, the King takes out the Duchess of York, and the Duke the Duchess of Buckingham; the Duke of Monmouth my Lady Castlemaine, and so other lords other ladies, and they danced the brantle. After that, the King led a lady a single coranto; and then the rest of the lords, one after another, other ladies: very noble it was, and great pleasure to see. Then to country-dances; the King leading the first, which he called for; which was, says he, 'Cuckolds all awry,' the old dance of England. Of the ladies that danced, the Duke of Monmouth's mistress, and my lady Castlemaine, and a daughter of Sir Harry de Vicke's,* were the best. The manner was, when the King dances, all the ladies in the room, and the Queen herself, stand: and indeed he dances rarely, and much better than the Duke of York."

The King chiefly restricted his residences to Whitehall and Windsor, though he paid occasional visits to Hampton Court and Newmarket. The old palace at Whitehall was then of vast size and magnificence. "It extended," says Pennant, "along the river, and in front along the present Parliament and Whitehall-street, as far as Scotland Yard; and on the other side of those streets to the turning into Spring Garden beyond the Admiralty, looking into St. James's Park. The merry King, his Queen, the royal brother, Prince Rupert, the Duke of

* Sir Henry de Vic, Bart., of Guernsey. He was Chancellor of the Order of the Garter.

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Monmouth, and all the great officers, and all the courtly train, had their lodgings within these walls; and all the royal family had their different offices, such as kitchens, cellars, pantries, spiceries, cyder-house, bake-house, wool-yards, coal-yards, and slaughter-house." Shortly after the death of Charles, nearly the whole of this interesting fabric perished in the flames.

Of the King's mode of living at Windsor we have no very particular account. When Sir John Reresby paid a visit there to Charles, in 1680,—"The King," he says, "showed me a great deal of what he had done to the house, which was indeed very fine, and acquainted me with what he intended to do more; for then it was he was upon finishing that most majestic structure. He lived quite privately at this time: there was little or no resort to him; and his days he passed in fishing or walking in the Park; and certain it is, he was much better pleased with retirement than the hurry of the gay and busy world." In a copy of verses entitled "Windsor," which, in the State Poems, are attributed to Rochester, the King's harmless practice of fishing is thus denounced:—

"Methinks I see our mighty monarch stand,
His pliant angle trembling in his hand.
Pleased with the sport, good man; nor does he know
His easy sceptre bends and trembles so.
Fine representative indeed of God,
Whose sceptre's dwindled to a fishing-rod?
Such was Domitian in his Romans' eyes,
When his great god-ship stoop'd to catching flies;
Bless us, what pretty sport have deities!
But see, he now does up from Datchet come,
Laden with spoils of slaughter'd gudgeons home,
Nor is he warn'd by their unhappy fate,
But greedily he swallows every bait,
A prey to every king-fisher of state."

We learn from Colley Cibber that Charles occasionally

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invited the actors to Windsor, where they performed in St. George's Hall. It seems, however, by Cibber's account, that money was allowed to be taken at the door.

Of the manner in which Charles occupied his time at Newmarket, we have a brief notice by Reresby. "The manner of the King's dividing his time at this place was thus: he walked in the morning till ten of the clock; then he went to the cockpit till dinner-time; about three he went to the horse-races; at six he returned to the cockpit, for an hour only; then he went to the play, though the actors were but of a terrible sort; from thence to supper; then to the Duchess of Portsmouth's till bed-time; and so to his own apartment to take his rest." Lord Halifax says: "He grew by age into a pretty exact distribution of his hours, both for his business, pleasures, and the exercise of his health, of which he took as much care as could possibly consist with some liberties he was resolved to indulge himself in. He walked by his watch, and when he pulled it out to look upon it, skilful men would make haste with what they had to say to him."

The palace of Newmarket, of which Sir Christopher Wren was the architect, was not completed at the time of the King's death. Charles, who complained of the small size of the rooms, was one day conversing with Wren on the subject, when the architect, who was a small man, glanced somewhat consequentially round the apartment, as if measuring the walls with his eye:—"I think," said he, "and it please your Majesty, they *are* high enough." Charles squatted down to Wren's height, and creeping about in this whimsical posture: "Ay," he said, "Sir Christopher, I think they are high enough." *

* Richardsoniana.

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After the death of Charles, the sum of eighty thousand guineas is said to have been discovered in his private cabinet, which it was believed he had intended to expend on one of his favourite palaces, Newmarket or Winchester.

Charles never permitted the revels of the night to be referred to on the following morning. By this means he in some degree prevented the over-familiarity of his less eligible associates, and put a stop to expectations that he might have held out in the hilarity of the moment, and the overfulness of his heart. Among his boon companions, moreover, he seems to have been more on his guard than might have been expected. To one, who importuned him for a favour in one of his jovial moments,—"You had better," said he, "ask *the King* to-morrow." An account of one of his debauches after a hunting-party, in 1667, is amusingly detailed by the gossiping Pepys. It was related to him by Sir Hugh Cholmely, who was present. "They came," he says, "to Sir G. Carteret's house at Cranbourne, and there were entertained and all made drunk; and being all drunk, Armerer did come to the King, and swear to him: 'By G—, sir,' says he, 'you are not so kind to the Duke of York of late as you used to be.'—'Not I?' says the King; 'why so?'—'Why,' says he, 'if you are, let us drink his health.'—'Why, let us,' says the King. Then he (Armerer) fell on his knees and drank it; and having done, the King began to drink it. 'Nay, sir,' says Armerer, 'by G— you must do it on your knees.' So he did, and then all the company: and having done it, all fell a crying for joy, being all maudlin and kissing one another; the King the Duke of York, and the Duke of York the King, and in such a maudlin pickle as never people were."

Charles was once dining with Sir Robert Viner during

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his mayoralty, when, having remained as long as was agreeable to himself, he rose to depart. The citizen, however, having indulged rather freely in his own wines, caught hold of the King, and swore that he should remain and have another bottle. Charles looked kindly at him over the shoulder, and repeating, with a smile, a line of the old song:—

"He that's drunk is as great as a King,"

remained a short time longer at the festive board.*

We have another account of a supper party which *took* place at the Duke of Buckingham's, on which occasion Charles endeavoured to make his nephew, the Prince of Orange, drunk. The young Prince had little taste for wine, and, moreover, being a suitor at the time for the hand of his future consort the Princess Mary, he was of course on his good behaviour. However, having been induced by the King to drink much more wine than he had been accustomed to, the naturally sedate Dutchman became the gayest and most frolicsome of the party. On their breaking up, he even commenced smashing the windows of the maids of honour, and would even have forced himself into their rooms had he not been fortunately prevented.† Charles was an extremely early riser, so much so, that his servants, who were slower, perhaps, in recovering from the overnight debauch, used to complain not a little of his early habits.

Of Charles's passion for women, and the unlimited control which his mistresses possessed over him, there is no need to dwell at length. His conversation with them was extremely free, licentious, and even gross; and an oath from a pretty woman never failed in exciting his

* Spectator, No. 462. † Reresby, Memoirs, p. 173.

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mirth. "I am of opinion," says Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, "that in his latter times there was as much of laziness as of love, in all those hours he passed among his mistresses; who, after all, only served to fill up his seraglio, while a bewitching kind of pleasure called sauntering, and talking without any restraint, was the true Sultana queen he delighted in." Whether or no this be true, it is certain that his mistresses brought their easy and voluptuous master to the very verge of ruin, and that they preserved their influence over him to the last. According to Reresby, however, "If love prevailed with him more than any other passion, he had this for excuse, besides that his complexion was of an amorous sort, the women seemed to be the aggressors; and I have since heard the King say, that they would sometimes offer themselves to him." His excessive liberality to his mistresses is satirised by Sir George Etherege, in his verses on a Lady of Pleasure:—

> "For this old Rowley gave them coach and horses,
> Furnished them palaces, and stuffed their purses;
> Called Parliaments, pretending war with France,
> And all his harlot's grandeur to advance."

The origin of the familiar nickname Rowley is explained by the younger Richardson in his Ana. "I have been told," he says, "by an old gentleman of that time, the true occasion of Charles the Second getting the nickname of Rowley. There was an old goat that used to run about the Privy-garden, that they had given this name to; a rank lecherous devil, that every body knew and used to stroke, because he was good-humoured and familiar; and so they applied this name to the other." Others have derived it from an old horse of easy temper and amatory disposition, who was also generally popular;

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but Richardson's story is the most probable. Charles was once passing by the apartments of the maids of honour, when he caught the voice of Miss Howard singing a popular satirical song, in which the name of "Old Rowley" was not very agreeably introduced. After satisfying his curiosity for a few moments, he rapped at the door. Miss Howard inquiring who was there, "Only Old Rowley" was his good-humoured reply.

The exactions of his mistresses had at one time drained the royal purse so low, that Charles appears to have been actually deficient in the common comforts of life; his wardrobe at one period containing only three bands for his neck and not a single handkerchief! This fact is recorded by Pepys, who actually overheard a groom of the bed-chamber (Ashburnham) angrily remonstrating with the person who had the charge of the royal wardrobe, and who stated as his excuse that he could procure no further credit. And yet, about this very time, the Duchess of Cleveland is reported as losing 25,000*l.* in a single night at a gaming-table. The latter fact is the more remarkable, because Charles personally never risked as much as five pounds at play, and disliked to see his mistresses playing, even for the smallest sum.

The frequent demands, which Charles made to Parliament for money, was a subject of much mirth with his courtiers and the wits. There is extant more than one parody on his speeches from the throne, in which his pecuniary distresses form the principal topic. "I told you," (he is supposed to say in one of them,) "at our last meeting, the winter was the fittest time for business, and truly I thought so, till my Lord Treasurer assured me the spring was the best season for salads and subsidies. I hope, therefore, that April will not prove so

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unnatural a month, as not to afford some kind showers on my parched exchequer, which gapes for want of them. Some of you, perhaps, will think it dangerous to make me too rich; but I do not fear it, for I promise you faithfully, whatever you give me, I will always want: and although in other things my word may be thought a slender authority, yet in that you may rely upon me, I will never break it. My Lords and Gentlemen, I can bear my strait with patience; but my Lord Treasurer doth protest to me, that the revenue, as it now stands, will not serve him and me too; one of us must pinch for it if you do not help me. I must speak freely to you: I am under circumstances, for besides my harlots in service, my reformado concubines lie heavy on me. I have a passable good estate I confess, but, gad's-fish! I have a great charge upon it. Here's my Lord Treasurer can tell, that all the money designed for next summer's guards must of necessity be applied to the next year's cradles and swaddling-clothes."

The picture is scarcely caricatured. In 1675 Charles told the Parliament that he was four millions in debt for the expenses of the State and his own necessities, besides vast sums due to the goldsmiths and bankers. The question of granting him a supply was put to the vote, and, in a house of nearly four hundred, was negatived by four.

Fortunately the King's easy disposition prevented him feeling very acutely the unpleasantness which the want of money usually occasions. He could even jest on the subject, as, indeed, he did on all others. Once, in a conversation with Stillingfleet, he inquired of him why he always *read* his sermons in the chapel royal, when he preached *extempore* to all other congregations. Stillingfleet replied with some tact, that—"the awe of so

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noble an audience, where he saw nothing that was not greatly superior to him, but chiefly the seeing before him so great and wise a Prince, made him afraid to trust himself." Stillingfleet, perceiving the King was pleased with his answer?—"Will your Majesty," he said, "give me leave to ask you a question in my turn:—Why do you read your speeches, when you can have none of the same reasons?"—"Why, truly, doctor," said the King, "your question is a very pertinent one, and so shall be my answer: I have asked them so often, and for so much money, that I am ashamed to look them in the face."

Among other arguments which he made use of to the Parliament, in order to obtain supplies, he told them he could afford to keep but one table at Whitehall:—"My necessities," he said, "prevent me from entertaining my friends, and it pains me to see so many coming to Whitehall, and going away without their dinners." The Parliament, however, were aware that he laughed at them, and his wit and his grievances were listened to with equal unconcern.

At one period of his reign Charles was in the constant practice of attending the debates in the House of Lords. He had at first contented himself with sitting quietly on his throne, but after a time, finding the fire-place afforded a more comfortable position, he generally remained standing there during his stay in the house; and as he invariably attracted a circle of the peers, and other persons around him, the custom grew to be a serious interruption to the business of the day.* He used to say that attending the debates in the House of Lords was as diverting to him as going to the theatre.†

* Burnet, vol. iv., p. 499.

† Dalrymple's Memoirs, vol. i., pp. 27, 33.

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CHAPTER VII.

Religious Tenets of Charles—Reproves the Duke of Buckingham for his Profaneness—His Ridicule of Isaac Vossius—His praiseworthy Conduct to Bishop Ken—Requests the dying Benediction of his old Tutor, Bishop Duppa—His Adoption of the Roman Catholic Belief—Interest which he takes in Religious Matters—His written Arguments in Favour of the Roman Catholic Religion—Attacked by his last Illness — Declines receiving the Sacrament from the Bishops—Receives it from a Catholic Priest—His Demeanour during his Sickness—His Tenderness to the Duke of York and the Queen.

MUCH has been said respecting the religious faith of Charles, and, for many rsasons, the subject is not without interest. Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, considers him to have been a deist; attributing his scepticism, however, rather to indifference, and that constitutional laziness which rendered inquiry inconvenient and tedious, than to any fixed principles of unbelief. Hume has fallen into the same opinion:—"During his vigorous state of health," says the historian, "while his blood was warm and his spirits high, a contempt and disregard for all religion held possession of his mind, and he might more properly be denominated a Deist than a Catholic." Though it was undoubtedly far from Hume's intention to place Charles in a worse light than he really deserved, yet his language on this occasion is somewhat harsh and undeserved. To whatever extent, by the example of his exceeding libertinism, Charles may have tended to throw religion into disrepute, there is no reason to believe that he ever wilfully insulted it by his language, or contemned

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it in his heart. For this supposition we have more than one authority. Waller, the poet, when he was on his death-bed, mentioned to his son-in-law, Dr. Birch, who attended him in his illness, that he was once at Court, when the Duke of Buckingham spoke profanely before the King. "My lord," said Charles, gravely, "I am a great deal older than your Grace, and have, I believe, heard more arguments for Atheism than ever your Grace did; but I have lived long enough to see that there *is* nothing in them, and I hope your Grace will."—"He said once to myself," says Burnet, "that he was *no* atheist, but he could not think God would make a man miserable only for taking a little pleasure out of the way."

There is another anecdote, which will be found in Dr. Birch's MSS. in the British Museum, tending also to relieve Charles from the charge of "contempt." Isaac Vossius, with whose conversation the King was much pleased, was a complete free-thinker in religion: Vossius, however, though incredulous in more momentous matters, used to believe and relate the most improbable stories, more especially as regarded the antiquity of the Chinese. "On my conscience," said Charles to a person who was near him, "this learned divine is a very strange man: he has the strictest faith in the fables of the heathens, and yet in the divine authorities he is a mere infidel." The King said of his companion at another time, that he refused to believe nothing except the Bible.*

In the life of Bishop Ken, by Hawkins, the following

* St. Evremond remarks of Vossius, that he had a "childish *and* foolish credulity for anything that was uncommon, fabulous, and incredible." He ridicules also, in a copy of verses, his extravagant notions respecting the Chinese. Charles, who admired the eccentric talents of Vossius, appointed him librarian at St. James's, and made him a canon of Windsor. Isaac Vossius died at London, on the 20th of February, 1688.

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anecdote is related to Charles's credit. In one of his progresses to Winchester the King was accompanied by the too celebrated Nell Gwynn, whom he proposed to lodge in the house of Dr. Ken, then one of the prebends, and accordingly gave orders that apartments should be prepared for her in the prebendal residence. The Doctor, however, stoutly refusing her admittance, Charles was compelled to yield the point:—so far, however, was he from showing any vindictive feeling in consequence, that shortly afterwards he took Ken into favour, and installed him in the bishopric of Bath and Wells. Burnet speaks of his brother prelate, at a later period, as the most in favour of all the bishops.

For his old tutor, Brian Duppa, Bishop of Winchester, Charles ever retained a kindness and respect. A few hours before the old man expired, the King paid him a visit in his sick chamber, and, kneeling down by his bedside, requested his blessing. The dying prelate, with one hand on the King's head, and the other lifted to Heaven, prayed fervently that he might prosper and be happy.*

Hume's further remark, that Charles was rather a Deist than a Catholic, again requires confirmation. The King, as is well known, died a Roman Catholic; and there is reason to believe that he had very early been converted to that faith. Expediency, however, rendered it imperative that he should outwardly profess the faith and conform to the worship of the Established Church. We have seen, in our memoir of the Duke of Gloucester, how strongly and sensibly he could write to his young brother on the subject, when he commanded him to adhere to the faith of their murdered father. Again, on the 13th of July, 1654, when in his twenty-fifth year, he writes to

* Biog. Brit., art. Duppa.

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the Duke of York on the same subject. "I have told you," he says, "what the Queen has promised me concerning my brother Harry, in point of religion; and I have given him charge to inform you if any attempt shall be made upon him to the contrary: in which case you will take the best care you can to prevent his being wrought upon, since you cannot but know how much you and I are concerned in it." When Lord Aubigny, with the view of gratifying and insuring the allegiance of the English Roman Catholics, endeavoured to persuade Charles to allow the Duke of Gloucester to be educated in that faith, the King instantly rejected the proposition. "I am confident," he writes to Lord Aubigny, "that when we meet, as I doubt not we shall, and I hope in England, I shall convert you on this point, whatever I shall do in others."

These passages are curious. They prove that at this early period Charles was either really and truly a Protestant; or, what is perhaps more probable, that at this period he was ready to profess himself a convert to whichever faith of the two was the most likely to assist his restoration. Even supposing him to have been at this time a Roman Catholic, the well-known advice of Cardinal De Retz was probably sufficient to dissuade him from declaring his principles to the world. The Cardinal had shown much kindness to the exiled family, and seems to have conceived an especial regard for Charles himself. "Though it becomes me as a cardinal," he said to the young King, "to wish your Majesty a Catholic, for the saving of your soul; yet I must tell you that if you change your religion, you can never be restored to your kingdoms." Lord Halifax supports the opinion of the King's early defection from the Protestant faith: "I conclude," says his lordship, "that when he came into England he was

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as certainly a Roman Catholic as that he was a man of pleasure."

The earliest intimation, which we find of the King's conversion, is on the authority of the Duke of Ormond. Being at Fontarabia, in 1659, the Duke, we are told,— "to his great surprise and concern, accidentally one morning early, saw the King in the great church on his knees before the high altar, with several priests and ecclesiastics about him: he was soon after confirmed in his sentiments by Sir Henry Bennet and the Earl of Bristol, who both owned the King to be a Catholic as well as themselves." After perusing this passage, it is amusing to turn to the pages of the obsequious Fuller. "During the King's continuance beyond the seas," says that writer, "great were the proffers tended to him of forsaking the Protestant religion. But, alas! as soon might the impotent waves remove the most sturdy rocks, as they once unfix him: such his constancy, whom neither the frowns of his afflictions, nor smiles of secular advantages, could make to warp from his first principles." This is nonsense, and Dr. Fuller probably knew as much. At all events he could not have been in ignorance of Charles's character, and had he survived a few years he would have been equally enlightened as to his principles.

That Charles took at least some interest in religious matters, even when in the full enjoyment of health and pleasure, it would not be very difficult to prove. His brother James, in his Memoirs, mentions a remarkable conspiracy against the Protestant faith which took place in the royal closet, on the 25th of January, 1669; the object of which was to decide on the best means of secretly advancing the interests of the Roman Catholic religion throughout the King's dominions. There were present, Charles, the Duke of York, Lord

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Arundel of Wardour, Lord Arlington, and Sir Thomas Clifford. The King, says James, expressed his uneasiness at being compelled to deny his faith, and that "with great earnestness and even with tears in his eyes."

We have further evidence that Charles was occasionally in the habit of reflecting seriously on the subject of religion. After his death, two papers, written in his own hand, containing arguments in favour of the Roman Catholic religion, were found in his strong box. James, who lost no opportunity of advancing the interests of that faith, caused them to be published by his own printer, and attached to each of them the following attestation:—

"This is a true copy of a paper I found in the late King, my brother's, strong box, written in his own hand.

"JAMES R."

According to James's own account, on the first discovery of these papers he took Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, into his closet, and placed the documents in his hands. His Grace, adds James, seemed much surprised at the sight of them, and paused almost half a quarter of an hour before he said anything: at last he told the King, he did not think his late Majesty had understood controversy so well, but that he *thought* they might be answered. These papers, which possess but little merit as compositions, have been sometimes supposed to have originated in a pious fraud of King James. However, after every consideration, there appears little doubt but they are genuine. Lord Halifax thinks that the only extraordinary circumstance in the affair, was that a person so little inclined to write at all, should have appeared all at once in the sedate character of a casuist.

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It appears by one of the despatches of Colbert, the French Ambassador, dated 21st of March, 1672, that, in that year, Charles sent for a good theologian from Paris, in order to instruct him in the tenets of Catholicism:—it was also insisted on, somewhat fantastically, that the theologian must be a *good chemist.** The secret of Charles being a Roman Catholic must have been well kept at the time. M. Barillon repeats to Louis XIV. the words in which the Duchess of Portsmouth announced the fact to him, at the time when Charles was dying.—"I will tell you," she said, "the greatest secret in the world, and my head would be in danger if it were known. The King of England at the bottom of his heart is a Catholic; but he is surrounded by Protestant Bishops, and nobody tells him his condition, or speaks to him of God."†

At the period that Charles was attacked by his last illness, there is reason to believe that, as far as his own interests and the well-being of his country were concerned, he had seriously contemplated a reformation of conduct. There is also reason to believe that for some time he had considered his existence to be very precarious, which may have tended to produce the salutary change. When Sir Christopher Wren told him that he saw no prospect of being able to complete the palace at Newmarket in less than a year:—"If it be possible," said Charles, "let it be completed in that time: a year is a long period in my life." He died a few weeks afterwards.‡

From the accounts of several persons who lived at the period, we learn many minute and interesting particulars respecting the last moments of Charles. According to Roger North, his first attack was at a full levee, when he suddenly fell back in his chair, with an exclamation as of

* Dalrymple's Memoirs, vol. i., p. 48. † *Ibid.*, p. 153.
‡ Life of Sir Dudley North, p. 174.

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a dying man. At all events, his illness commenced on the 2nd of February, 1685, and lasted four days. Evelyn and Burnet place the scene of his first attack in his bedroom, and their account is probably correct. Fortunately one of his physicians, Dr. King, was present, and, without waiting for any other assistance, bled him immediately. This prompt act, though it was supposed to have saved the King's life for the time, required the especial pardon of the privy council.* Though relieved at the moment, he almost instantly relapsed into other fits, and subsequently showing symptoms of epilepsy, was cupped and let blood in both jugulars. In this state he continued till Wednesday the 4th of February, when the remedies appeared to have produced a favourable effect; so much so, that on the Thursday considerable hopes were entertained of his recovery. On the evening, however, of that day he discovered a tendency to fever, for which the Jesuits' powders, then very celebrated, were prescribed. Growing, if anything, worse after taking the powders, and complaining also of a pain in the side, it was thought necessary to draw from him twelve more ounces of blood. This afforded him only a temporary relief, and he continued to get gradually worse till his death.

As soon as it had become known that the King was in danger, the Archbishop of Canterbury, as well as the Bishops of London, Durham, and Ely, came to him to offer their spiritual assistance. Dr. Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, was the principal person who assisted him in his devotions. During the whole time of the King's illness, prayers were constantly offered up in the royal chapels; the court chaplains relieving one another every half quarter of an hour.

* The Council afterwards voted Dr. King a thousand pounds, which, however, it would appear that he never received.

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The pious intentions of the Protestant Bishops were prevented by the zeal of the King's French courtezan, the Duchess of Portsmouth, who, in an agony of grief, desired M. Barillon to speak to him on the state of his soul, lest he should die without being reconciled to the Church of Rome. He was at heart, she said, a devoted Catholic; he was surrounded by Protestant clergymen; the Duke of York was thinking only of his own affairs; not an hour, not a moment was to be lost. Barillon immediately repaired to the sick chamber, and, drawing the Duke aside, communicated to him the earnest entreaties of the Duchess.

The fact of the King having declined to receive the sacrament is alluded to both by Evelyn and by James II. in the Stuart Papers. According to the latter account, when the prelates came to that part in the prayers for the sick, where the confession of sins is exhorted, the Bishop of Bath and Wells advertised him that *it was not of obligation*; and, after a short exhortation, inquired if he repented of his sins. Charles expressing his contrition, the Bishop pronounced the absolution, and then asked him if he would receive the Sacrament. To this the King at first returned no answer; but being repeatedly pressed by the bishop, either answered that it was time enough, or that he would take time to consider. According to the further account in the Stuart Papers, James, aware of his brother's sentiments and wishes, desired those present to stand a little from the bed, and then directly asked the King whether he should send for a priest. To this the King replied,—"For God's sake, brother, do, and lose no time." James, it appears, could procure no one but Father Huddlestone, who, it may be remembered, had assisted Charles in his flight after the battle of Worcester. This person, therefore, (the

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company having been previously desired to withdraw,) was brought stealthily up a back staircase, and introduced into the King's bed-chamber. His shaven head and clerical vestments were concealed by a flowing wig and a large cloak. As it was thought inexpedient, for many reasons, that he should be left alone with the King, the Earls of Bath and Feversham remained in the room. They were both Protestants, but they were also courtiers, and James considered that he could trust them!

The scene which followed is described, both by Huddlestone and in the Stuart Papers, nearly in the same words. The King, according to the latter authority, received Huddlestone with "great joy and satisfaction;" telling him, he desired to die in the faith and communion of the Catholic Church; that he was most heartily sorry for the sins of his past life, and particularly for having deferred his conversion so long; that he trusted, nevertheless, in the merits of Christ; that he died in charity with all the world; pardoned his enemies, and asked forgiveness of those he had in any way offended; adding that, if it pleased God that he should recover, he was resolved by His assistance to amend his life. "He then proceeded to make a confession of his whole life with exceeding tenderness of heart, and pronounced an act of contrition with great piety and compunction. In this he spent about an hour, and having desired to receive all the succour fit for a dying man, he continued making pious ejaculations, and frequently lifting up his hands, cried, 'Mercy, sweet Jesus, mercy;' till the priest was ready to give him extreme unction: and the blessed Sacrament being come, by that time this was ended, he asked his Majesty if he desired to receive it? Who answered, he did most earnestly if he thought him worthy of it. Accordingly, the priest, after some further preparations,

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going about to give it him, he raised himself up, and said,—'Let me meet my heavenly Lord in a better posture than lying on my bed.' But being desired not to discompose himself, he repeated the act of contrition, and then received with great piety and devotion; after which, Father Huddlestone making him a short exhortation, left him in so much peace of mind that he looked approaching death in the face with all imaginable tranquillity and Christian resolution."

While receiving the sacrament, the host stuck in the King's throat, which compelled those in the apartment to send for a glass of water. After he had communicated, the dying monarch appeared far more resigned and happy: to Huddlestone (alluding to the share which he had had in his escape after the battle of Worcester) he said, with something of his former humour—"You have saved me twice, first my body, and now my soul." But even Burnet allows that "he went through the agonies of death with a calm and constancy that amazed all who were about him."

Huddlestone's own account, though it scarcely differs from that of James, is too curious to be altogether omitted. "Upon Thursday," he says, "the 5th of February, 1685, between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, I was sent for in haste to the Queen's back-stairs at Whitehall, and desired to bring with me all things necessary for a dying person. Accordingly I came, and was ordered not to stir from there till further notice." Huddlestone then describes his being admitted to the King's chamber; on entering which, he approached the sick monarch, and kneeling down by the bed-side, commenced his exhortation. The King, he says, having repeated a short act of contrition, he gave him absolution, and then inquired of his Majesty if he should proceed to

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the Sacrament of extreme unction. To this the King replied, "With all my heart."—"I then entreated his Majesty," adds Huddlestone, "that he would prepare and dispose himself to receive. At this the King, raising up himself, said,—'Let me meet my heavenly Father in a better posture than in my bed:' but I humbly begged his Majesty to repose himself: God Almighty, who saw his heart, would accept of his good intention." The Sacrament was then administered, and Huddlestone withdrew.*

The account is thus continued in the Stuart Papers: "The company being again called in, his Majesty expressed the greatest kindness and tenderness for the Duke that could possibly be conceived. He owned in the most public manner the sense he had of his brotherly affection during the whole course of his life, and particularly in this last action: he commended his great submission and constant obedience to all his commands, and asked him pardon aloud for the rigorous treatment he had so long exercised his patience with. All which he said in so affectionate a manner, as drew floods of tears from all that were present." He spoke tenderly to the Queen, we are told, and left nothing unsaid or undone, that so short a time would allow.

* "Brief Account of what occurred on the King's death, in a short and plain way to the Faith and Church, by Mr. Richard Huddlestone, of the Order of St. Benedict."

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CHAPTER VIII.

Dying Injunctions of Charles—Grief of the Queen—Affecting Descriptions of the King's last Moments—His Piety and Resolution—His Death—Neglect shown to his Remains—His Funeral in Westminster Abbey—Reasons for believing him to have been poisoned—Anecdotes illustrating the Supposition—Extraordinary Story related by the Duchess of Portsmouth—Evelyn's Reflections on the Death of Charles—Description of the King's Person—His Loss lamented by the Lower Orders—His illegitimate Children.

A SHORT time before his death, Charles gave his keys to the Duke of York, who is described as kneeling by his bedside and in tears. He recommended to his care all his natural children, except the Duke of Monmouth, with whom he was on bad terms. He begged him also to be kind to the Duchess of Cleveland, and especially to the Duchess of Portsmouth, and that "Nelly might not starve."*

* Evelyn, vol. i. p. 582. The Viscountess de Longueville says, that Charles's dying request to his brother was, "to take care of Carewell (so the English pronounced Quérouaille,) and not let poor Nelly starve."—*Oldys' MS. Notes to Langbaine.* Charles Fox, alluding to the dying requests of Charles, makes the following remarks:—"The King's recommendation of the Duchess of Portsmouth and Mrs. Gwynn upon his death-bed, to his successor, is much to his honour, and those who censure it, seem, in their zeal to show themselves strict moralists, to have suffered their notions of vice and virtue to have fallen into strange confusion. Charles's connection with these ladies might be vicious, but at a moment when that connection was upon the point of being finally and irrevocably dissolved, to concern himself about their future welfare, and to recommend them to his brother with earnest tenderness, was virtue. It is not for the interest of morality, that the good and evil actions even of bad men should be confounded."—*History of James II.*, p. 70.

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Charles, almost as soon as he had recovered from his first fit, had sent for the Queen, who appears to have remained with him till within a few hours of his death. At last the scene became too painful for her, and, being seized with convulsions, she was compelled to withdraw. She sent, however, a message to him from her chamber, praying him to forgive her absence, and to pardon her if she had ever offended him. "Alas! poor woman," he replied, "she beg *my* pardon! I beg *hers* with all my heart." Such is the account of the Rev. Francis Roper, chaplain of the Bishop of Ely, who was admitted to the sick chamber. And yet Burnet tells us, that Charles "*said nothing of the Queen, nor any one word of his people, nor his servants; nor did he speak one word of religion;*" —but the Bishop, in his account of the King's last moments, is too often either egregiously misinformed, or has himself wilfully misrepresented the real facts. Roper is far from being the only authority for asserting that the Queen attended the death-bed of her husband. James alludes to the King speaking tenderly to her; and, moroever, the Duchess of Portsmouth gave it as her reason to M. Barillon why she herself could not be present.*

Roper's account of the closing scene, in a letter dated the day after the death of Charles, is too interesting to be omitted. "The King," he says, "showed himself throughout his illness one of the best-natured men that ever lived; and by abundance of fine things he said in

* The Earl of Aylesbury, in a letter to Mr. Leigh of Adlestrop, has the following passage:—"My good King and master falling upon me in his fit, I ordered him to be blooded, and then I went to fetch the Duke of York, and when we came to the bedside, *we found the Queen there*, and the impostor says it was the Duchess of Portsmouth." Burnet had stated that the Duchess "sat on the bed, taking care of him as a wife of a husband."—*See Burnet*, vol. ii. p. 468; Oxford, 1833.

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reference to his soul, he showed he died as good a Christian: and the physicians, who have seen so many leave this world, do say they never saw the like as to his courage; so unconcerned he was as to death, though sensible to all degrees imaginable, to the very last. He often in extremity of pain would say he suffered, but thanked God he did so, and that he suffered patiently. He every now and then would seem to wish for death, and beg the pardon of the standers by, and those that were employed about him, that he gave them so much trouble; that he hoped the work was almost over: he was weary of this world: he had enough of it, and was going to a better. There was so much affection and tenderness expressed between the two royal brothers, the one upon the bed, the other almost drowned in tears upon his knees, and kissing of his dying brother's hand, as could not but extremely move the standers by. He thanked our present King for having always been the best of brothers and of friends, and begged his pardon for the several risks of fortune he had run on his account. He told him now he had freely left him all, and begged of God to bless him with a prosperous reign. He recommended all his children to his care by name, except the Duke of Monmouth, whom he was not heard so much as to make mention of. He blessed all his children one by one, pulling them to him on the bed. And then the bishops moved him, as he was the Lord's anointed, and the father of his country, to bless them also, and all that were there present, and in them the whole body of his subjects. Whereupon, the room being full, all fell down upon their knees, and he raised himself on his bed, and very solemnly blessed them all. This was so like a great good prince, and the solemnity of it so very surprising, as was extremely moving, and caused a general lamentation

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throughout; and no one hears it without being much affected with it, being new and great." *

The writer of the above letter was no doubt ignorant that Charles had received the Sacrament from the hands of a Popish priest, or he would have been more sparing of his encomiums. Indeed, the fact of Charles having died in the Romish faith did not immediately transpire. Evelyn merely mentions it as having been *whispered* at the time, and Lord Chesterfield, who attended the King's deathbed, as "more than probable." †

On the morning of his death, Charles inquired the hour, and being told it was six o'clock, "Open the curtains," he said, "that I may once more see day." He was suffering great pain, and at half-past eight it was only with extreme difficulty that he was able to speak. As long, however, as his speech lasted, he was heard pronouncing the name of God, and begging pardon for his offences. Even when he had lost all power of utterance, he showed what was passing in his mind, by lifting up his hands and paying attention to the prayers. ‡ "He disposed himself to die," say the Stuart Papers, "with the piety and unconcernedness becoming a Christian, and resolution becoming a king." He retained his senses entire till about an hour before his death; expiring between eleven and twelve o'clock on Friday morning, the 6th of February, 1685. "He made," observes Roper, "a very glorious Christian exit, after as lasting and as strong an agony of death almost as ever was known." Lord Chesterfield also, who was present, remarks in his "Short Notes," "He died with as

* Ellis, Orig. Letters, vol. iii. p. 335.

† Letters of Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield, p. 45.

‡ Letter from M. Barillon to Louis XIV.; Mr. J. Aprice to Mr. Lynwood, &c.

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great resolution and courage as a man is capable of." —"I am confident," he adds, to the Earl of Arran, "your lordship will have heard of the King's death, by an express, long before this paper can come to you; and therefore I will only say that, as to the manner of it (of which I was a witness, as having watched two whole nights with him and saw him expire), nothing could be greater; and should I but mention half the remarkable passages that came to my cognisance, they would be much more proper to fill a volume with than a letter; and therefore, I will only say, in short, that he died as a good Christian, asking and praying often for God's and Christ's mercy; as a man of great and undaunted courage, in never repining at the loss of life, or for that of three kingdoms; as a good-natured man, in a thousand particulars; for when the Queen sent to ask his pardon for anything that she had ever done amiss, he answered, that she never had offended him, and therefore needed no pardon, but that he had need of hers, and did hope that she would not refuse it him. He expressed extraordinary great kindness to the Duke his brother, and asked him often forgiveness for any hardships he had ever put upon him, assuring him of the tenderness of his love, and that he willingly left him all he had; desiring him, for *his* sake, to be kind to his poor children when he was gone. Lastly, he asked his subjects' pardon for anything that had been neglected, or acted contrary to the best rules of a good government, and told those who stood about his bed how sorry he was for giving them so much trouble by his being so long a dying; desiring often death to make more haste to free him from his pain, and the bystanders from their attendance. Your lordship, I am sure, would have thought it very touching to have been a spectator

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of this dismal scene, and to have seen this brave and worthy prince lie in the horrid agony of death, with all the pains imaginable upon him from six at night till twelve the next day, at which time he died." * The death of King Charles took place in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and the twenty-fifth of his reign.

The neglect, which was subsequently shown to the remains of the deceased monarch, reflects but little credit on the affection of his successor. "He was hurried," says Coke, "in the dead of the night to his grave, as if his corpse had been to be arrested for debt; and not so much as the blue-coat boys attending it." The language of Burnet is no less strong. "The King's body," he says, "was indecently neglected;" and he adds;—"His funeral was very mean. He did not lie in state. No mournings were given; and the expense of it was not equal to what an ordinary nobleman's funeral will rise to." † A kind of apology is made in the Stuart Papers for the little respect which was shown by James to his brother's memory. It is there attributed to the unpopularity of the faith in which the late King died, and which James himself professed; circumstances which rendered it necessary to perform the funeral as privately as possible, in order to avoid "either disputes on one hand, or scandal on the other." Charles was eventually buried on the night of the fourteenth of February, eight days after his death, in Westminster Abbey; Prince George of Denmark being chief mourner.

The question whether Charles met his death by poison is too remarkable to be passed over in silence. It certainly would appear that, a short time previously, an

* Letters of Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield, p. 278.

† There is an account of the funeral, as published by authority, in Echard's "Complete History," vol. iii. p. 421; edit. 1719.

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attempt had been made on his life; a fact so far of importance as showing the existence of a party, whether Roman Catholics or not, to whom the King's removal was of no slight importance. The story, as related by Welwood, is curious. Charles, it seems, had one day been taking more than his usual exercise, and having drunk more freely during the evening than was customary with him, fell asleep on a couch, in a room adjoining that in which he had supped. He remained there, however, but a short time, and then returned to the company. The same night, a servant, who had subsequently lain down on the couch and covered himself with the King's cloak, was found stabbed with a poinard. The circumstance, it seems, was hushed up at the time, and no inquiry instituted.*

* Though no other actual attempt is known to have been made on the King's life, it is evident that fears and suspicions were generally entertained. Charles having been accustomed to expose himself latterly, by walking in the night-time, attended by only one footman, we find Lord Orrery strongly remonstrating with him on the dangers which he might incur: but, in a poem of the period, there is more curious proof of the fears entertained that the King's life was in danger from some diabolical plot. The poem shall be inserted at length.

"Great Charles, who, full of mercy, might'st command,
In peace and pleasure, this thy native land;
At last take pity of thy tottering throne,
Shook by the faults of others, not thine own.
Let not thy life and crown together end,
Destroyed by a false brother, and false friend.
Observe the danger *that appears so near,*
That all your subjects do each minute fear:
One drop of poison, or a Popish knife,
Ends all the joys of England with thy life.
Brothers, 'tis true, by nature should be kind;
But a too zealous and ambitious mind,
Bribed with a crown on earth, and one above,
Harbours no friendship, tenderness, or love.

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It no sooner became rumoured abroad that the late King had died of poison, than suspicion, in those days of bigotry and prejudice, of course attached itself to the Roman Catholics. But as Charles was also a member of that church, as well as his heir the Duke of York, what possible motive, it has been asked, could they have had in committing so fearful a crime? Certainly, if the succession of James had been secure, they could apparently have had none. But, on the other hand, if, as has sometimes been supposed, Charles, at the time of his dissolution, was on the eve of gratifying his Parliament and the people, by consenting to the exclusion of the Duke of York from the throne, it was certainly a critical juncture for the Roman Catholic party. All hopes of the throne being filled by a sovereign of their own faith, and consequently of re-establishing the Catholic religion in England, would, in the event of Charles surviving his brother, have been entirely and for ever at an end. In a word, supposing that the act of Exclusion was likely to pass into law, it is evident that the death of Charles could alone avert the threatened danger. These remarks, it is needless to observe, are merely thrown out in the way of argument, and are far from being intended to implicate the Roman Catholics in the very doubtful poisoning of the King.

As regards the general question, whether Charles died

See in all ages what examples are
Of monarchs murdered by the impatient heir.
Hard fate of princes, who will ne'er believe,
Till the stroke's struck which they can ne'er retrieve."

It is but fair to remark, with reference to one dark insinuation contained in these lines, that if Charles met with unfair play, James was certainly no party concerned. Even Burnet, with all his malignity and his hatred of the two brothers, hastens to relieve him from the charge.

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from poison or not, the evidence is curious, though certainly far from being convincing. According to Bishop Burnet,—"There were many very apparent suspicions of his being poisoned; for though the first access looked like an apoplexy, yet it was plain in the progress of it, that it was no apoplexy." Welwood also plainly intimates his strong suspicions that the King had been poisoned. "When his body was opened," he says, "there was not sufficient time given for taking an exact observation of his stomach and bowels, which one would think ought chiefly to have been done, considering the violent pains he had there: and when a certain physician seemed to be more inquisitive than ordinary about the condition of those parts, he was taken aside and reproved for his *needless curiosity*." According to Burnet, who enters into much fuller particulars, two of the royal physicians, Doctors Lower and Needham, had expressed a strong desire to examine the stomach. Their attention, however, was purposely distracted from the object, and, on their returning to commence the inspection, they found that it had been clandestinely removed.

"Short, another physician," says the Bishop, "who was a Papist, but after a form of his own, did very much suspect foul dealing, and had talked more freely of it than any of the Protestants durst at that time. But he was not long after taken suddenly ill, upon a large draught of wormwood wine, which he had drunk in the house of a Popish patient, that lived near the Tower, who had sent for him, of which he died. And, as he said to Lower, Millington, and some other physicians, he believed that he himself was poisoned for having spoken so freely of the King's death."

Not satisfied with relating these improbable facts, Burnet, on the authority of Henley, who received the

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account from the Duchess of Portsmouth, brings a direct charge against the Roman Catholics of having taken away the life of the King. According to her Grace's supposed statement, Charles had fully resolved on making his peace with the Parliament, by consenting to the exclusion of the Duke of York from the succession;—a fact which the Duchess, who was in the secret, communicated to no one but her confessor. This person, she believed, divulged it to others of his party, who forthwith devised and accomplished the murder of the King.

On the above passage in Burnet's History, Lord Lansdown made the following remark: "It was my fortune to be residing at Paris when this history was published. Such a particular was too remarkable not to raise my curiosity. The Duchess was then likewise in Paris. I employed a person, who had the honour to be intimate with her Grace, to inquire from her own mouth the truth of this passage. Her reply was this: that she recollected no acquaintance with Mr. Henley; but she remembered well Dr. Burnet and his character. That the King and the Duke, and the whole Court, looked upon him as the greatest liar upon the face of the earth, and there was no believing one word that he said. I only repeat the answer I received: far be it from me to make any such reflection." *

Malicious as are many of Burnet's statements, and perverted as are many of his constructions, we must exonerate him on this occasion from the charge of deliberate falsehood. On at least two other occasions, we find the Duchess gossiping, in her old age, on the subject of Charles's death, and on both of these occasions apparently expressing her conviction that he died from poison.

* Vindication of General Monk; Lansdown's Works, vol. ii. p 173.

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Fox, in his Introductory Chapter to the Life of James the Second, has some remarks on the subject, to which Lord Holland has added the following note:—"Mr. Fox had this report from the family of his mother, great grand-daughter to the Duchess of Portsmouth. The Duchess of Portsmouth lived to a very advanced age, and retained her faculties to the period of her death, which happened in 1734, in Aubigny. Mr. Fox's mother, when very young, saw her at that place; and many of the Lennox family, with whom Mr. Fox was subsequently acquainted, had, no doubt, frequently conversed with her." To this we may add a statement made by Dean Cowper to Spence. The Duchess of Portsmouth, he said, who was in England as late as 1699, during her visit assured Lord Chancellor Cowper, that Charles was actually poisoned at her house, by one of her own footmen, in a cup of chocolate. We learn casually from another source, that the King supped at her house the night before he was taken ill.*

* Burnet, vol. ii. p. 467. The following anecdote has been related, but on very indifferent authority:—"One Tessier, a foreigner, in whose house Charles and his brother James had resided for a considerable time when in exile, had come to England after the Restoration, and had been appointed embroiderer to the King. A short time before the death of Charles, he received an order to prepare some tapestry for the palace, with strict injunctions to weave the initials of J. R. instead of C. R. The King being apparently in good health at the time, Tessier remonstrated, but to no purpose. By the time the tapestry was finished the King was no more. Tessier, to the day of his death, expressed his belief that Charles had been poisoned. In 1759, a niece of Tessier's was still living in Spitalfields, and asserted that she had frequently heard her uncle relate the story, and was ready to testify it upon oath."—*Gent. Mag.*, vol. xxix. p. 379. Welwood relates a somewhat similar anecdote:—"A foreign minister," he says, "shortly before the King was attacked by his last illness, ordered his steward to purchase a considerable quantity of black cloth, which afterwards served the minister and his retinue for mourning." Welwood further

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Evelyn mentions his having held a conversation with the Marquis of Normanby, afterwards Duke of Buckingham, respecting the poisoning of Charles; but he neither gives us his own nor his lordship's opinion on the question. The Duke, however, has elsewhere favoured us on the subject. "I would not," he observes, "say anything on so sad a subject, if I did not think that silence itself would in such a case signify too much: and, therefore, as an impartial writer, I am obliged to observe, that the most knowing, and the most deserving of all his physicians, did not only believe him poisoned, but thought himself so too, not long after, for having declared his opinion a little too boldly."

On the other hand Lord Lansdown, who apparently possessed as good means of information as the Duke of Buckingham, arrived at a very different conclusion. "As to the poisoning part of the story," he says, "it was always my opinion, and not ill-grounded neither, that the King hastened his death by his own quackery." * It is far from improbable that Charles may have weakened his constitution by the irregularities of his past life; and, moreover, that which still more inclines us to believe that his death was occasioned by natural causes, is the admitted fact that he had for some time been subject to fits, similar to those by which he was attacked in his last illness.

What degree of truth there may be, in the strange stories which we have related in connexion with the death of Charles, we must leave the reader to form his own opinion. The world is naturally inclined to be

adds, that the Roman Catholic party at court were observed to be in a considerable state of excitement, for some time previous to the death of the King.

* Vindication of General Monk; Lansdown's Works, vol. ii. p. 263.

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captivated by the marvellous, and especially to invest with mystery the last moments of princes. If we take this circumstance into consideration,—as well as the notorious political bigotry of one or two of the writers from whom we have quoted, and the still more notorious fact that stories very rarely fail to be exaggerated in passing from the lips of one person to another,—we shall probably be far more inclined to adopt the sober opinion of Lord Lansdown, that Charles died a natural death, than that we should arrive at the opposite and much more improbable conclusion.

The death of Charles completely changed the aspect of Whitehall. Evelyn, who paid a visit to the palace immediately after the King had breathed his last, speaks affectingly of the striking contrast which the Court presented, to what he had witnessed but on the *Sunday* preceding. He had then beheld the gay monarch in the midst of his voluptuous court, toying with his beautiful mistresses, the Duchesses of Cleveland, Portsmouth, and Mazarine; while a French boy was singing love-songs, and the courtiers were playing at basset for large sums around him. "Six days after," he says, "all was in the dust."

In person, Charles was rather above the common height. In early youth he is said to have been handsome, but, as he increased in years, he grew thinner, and his features became harsher and more marked. His complexion was dark and muddy, but was relieved by the quick sparkling of his eyes, and the profusion of his black and glossy hair. The expression of his countenance was severe, though it lighted up agreeably when he spoke. Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, styles him an illustrious exception to all the common rules of physiognomy:—"with a harsh saturnine countenance,"

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says the Duke, "he was both of a gay and merciful disposition. His symmetry is said to have been faultless; and his movements, whether in dancing, at tennis, or on horseback, are described as strikingly graceful and easy. Few men, when it pleased him, could either act or look the king better. Burnet admits that he had the finest manners of any person in England, and Rochester has celebrated—

"The easiest prince and best bred man alive."

His loss was deeply regretted, at least by the lower orders: heinous as had been his political offences, he had at least been no enemy to them. Probably the lower ranks of the community were never so happy or so prosperous,—so free from the oppression of taxes, or from the miseries contingent on a period of war,—as during the reign of the "merry monarch." It would be difficult to name any other of our kings, whose loss occasioned a more universal sorrow, or whose name was more frequently mentioned with affection than that of the good-humoured Charles.

Charles had no children by his Queen. By his mistresses he had, unfortunately, a numerous progeny. Lord Shaftesbury—alluding to their numbers, and at the same time to the low state of the royal treasury,—declared that he expected to see the King's children running about the streets like link-boys. Those of whom we have any notice amounted to fifteen, but there were probably others who died in their infancy. By Lucy Walters he was the father of the Duke of Monmouth, and a daughter married to William Sarsfield, Esq. By the Duchess of Cleveland he had six children; the Duke of Southampton, the Duke of Grafton, the Duke of Northumberland, the Countess of Sussex, the Countess

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of Litchfield, and a daughter, Barbara, who became a nun at Pontoise. By the Duchess of Portsmouth he was the father of the Duke of Richmond; by Nel Gwynn, of the Duke of St. Alban's, and of a son, James Beauclerk, who died young; by Mary Davis, he was the father of Lady Derwentwater; by Lady Shannon, of the Countess of Yarmouth; and by Catherine Peg, of the Earl of Plymouth, and of a daughter who died young. It is remarkable that Charles should have been the father of six Dukes who were alive at the same time, and that he should have been enabled to endow each of them with a maintenance becoming the ducal rank.

END OF VOL. II.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

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